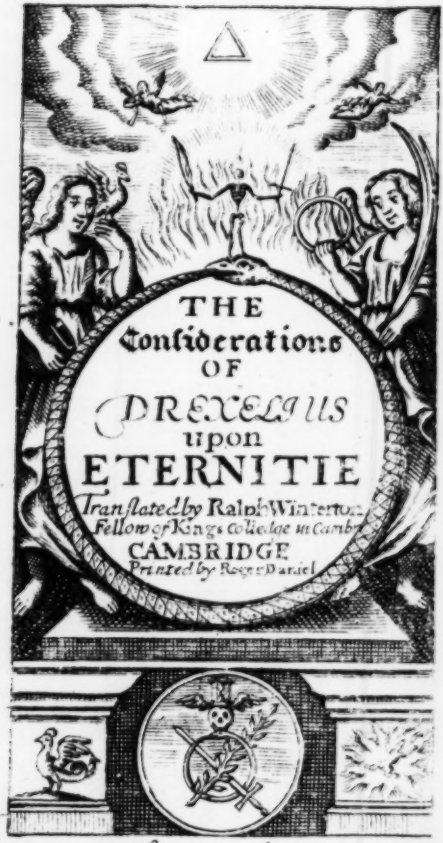
47 F. 12 112

THE Considerations OF DREXELIUS UPON ETERNITY.

Translated by R. WINTERTON, Fellow of *Kings College* in *Cambridge*, 1632.

UNIVERSITY

LONDON.
Printed by *A. M.* for *Thomas Roberts* at the Lamb and Inst. bottle next the *Ship-Tavern* in *The Pincedle-street*, over against the *Royal-Exchange*, 1672.


THE
Considerations
OF
DREXELIUS
upon
ETERNITIE
Translated by Ralph Winterton
Fellow of Kings Colledge in Cambr
CAMBRIDGE
Printed by Roger Daniel

Are to be sould by Tho: Rooks at ye Lamb & Ink-Bottle next doore to the Ship Taverne in Thred needle streete overagainst ye Royall Exchange Where is sold ye best Ink.

47 F. 12 112

THE Considerations OF DREXELIUS UPON ETERNITY.

Translated by *R. WINTERTON* Fellow of *Kings Colledge* in *Cambridge*, 1632.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY CAMBRIDGE

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for *Thomas Rooks* at the Lamb and Ink-bottle next the *Ship-Tavern* in *Threadneedle-street*, over against the *Royal-Exchange*, 1672.

436:03

CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

TO

The Right Worſhipfull
and truly Religious
Eſquire,

Mr. E. BENLOWES

of *Brent-Hall* in *Eſſex*,

R. W.

Wiſheth Internal, External, and Eternal happineſs.

IT *was well anſwered by him, who being asked*, What this life was, *ſaid thus*, It is nothing elſe but the Meditation of Death. *If a man ſhould ask me*, What time is, *I think I might fitly anſwer thus*, It is nothing elſe but the Meditation of Eternity, *Our* Life *is but a* Poſting unto death; *and our* Time a ſhort days ſail unto Eternity. *In this* Time *of* life *we are as* Pilgrims *and* Strangers, *travelling towards our* cœleſtial Countrey. *We are as* Sailers,

bound for the Haven *of* Eternity. *But we muſt* run *through many* troubles *before we can come to our* journeys end: *We muſt* ſail *through* ſalt *and* bitter waters, *and* paſs *through the* Gulf *of* Death, *before we can come to* Land. *There is a Land which is called,* The Land of the Living; *and there is a Land which is called,* The Land of Horror and Deſpair: *There is a* twofold Eternity; *either of the* Bleſſed, *or of the* Curſed: *There is a* twofold Life *after* Death; *either in* Eternal joys, *or* Eternal puniſhments. *It is good therefore in this* ſhort life, *to think upon that* Life which never ſhall have end: *It is good whileſt we are on the way to think upon our* Journeys end: *It is good in* Time, *whileſt we are ſailing, to have an eye ſtill upon our* Compaſs, *and think upon* Eternity. *To think upon* Eternity, *is a* Soveraign Preſervative *to keep us from falling into* Sin: *To think upon* Eternal joys, *ſweetens the* ſalt *and bitter* waters *of* Sorrows *and* Afflictions: *To think upon* Eternal Puniſhments, *makes us not to ſet our hearts upon* Temporal Delights *and* Pleaſures.

Heaven

Heaven *is even here on* Earth *in part* enjoyed, *whilſt we* raiſe *up our* thoughts *to* meditate *upon it: And* Hell *may for ever be eſcaped, if by ſerious and frequent* thoughts *thereof, here in this life, we* deſcend *into it. Such* thoughts *are theſe moved* Drexelius *to write theſe* CONSIDERATIONS, *and me alſo to tranſlate them. He wrote upon a* General ſubject; *and every man may challenge* a part in it. *What he wrote, he inteuded for a publick benefit; and ſo did I in the Tranſlation of it. I hope* He *and* His *ſhall find never the worſe entertainment, becauſe* He *is a* Stranger, *and come from beyond Seas. It is the honour of our Nation to be kind and courteous unto* Strangers. *He was commended unto me by a Traveller, a moſt religious and learned Gentleman. (Be not angry with me, Mr.* Benlowes, *if I ſay, He was as like you as can be in every reſpect; for indeed he was) bred and brought up in the* Romiſh Religion, *and ſent beyond Seas to be confirmed in it, but yet brought home again by divine providence and reſtored to his* Mother *the* Church of England,

for the Converſion, *I hope, of many, ſingled out of all his kindred to be a moſt* zealous Proteſtant; *born to good* Fortunes, *and yet not given to* Pleaſures, *wedded to his* Books *and* Devotions, *ſpending what ſome call idle time in the beſt company for the edifying himſelf or others; counting nothing good which he poſſeſſeth, but only that which he doth good withall; taking more care to lay out his money for the good of others, than others in laying up money for themſelves. To conclude, a Gentleman of whom I may moſt truly ſay, That his* Converſation is in heaven, *his* Diſcourſe *on* things above, *and his* thoughts *upon* Eternity. *Upon ſuch a mans commendation as this, I could not but take a liking to the party commended, and the more I grew acquainted with him, I liked him. It is the counſel of* Horace,

Tu quem commendes etiam atque etiam aſpice: ne mox

Incutiant aliena tibi commiſſa pudorem.

Believe

Believe Me, Mr. Benlowes, *I have had ſuch experience of this party, whom here I commend unto you, that I dare confidently ſay, If you entertain him into your ſervice, you ſhall never repent you of it.* Philip *of* Macedon *appointed one every morning to ſalute him with a* Memento *of* Mortality: Drexelius *his office ſhall be, if you pleaſe, To be your* Remembrancer, *and every Morning, Noon, and Evening, to round you in the ear with a* Memento *of* Eternity *But I know, that is ſo often in your thoughts, that you need not any to put you in Remembrance of it. Neither yet do I intend here, though I have a fair occaſion, to run over the* Catalogue *of your* Chriſtian Virtues, *ſpecially that part of Chriſtian twins, your* Piety *and* Temperance *with your* Charity *and* Bounty. *For the firſt, they that daily converſe with you, cannot but ſee how you converſe with them. The other pair go along with you whereſoever you go, and though you deſire to hide them, cannot be concealed: in ſpecial, many poor Scholars,* godly *and* devout Miniſters *in the* Univerſity *and* abroad, *of ſeveral Colledges, have*

had a feeling themſelves of them, and cannot but make them conſpicuous, nay palpable to others. Theſe ſhall praiſe you in your abſence: for my part, I do not love to praiſe a man to his face. But if the living hold their peace, the dead ſhall riſe up and praiſe you. I mean thoſe many and excellent books, together with other rare monuments purchaſed at a great price, which without any ſolicitation at all out of meer affection you bore to Saint Johns Colledge in Cambridge, where you were ſometimes a Student, you have beſtowed on their Library: Their Library, but the moſt magnificent work, and Eternal Monument of the Mecœnas of our age, John Lord Biſhop of Lincoln, and true lover of Learning, and Patron of Scholars. And now it appears, Mr. Benlowes, that you have leſs need of Drexelius his ſervice than before. But howſoever, I pray you, entertain him; Let him have but the honour to wear your Cogniſance. And both He and I will put it upon the file of Thankful Remembrance, and regiſter it for a ſingular act of your Beneficence.

Pardon

Pardon my boldneſs in this; and command me in what liberal ſervice you pleaſe.

Ralph Winterton.

From Kings Coll.
June 1. 1632.

The

The Epiſtle to the *READER.*

IF any man, more curious in cenſuring what is done for a common good rather than ſtudious himſelf to promote it, ſhould queſtion me for medling in another mans profeſſion, I might anſwer him in his own kind by way of queſtion, as *Menedemus* in *Terence* anſwered *Chremes* finding fault with him, *Tantumne abs re tua eſt otii tibi, Aliena ut cures, eaque nihil quæ ad te attinent* ? Haſt thou ſo much leiſure as to meddle with that which nothing concerns thee ?

But to ſatisfie thee (Courteous Reader) who intendeſt, I know, with the *Bee* to gather *Honey* out of this garden of *Eternity*, and not *Poyſon* with the *Spider* ; I hold it fit to acquaint thee with the true occaſion

occaſion that moved me to tranſlate this book. No *Divine* I am indeed, neither yet can I be if I would never ſo fain: I would I were but worthy the name of a *Phyſician*! But howſoever being deſtinated by the ſtatutes of my private *Colledge* to the ſtudy of *Phyſick*, in the firſt place I thought good to ſpend ſome time in *Arithmetick*, as being a neceſſary inſtrument and help in my *Profeſſion*: In which I made ſome progreſs, paſſing from *Numeration, Addition, Subſtraction, Multiplication, Diviſion, Reduction,* to *the Golden Rule,* or *the Rule of Three, The Rule of Falſhood, The Rules of Proportion,* and *the Rules of Society,* and the reſt. But the knowledg of this coſt me ſo dear, that I was forced to leave the ſtudy of it: For many nights together I was conſtrained againſt my will to practiſe *Numeration* oftner than I would, telling the clock, and could take but little reſt. Whereupon I reſolved with my ſelf to leave the *Arithmetick-School*, and ſo I went unto the *Phyſick* and *Muſick Schools*, imploring

ring at one and the ſame time *Hippocrates* and the *Muſes*. For at that time I turned the firſt book of *Hippocrates* his *Aphoriſms* into *Greek* verſes hoping to procure reſt by *Phyſick* and the *Muſick* of *Poetical Numbers*; by which I found ſome reſt indeed; (And therefore ſince, I have well nigh finiſhed at ſpare hours the other ſix books; which, if God permit, may ere long ſee light.) But though I found ſome reſt, yet I did not ſleep ſo ſoundly as at other times. So I left the *Temple* of *Hippocrates* and the *Muſes*, and betook my ſelf unto the *Sanctuary*, to learn of *David* divine *Arithmetick*, which conſiſteth in the due numbring of the dayes of this ſhort life, by comparing them with the years of *Eternity*: And ſo I fell upon tranſlating this book of *Eternity*. And this I found by daily experience to be the beſt *Hypnoticon* that ever I uſed; for it brought me to my reſt better than if I had taken *Diacodion*. Thus I found the old ſaying true, *Where Philoſophy ends, there Phyſick begins; and where Phyſick ends, there Divinity begins;*

which

which I interpret thus (as I found it true by experience:) *When Philoſophy by accident had done me harme, and Phyſick could do me little good, I found perfect help in Divinity.* And having found ſo much good by this book my ſelf, I could not be ſo envious as not impart it unto others for a *Sovereign Medicine*, to procure quiet ſleep. Neither is it good for that only (but far unlike to other medicines, which are only good for ſome one diſeaſe, and falling into unskilful hands oftentimes do more harm than good) it is a *Medicine* fitting all *Ages, Complexions, Conditions, Places, Parts, Diſeaſes Spiritual, and Corporal* whatſoever: It is a *Medicine Preſervative, Curative, Reſtorative*: It is an *Antidote* againſt the *poyſon* of ſin: It is *Dictamnum* to drive out the fiery *darts* of *Satan*: It is *Catholicon* to purge out all ill humours. It is better then *Exhilarans Galeni*, to chear the Heart oppreſſed with *Melancholy*: It is an *Acopon* for all wearineſs, an *Anodynon* for all pains, a *Panchreſton* profitable for all things, or *All good*. It is *Panacea*, *Hearts eaſe*, *All-heal*.

It

It is a *rich Treasury for* Englishmen. *A Store house for the diseased*, and, *The ready way to long life*, even to blessed *Eternity*. Let no man now challenge me for usurping another mans office, or trespassing upon *Divines*. I cannot see but *Divines* and *Physicians* may well agree together: Both are busied about curing of *Diseases* either *Spiritual* or *Corporal*: And here is a *Medicine* for both. Take it and use it, Christian Reader; And thou shalt find by thine own experience that it hath all the virtues above mentioned.

So I commend thee to the *Physician* both of *Body* and *Soul*, and heartily desire thy *Temporal* and *Eternal* Health and Welfare.

Ralph Winterton.

From Kings Coll.
June 1. 1632.

Upon this Book of Eternity.

TO reach *Eternity* your thoughts first climbe
On the ſucceſſive ſteps and ſtairs of *Time*.
And, what is *Time*? It is by *Poets* call'd,
And by moſt *Painters* repreſented bald:
But *Poets* and the *Painters* are too bold.
For *Time* was never yet a *Minute* old;
Nor yet, god *Saturn*-like, doth it devour
The iſſue which it breeds: For every hour
Were then a Murderer. But while we ſtrain,
And all created Natures for to gain
Time to their inch of *Being*; in the ſtriſe
They quite burn out the *Taper* of their life.
But what's *Eternity*? Good Reader look,
Not on my *Verſes*, but upon this *Book*:

Which

Which I do wish (and yet no harm) may be
To all *e'relasting*, Stationer, but to thee.

Richard Williams.

Upon this Book of Eternity.

LOok on the *Glass* of Mans *Mortality*;
Behold the *Mirrour of Eternity*.
This *Book* is both; Herein behold thy face:
It waxeth old; thy *Glass* doth run apace.
It is appointed all men once to die;
And after *death* succeeds *Eternity*.
This *Life*'s no *Life*, which *Time* doth comprehend.
But that's true *Life* indeed, which knows no end;
This *Book* will teach thee so to *live* and *die*,
That thou mayst live unto *Eternity*.

Thomas Gouge.

Upon

THis *Book*'s a *Nautick Chard*;
which kept in *Eye*,
Doth *point* at th' *Haven* of bleſt
Eternity.
[O bleſſed *Heaven!*] At which if
thou wouldſt land.
Let not this *Chard* depart out of
thine hand. S. I.

The Contents.

The firſt Conſideration.

What Eternity *is*.

Chap. I. Page.

WHat *men of former times have thought of* Eternity, *and how they have repreſented it.* 4

II. *The ſecret ſenſe and meaning of Scripture is unfolded.* 15

III, *Why the place of* Eternity *is called a Manſion.* 21

The ſecond Conſideration.

In what things Nature repreſenteth *Eternity*. 27

I. *What*

I. *What things are* Eternal *in Hell.* 30
II. *Why Hell is* Eternal. 36
III. *Other motives to the consideration of* Eternity *drawn from Nature.* 41

The third Consideration.

Wherein the old Romans principally placed their *Eternity.* 47
I. *How far the Romans have gone astray from the true way of* Eternity. 60
II. *A better way than the former which the Romans followed to* Eternity. 70
III. *That the way of* Eternity *is diligently and carefully to be sought after.* 83

The fourth Consideration.

How holy *David* meditated upon *Eternity,* and how we should imitate him. 95
I. *Divers Admonitions to think upon* Eternity. 101
II. *That* Eternity *transcends all numbers of* Arithmetick. 104
III. *What effect and fruit the consideration*

ration of Eternity *bringeth forth.* 111

The fifth Conſideration.

How others, even wicked men themſelves, have meditated upon *Eternity.* 119

I. *The compariſons of mans labours and the Spider's, one with another.* 128

II. *What is the beſt queſtion in the world.* 133

III. How God puniſheth here that he may ſpare hereafter. A ſtrange example. 137

The ſixth Conſideration.

How the Holy Scripture in many places teacheth us to meditate upon *Eternity.* 145

I. The anſwer of the holy Fathers and the Church about this. 148

II. Clear Teſtimonies of divine Scripture concerning Eternity. 164

III. This life, in reſpect of that which is to come, is but as a drop to the Ocean. 170

The Contents.

The seventh Consideration.

How Christians use to paint *Eternity.* 183
I. Christ inviting.
II. Adam *lamenting.* 187
III. The Raven croaking. 191

The eighth Consideration.

How Christians ought not only to look upon the Emblems and Pictures of *Eternity,* but come home and look within themselves, and seriously meditate upon the thing it self. 213
I. Eternity *doth not only cut off all comfort and ease, but even all hope also.* 219
II. Eternity *is a Sea, and a three-headed* Hydra: *It is also a fountain of all joy.* 224
III. How sweet and precious the taste of Eternity *is.* 230

The ninth Consideration.

Seven Conclusions about these Considerations of *Eternity.* 49, 51, 54, 57, 59.

The Contents:

I. *The Punishments of* Eternal *death.* 283
II. *The reward of* Eternal *life.* 297
III. *The conclusion of all.* 315

Considera-

The word of God most High is the fountain of wisdome & her wayes are everlasting commandements Eccl 5

The infant playes with fate & Nature the fool with ETERNITIE but ỹ wise man shall have dominion over the starres.

Considerations Upon *ETERNITIE.*

THE FIRST CONSIDERATION.

What Eternity is.

Simonides being asked by *Hiero* King of *Sicily*, *What God was*, desired one day to consider upon it; and after one day past, having not yet found it out, desired yet two days more to consider further upon it; and after two days, he desired three: and to conclude, at length he had no answer to return unto the King but this, That the more he thought upon it, the more still he might; for the further he busied himself in the search thereof,

Cicero lib. 1. de Nat. Deor.

the further he was from finding it. The thing that we are here now to consider upon is *Eternity*: & the first question that offers it self unto our consideration is, *What Eternity is*? *Boetius* saith, that it is altogether and at once, the intire and perfect possession of a life that never shall have an end. And let no man take it ill, if we say that it cannot be known, & that the more we search into it, the more we lose our selves in the search of it. For how can that be defined which hath no bounds or limits? If any man urge us further and desire us to shadow it out, at least by some, though obscure, description: our answer is, That it may easier be done by declaring what it is not, rather than what it is; so doth *Plato* concerning God: *What God is*, saith he, *that I know not: What he is not, that I know.* So *Augustine* Bishop of *Hippo*, in his sixty fourth sermon upon the words of our Lord, describeth the true beatitude which is in Heaven, by removing from it the very thought of all evil. *We may more easily find*, saith he, *what is not there, than what is.*

Lib. 5. de Cons.

In Timæo.

In

In heaven there is neither grief, nor sorrow, nor penury, nor defect, nor disease, nor death, nor any evil. So may we say concerning *Eternity*. For whatsoever in this life we either see with our eyes, or let in by our other outward senses, that is not eternal. *For the things that are seen,* saith S. *Paul, are temporal, but the things which are not seen are Eternal.* 2 Cor. 4, 18. Hence every man may say, this my joy, these my pleasures and delights, this treasure, this honour, this stately building, this life of mine, all is *Transitory*, nothing *Eternal*. A man can point at nothing which shall not perish and have an end. Indeed the ignorant multitude use to speak after this manner. This structure is for *Eternity*, this monument is everlasting. And the impatient man is wont to complain that his pains are without end. But these *Eternities* are very short, and a man may easily in words comprehend them: Say what thou canst of the true *Eternity*, thou must needs come far short of it. So saith *Augustine; Thou sayest of Eternity whatsoever thou wilt: But therefore* In Psal. 65.

thou sayest whatsoever thou wilt, because thou canst not say all, say what thou wilt: But therefore thou must needs say something, that still thou mayest have something to think which thou canst not say. Dionysius saith, *That the Soul is the Horizon of Time and Eternity:* For in that it is immortal, it is partaker of *Eternity*; and in that it is infused by God into the body, it is partaker of *Time*. But before we proceed any further, for orders sake let us see what men of former times, *Romans*, *Græcians*, *Egyptians*, and others, have thought of *Eternity*. For they acknowledged it for certain, and represented it divers ways.

In Asclep.

CHAP. I.

What men of former times have thought of Eternity; and how they have represented it.

FIrst of all, they have represented *Eternity* by a *Ring*, or a *Circle*, which hath neither beginning nor ending, which is proper only to *Gods Eternity*: seeing therefore that

that God is *Eternal*, and his duration is properly called *Eternity*, the *Ægyptians* uſed to ſignifie *God* by a *Circle*. And the *Perſians* thought they honoured God moſt, when going up to the top of the higheſt tower, they called him the *Circle of heaven*. And it was a cuſtome among the *Turks* (as *Pierius* teacheth at large) to cry out every morning from an high tower, *God always was, and always will be*; and then to ſalute their *Mahomet*. The *Sarazens* alſo uſed to call *God* a *Circle*. *Mercurius Triſmegiſtus*, whom I named before, the moſt memorable amongſt Philoſophers, (who wrote more books than any mortal man beſide, if we may believe *Seleucus*, and *Meneceus*) ſaid that God was an intellectual *Sphere*, whoſe *Centre* is every where, and *Circumference* no where: becauſe Gods Majeſty and immenſity are terminated no where. For this cauſe the Antients built unto their gods Temples for figure *round*. So *Numa Pompilius*, is ſaid to have conſecrated to *Veſta* a *round Table at Rome*. So *Auguſtus Cæſar*, in the name of *Agrippa*, dedi-

cated to all the gods a *round Temple*, and called it *Pantheon*. Hereupon *Pythagoras*, to shew *God Eternity*, taught his Scholars to worship him, turning their bodies round about. And there was a statute made by *Numa*, (as *Brissonius* witnesseth) that they which were about to worship God, should turn themselves round. Therefore *God* is according to the Antients, a *Circle*, but a *Circle* without a *Periphery* or *circumference*, whose *Centre* is every where; because God is the beginning and end of all things. Whereupon *Job* most justly crys out, *Behold, God is great and we know him not, neither can the number of his years be searched out.* Job 36. 26.

Again, they have represented *Eternity* by a *Sphere* and a *Globe*. Therefore *Faustina* the Empress had money stampt after this figure and superscription; There was a *Globe* on which the Empress sate stretching forth one hand, and holding in the other a *Scepter* with this inscription, ETERNITY. Hence it was that many of the Antients thought the World to be *Eternal*,

ternal, because it was *Round*: whom Saint *Basil* answers very fitly, *Let the world be a Circle; but the beginning of the Circle is the Centre.*

In the third place they have represented *Eternity* by a *Seat*: by which is signified *Eternal rest*. The *Nasamones*, a certain people of *Africa*, for the most part did not only breath out their last sitting upon a seat, but also desired to be buried after that position, as having then attained to *Eternity*, and a long cessation from all their labours: As in many places at this day Kings and Emperors are found sitting in Vaults under earth, in silence and mournful Majesty. And it was usual with the *Romans* to support with such like themolten statues of their deceased Emperors, as having then the fruition of *Eternity*. Some there are that thus reason with themselves oftentimes. Behold, I have been a long time held and oppressed with cares and labours: But now why do I not take some respite? why do I not make some pause? why do I not rest from my labours? I have laboured long

enough: let others labour as much as I have done; for my part I'le rest now, and take mine ease. So they set up their seats, and promise unto themselves days of rest: but (alas!) they are of no long continuance. They set up their seats, and embrace their ease; but neither in due time nor place. Oh! how truly and devoutly doth that golden book, Of the Imitation of Christ, gives us a pull by the ear, in these words, *Kempis lib. 1. c. 12.* *Dispose and order all things according to thine own will, and the lust of thine own eyes, and yet thou shalt never find, but thou shalt always suffer one thing or other, either willingly or by constraint, and so thou shalt always find a Cross.* The whole life of Christ was a Cross, and Martyrdom; and dost thou seek rest and pleasure? Therefore we must set up our seat in heaven, and not here, for here amongst so many troubles it can never stand quiet; and though all other things should spare, yet death at length will overturn. There is no true rest to be hoped for, but that which is *Eternal*. But if there be any rest in this

this life, this is it, For a man to commit himſelf, and all that is his to the will of God, to put his whole truſt and confidence in him, and to account all other things beſide, but vain. So are we taught in *Eccleſiaſticus*; *Truſt in God, and abide in thy place.* Without this reſt of the ſoul all other things are meer troubles, a meer ſea of tempeſtuous waves, and the very preſence of hell. But I return to the Antients. *Ecclus* 11. 21.

In the fourth place they have repreſented *Eternity* by the *Sun* and the *Moon*. The *Sun* reviveth every day, although it ſeems every day to die, and to be buried. It always riſeth again, although every night it ſetteth. The *Moon* alſo hath her increaſe after every wane. *Catullus* hath pretty verſes to this purpoſe: *In Hendecaſyl.*

The Sun *doth ſet; the* Sun *doth riſe again.*
The day *doth cloſe; the* day *doth break again.*
Once ſet our Sun, *again it riſeth never:*
Once cloſe our day *of life, it's* night *for ever.*

In hell there is *Eternal night*, but without sleep. There they sleep not, because they slept here, where they should have watched: there they watch, because here they slept in their sins; indeed not long, but longer they would if they could, yea *Eternally*. But it is far otherwise with those that are in Heaven: For a perpetual light shall shine forth to the Saints, and Eternity of time. there is rest; there is pleasure after long labours and watchings!

In the fifth place, they have represented *Eternity* by the *Basilisk*. The *Basilisk* is the most venomous of all Creatures, and it alone of all others (as *Horus Niliacus* saith) cannot be killed by humane force; yea it is so virulent, that it killeth herbs with the very breath of it, that it puts to flight all other creatures with the hissing of it, and that it makes all birds suddenly silent upon the first presence of it. *Ælianus* reports, that in the desart of *Africa* a certain beast fell down being tired, and that the Serpents came together as it were to a feast, to devour

vour the carcaſe, and that they preſently ran all away, and hid themſelves in the ſand, upon the ſight of the *Baſilisk*. *Eternity*, whether of joy or of torment, cannot be ſhortned or diminiſhed, much leſs taken away or avoided. Neither is it ſtrange, if it affright all that are in their right wits, with the very thought of it. Infinite are the windings of this *Baſilisk*; unmeaſurable and untwinable are the *Orbes* and *Circuits* of it. Oh Dragon to be trembled at! Let us divert a little to our ſelves, It comes to paſs ſometimes when a man deſcends into himſelf, and rips up his conſcience by confeſſion, that he finds many ſerpents neſts, and whole broods of vipers, and thereupon much marvelleth in himſelf, ſaying, Whence is there ſo much venome in my breaſt? Whence are ſo many fat Snakes, ſo many grievous and deadly ſins? Whence is there ſo great an hoſt of Lizards? whence ſo many filthy and luſtful cogitations? I am afraid my ſelf at ſuch a numerous and peſtilent brood. But marvel not; we ſhall eaſily ſhew

thee:

thee the cause thereof. A moist and a rude place is very apt to breed Serpents. Lo then, there is a double cause; the moisture of the place, and the negligence of them that should look to it. So it is in the soul of man; if we spend all our care upon our body, handling it delicately, feeding it daintily, pampering it with feasts, and effeminating it with pleasures; it must needs be confessed that the soul, the inhabitant thereof, hath her dwelling in a moist place. Add hither slothfulness, and neglect of divine duties. Let no care be had at all of salvation; so the body be sound, and it goeth well with it, let no regard be had what happens to the soul: let confession of sins be seldom made unto God, and when it is, but in a negligent manner: what marvel then, if a multitude of Serpents and poysonous vermine breed there? But (O good Christian brother) let the *Basilisk* enter into thy breast, that is, the cogitation of *Eternity*, and thou shalt presently perceive that these venomous beasts will soon vanish away.

away. Thou confeſſeſt that thy heart doth abound with theſe ſnakes: It is a ſign therefore thou ſeldom thinkeſt upon *Eternity.* Amend therefore: and now at length begin to think upon this with thy ſelf, *That which delighteth is but Momentany, but that which tormenteth is Eternal.*

In the ſixth place, they have repreſented *Eternity* after this manner. There is a *vaſt den*, full of horrors: round about which a *Serpent* winds it ſelf, and in the winding bites it ſelf by the tail. At the right hand of the den ſtands *a young man* of a beautiful and pleaſant countenance, holding in his right hand a *bow* and *two arrows*, and in his left hand an *Harp*. In the very entrance of the den ſits an *old man* oppoſite, and having his eyes very intent upon his *Table-book*; according as the Cœleſtial Globe by its motion, or the young man ſtanding by, dictates unto him, ſo he writes. At the left hand of the den ſits a *grave matron*, gray-headed, and having her eyes always buſied. At the mouth of the den there are *four*

ſtairs

stairs, each higher than other: The first is of *Iron*, the second of *Brass*, the third of *Silver*, and the fourth of *Gold*. On these are little children running up and down and playing, and never fear the danger of falling This is the *Picture*: The meaning is this. The *Den* signifies the incomprehensibility of *Eternity*: The *Serpent* that twines it self about it, *Time*; The *Young man*, *God*; in whose hand is *Heaven*, *Earth*, and *Hell*. On *Earth* and in *Hell* are the *Arrows* of the Lord fastened; but in *Heaven*, there is nothing but *Joy* and the sound of the *Harp*. The *Old man* is *Fate*, or rather, that which God hath *decreed* from all *Eternity*. The *Matron*, *Nature*: The *Stairs*, distinct *Times* and *Ages*: The *Children* running up and down the stairs, do signifie things created, especially *Man*, who is sporting in matters of Salvation, and playing and jesting in the very entrance of *Eternity*. Alack alack! O mortal men, we have played too long amidst these dangers; We are very near unto *Eternity*, even in the very entrance of it

it, whileſt we live: Let but death lightly touch us, and we are preſently ſwallowed up of *Eternity*. Death need not uſe any great power, or fight long againſt us: we are thrown down headlong in a moment, and tumble down theſe ſtairs into the *Ocean* of *Eternity*. Bethink your ſelves well, you that play upon theſe ſtairs, and think upon any thing rather than upon *Eternity*; It may be *to day* or *to morrow* you may be tranſlated from *Time* to *Eternity*.

CHAP. II.

The ſecret ſenſe and meaning of Scripture is unfolded.

AFter the Chapter of the *Type* and *Picture* of *Eternity*, the holy Scripture of divine truth ſhall not unfitly follow. When *Nebuchadnezzar*, King of *Babylon*, had caſt the three *Hebrew* children into the fiery furnace for refuſing to obey his impious command, the flame is ſaid to have aſcended nine and forty cubits above the furnace.

A strange thing: But not without a Mystery. What? Did any man accurately measure the height thereof? Did any man ascend and apply unto it a rule, to take the just measure of it? was it just nine and forty cubits, neither more nor less? Why not fifty? For we use to number thus: Twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, though the number be somewhat more or less. Here in this place there wants but one of fifty. Surely there is a Mystery in it, and some secret meaning. The number of fifty was wont to signifie the year of *Jubilee*. But the flames in the fiery furnace of hell, although they rage both against body and soul, and infinitely exceed all the torments of this life, yet they shall never extend so far as the year of grace and *Jubilee*. In hell there is no year of *Jubilee*, no pardon, no end of torments. *Now, now*, is the time of *Jubilee*; not every hundred or fifty years, but every hour and every moment. *Now* one part of an hour may obtain pardon here, which all *Eternity* cannot hereafter. *Now* is the time, that in one little and

short

ſhort day we may have more debts forgiven us, than in the fire of hell in all years and times to come hereafter.

Let us add hither another explication of divine Sceipture. When the people of God did paſs over *Jordan, the waters which came down* toward the ſea of the plain (which is now called the dead ſea) failed, until there was none left. *Joſhua* 3. 16. And in *Eccleſiaſticus* it is ſaid, *There is that buyeth much for a little.* *Ecclus* 20. 12. Theſe two teſtimonies of Scripture *Galfrid* joyneth together, and thereupon diſcourſeth thus. If *Eternal* bitterneſs be due unto thee, and thou maiſt eſcape it by taſting of *Temporal*, certainly thou haſt redeemed *much for a little.* I confeſs it is a Sea indeed in which thou faileſt, but yet a *dead ſea*: And how much art thou bound to give thanks unto *God*, who, whereas thou haſt deſerved to be overwhelmed in the ſalt, roaring and unnavigable ſea, hath of his great mercy toward thee, ſuffered thee rather to ſail in the *dead ſea.* (O bleſſed change!) that ſo by the *dead ſea* thou

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY CAMBRIDGE

thou mayest pass into the *land* of the *living*! This Writer compares all the adversities of this *life* to the *dead sea*, and *Eternal* punishment to the *salt* and *unnavigable sea*. No man can escape both: He must needs sail in the one, or in the other. What dost thou, O man? (crys out Saint *Chrysostome*,) Art thou about to ascend up to heaven, and doest thou ask me whether there be any difficulties by the way? Whatsoever we do, this *dead sea* we must pass over: we may, if we will, arrive at the haven of Tranquillity, and *Eternal* Happiness. *The word of God most high is the Fountain of wisdom, and her ways are everlasting commandments.* Through this dead sea there is no other way into the region of the living, but the way of Gods commandments. We have a most clear place of Scripture for it: *If thou wilt enter into life keep the commandments*: This is the only way to *Eternity*. If a man shall ask a Divine of our times this question, *What is Eternity*? His answer will be, It is a *Circle* running back into it self, whose *Centre* is *Always*

Eccles. 1. 5.

Mat. 19 17.

Cornelius à Lapide.

Always, and *Circumference No where*, that is which never ſhall have end. *What is Eternity*? It is an *Orb* every way round, and like it ſelf, in which there is neither beginning nor end. *What is Eternity*? It is a wheel,

A wheel that turns, a wheel that turneth ever:
A wheel that turns, and will leave turning never.

Volvitur, & volvetur in omne volubilis ævum.

What is Eternity? It is a *year* continually wheeling about, which returns again to the ſame point from whence it began, and ſtill wheels about again. *What is Eternity*? It is an *ever-running fountain*, whither the water after many turnings flow back again, that they may always flow. *What is Eternity*? It is an *ever living ſpring*, from whence waters continually flow, either the moſt ſweet waters of *Benediction* and bleſſing, or the moſt bitter waters of *Malediction* and curſing. *VVhat is Eternity*? It is a *Labyrinth* which hath innumerable turnings and windings, which always lead them round that enter in, carrying them from turning to turning,

turning, and so losing them. *VVhat is Eternity?* It is a *pit without bottom*, whose turnings and revolutions are endless. *VVhat is Eternity?* It is a *Spiral Line*, but without beginning; which hath Circles and windings one within another, but without ending. *VVhat is Eternity?* It is a *Snake bowed back unto it self* orbicularly, holding the tail in the mouth which in its end doth again begin, and never ceaseth to begin. *VVhat is Eternity?* It is a *duration always present*, it is *one perpetual day*, which is not divided into that which is past, and that which is to come. *VVhat is Eternity?* It is an *age of Ages*, as *Dionysius* saith, never expiring, but always like it self, without changing. *VVhat is Eternity?* It is a beginning without beginning, middle, or end. It is a beginning, continuing, never ending alway beginning. In which the Blessed alway begin a blessed life, and always abound with new pleasures: in which the damned always die, and after all death and struggling with death, always begin again to die and struggle with death.

death. As long as God ſhall be God, ſo long ſhall the bleſſed be bleſſed, ſo long ſhall they reign and triumph: ſo long ſhall the damned alſo fry in hell, and yelling cry, *We are tormented in this flame*, being ſtill to be tormented and tortured for ever.

CHAP. III.

Why the place of Eternity is called a Manſion.

JOHN, *Patriarch* of *Alexandria*, a very devout and godly man, was often wont to go to viſit the ſick, and took with him for his companion *Troilus* a Biſhop, which had more care of his money than of the ſick. The *Patriarch* whiſpered him in the ear, and ſaid, I pray thee, brother, let us help the friends of Chriſt. Whereupon *Troilus* like a crafty companion concealing the diſeaſe of his mind, to wit, his covetouſneſs, bad his Servants give to the poor all the money which at that time he had about him to buy other things withal.

withal. Not long after it happened that he fell into a Fever which his covetousness had caused: whereof the *Patriarch* of *Alexandria* hearing, and easily guessing at the cause of his disease, went to visit him, and carried with him as much silver, as he had not long before given to the sick: and after a little conference had with him, he said thus, I did but jest with thee the other day, when I wished thee to bestow something to the relief of the sick; and it was because my servant had not money about him. But behold here, in good earnest I restore unto thee the money which thou laidst out for my sake, and I thank thee for it. When *Troilus* saw the money told, his fever began to leave him, and his heat to abate, and in every part he found himself much better; whereupon finding himself gather strength, he rose up to dinner, and sate down to Table. About noon-tide when dinner was ended, and the Table removed, he went to sleep, and sweetly took his ease, and dreamed that he saw a very stately edifice, and in the *frontispiece*

tiſpiece thereof over the gate, this inſcription, *Manſio Æterna & Requies Troili Epiſcopi*; In Engliſh thus, *The Eternal Manſion and Reſting place of Biſhop Troilus.* He was very much delighted with this dream. But not long after he had another viſion that troubled him. For there came one with a company of workmen, and gave them a ſtrict charge, ſaying, Take away that inſcription, and put this in the place there, *Manſio Eterna & Requies Johannis Archiepiſcopi Alexandriæ, empta libris triginta argenti:* In Engliſh thus, *The Eternal Manſion and Reſting place of John Archbiſhop of Alexandria, which he bought for thirty pounds.* With this Viſion he was very much affrighted: but he made a very good uſe of it. For preſently, of an hard and covetous man, he became liberal and charitable, eſpecially to ſuch as were in need. So much did the very dream of an *Eternal Manſion* prevail with him.

But oh ye rather bleſſed Manſions, and therefore bleſſed, becauſe *Eternal*! Oh, how exceedingly doth

doth Christ desire that we should loath and forsake these our tabernacles, and ruinous houses, and with earnest desire make haste unto those *Eternal Mansions! In my Fathers house*, saith he, *are many Mansions*, No man is kept back from thence but by himself. The place excludes no man: for it is exceeding large. Time shuts out no man: for there is a Mansion, and that *Mansion* is *Eternal*.

A Prayer.

O Eternal and merciful God, O Eternal Truth, *O true Love, O beloved Eternity; So cure our blindness, that by these present and short sorrows we may be brought to know, and so escape the future, horrible, and* Eternal *punishments. Direct us and teach us so to possess things perishing and* Temporal, *that finally we lose not the things which are* Eternal. *Teach us so to lament for our sins committed, that we may escape* Eternal *punishments. Teach us so to behave*

have our ſelves in the houſe of our pilgrimage, that we be not ſhut out of the Eternal Manſions. *Teach us ſo to make our* progreſs *in the way, that at length we may be received into our* Country.

C THE

The perpetuall hills did bowe,
His wayes are everlasting
Habac: 3.6.

The Salamander, the Basilisk, the Phenix, the golden ring the fiery mountain, may here upon earth put us in minde of ETERNITIE: *but onely blessed* ETERNITIE *can make us eternall in heaven*

THE SECOND CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITIE.*

In what things Nature repreſenteth Eternity.

THE Idolaters themſelves therefore have acknowledged an *Eternity*, ſuch as it was, and have deſcribed it alſo by certain ſignes: For God hath manifeſted it unto them, *ſo that they are without excuſe.* How much dearer therefore, and in what great eſteem ought the conſideration thereof to be amongſt all Chriſtians, to whom *Eternity* is better repreſented, and in a more lively manner! *herefore thou art inexcuſable, O man, whoſoever thou art,* that being often put in mind of *Eternity*, doſt as often let it ſlip out of thy memory. Thou haſt often in thy ſight and before thine eyes, *Rings* and *Circles*, *Spheres* and *Globes*, *Sun* and *Moon*: If thou

Rom. 1. 20.

Rom. 2. 1.

The perpetuall hills did bowe.
His wayes are everlasting
Habac: 3.6.

The Salamander, the Basilisk, the Phenix, the golden ring the fiery mountain may here upon earth put us in minde of ETERNITIE: but onely blessed ETERNITIE can make us eternall in heaven

THE SECOND CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITIE.*

In what things Nature repreſenteth Eternity.

THE Idolaters themſelves therefore have acknowledged an *Eternity*, ſuch as it was, and have deſcribed it alſo by certain ſignes: For God hath manifeſted it unto them, *ſo that they are without excuſe.* Rom. 1. 20. How much dearer therefore, and in what great eſteem ought the conſideration thereof to be amongſt all Chriſtians, to whom *Eternity* is better repreſented, and in a more lively manner! *herefore thou art inexcuſable, O man, whoſoever thou art,* Rom. 2. 1. that being often put in mind of *Eternity*, doſt as often let it ſlip out of thy memory. Thou haſt often in thy ſight and before thine eyes, *Rings* and *Circles*, *Spheres* and *Globes*, *Sun* and *Moon*: If thou

looke ſt upon any of theſe, they will put thee in mind of *Eternity*. Nature her ſelf like a good mother hath expoſed them to publick view, that, when we ſee them, or hear of them, we might be invited to meditate upon *Eternity*.

Solinus reports that there is a ſtone in *Arcadia* called *Aſbeſtos*, which being once ſet on fire doth continually burn: Wherefore in times paſt they were wont in Temples and Sepulchres to make lamps of it: of which St. *Auguſtine* maketh mention. I add that *Pliny*, *Volateranus*, *Dioſcorides*, and many others tell ſtrange wonders of a certain kind of *Line* or *Flax*, which is called by divers names: For ſome call it *Linum Aſbeſtinum*, others *Caryſtium*, others *Indicum*, and others *Linum vivum*.

Lib. 21. *de Civit. cap.* 5.

This is not only not conſumed by fire, but alſo is purged and cleanſed; wherefore the dead bodies of Kings heretofore, when they were to be put into the fire, and to be burned, uſed to be wrapped about with a Linnen cloth made thereof, to keep their aſhes from

from confuſion, and to diſtinguiſh them from others. O ſuch Flax *Nero* had a Towel, which he eſteemed of more price than gold and precious ſtones. Behold, *Nature* her ſelf, like a *Miſtreſs* and Guide, leadeth thee by the hand, and pointeth thee to a thing which the fire hath no power to conſume. So ſhall all the damned burn, but never ſhall burn out; They ſhall always burn, but never be conſumed; they ſhall ſeek for death in the flames, but ſhall not find it. Therefore juſtly doth one cry out, *Oh wo Eternal, that never ſhall have end! Oh end without end! Oh death more grievous than all death, Always to die, and never to be quite dead!* So ſaith divine *Iſaiah*, *Their fire never ſhall be quenched*: And the Angel in the *Revelation*, *They ſhall deſire to die: and death ſhall flee from them.*

In Horolog. ſapien. *Iſa. 66. 24.* *Rev. 9. 6.*

That the *Salamander* for a little time can indure, and live in the fire, beſide *Ariſtotle*, *Pliny*, *Galen*, *Ælian*, *Dioſcorides*, S. *Auguſtine* alſo himſelf believed. This creature is very cold, and is generated of ſhowers: the ſun and drought are

death to it; Therefore, according to *Pliny*, it endures in the flame like ice. Of the skin thereof lights are made for perpetual burning lamps. God who made the *Salamander* of Earth and Clay, hath of his goodness formed Man, though of the same matter, yet of a more excellent and noble nature. He hath
Psal. 8. 5 *made him a little lower than the Angels.* He hath assigned unto him after this life the fellowship of the same Kingdom with the Angels.
Psalm. 49. 20. *But man being in honour had no understanding, and was compared unto the beasts that perish.* By his own malice he made himself such a *Salamander*, that must always live or always die in *Eternal* flames. In those fiery prisons of Hell, *all things are Eternal*; but these *six things especially*.

CHAP. I.

What things are Eternal in Hell.

1. THE *damned* himself is *Eternal* and dyeth not. No man can make an end of himself, or another.

ther. *They shall seek death, and shall not find it.* Yea the very desire of death, in as much as their desire cannot be satisfied, shall greatly increase their torment. Revel. 9. 6.

The prison it self is *Eternal;* It can never fall to ruin, it can never be broken down, it can never be digged through. It is barred up with rocks and mountains; The locks and bars are so firm and strong, that none can get out. If any of the damned should by Gods permission before the day of judgment come out from thence, yet still he should carry an Hell about him, and never be free from torment. 2.

The fire there is *Eternal.* Christ himself in *Matthew* saith as much expressly; *Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire,* or *fire Eternal.* Dost thou hear this word, *Eternal?* The anger of the Lord doth kindle this fire, and it shall never be put out. To this beareth *Isaiah* witness, saying, *The breath of the Lord like a stream of brimstone doth kindle it,* it shall burn night and day, and *shall not be quenched, the smoke* thereof *shall ascend up for ever and ever. Eternal* 3. *Matth.* 25. 41. *Isaiah* 30. 33. *Isaiah* 66. 24. *Rev.* 14 11.

nal punishment, and *Eternal life* are *Relates*, as S *Augustine* speaketh; and *Relates* are of like continuance: To say therefore, That *Eternal life* shall be without end, and *Eternal punishment* shall have an end, is very absurd. Who therefore will deferre his conversion?

Lib. 12. *de Civ.* c. 23.

As the things mentioned before are *Eternal*, so is the *Worm*, and conscience tormented with deep despair for the life past. *Their worm shall not die:* So propheſied *Isaiah*. The Poets of old translated this out of Holy writ into their fables: For what is that *Tityrus*, of whom *Virgil* feigneth, That a flying *Vultur* every day gnaws and tears his *Liver*, which is every night again repaired and made up, that every day the *Vultur* may have more prey to gnaw upon? What is the *Vultur*, but the *Worm* we speak of? And what is the *Liver*, but the *Conscience* always gnawn, and tormented?

Isaiah 66. 24.

To this *Eternity* of Hell belongeth also the *last sentence*, and the *last Decree* pronounced by Christ the Judg: A decree (Alas!) irrevocable, immutable, *Eternal*. There is no

no *Appealing* from it; If the ſentence be once pronounced by the mouth of this Judg, it ſtands irrevocable for all *Eternity*. In Hell there is no redemption, not any, no not any; but *Eternal* deſperation. The blood of Chriſt when it was newly poured out on the mount of *Golgotha*, though of infinite efficacy for ſatisfaction, yet reacheth not unto the damned. *If the yoke of the Lord*, ſaith Saint *Bernard*, *be a yoke of Repentance, you think that in it ſelf it is not ſweet: But this you muſt know, That it is moſt ſweet, if it be compared with that fire of which it is ſaid, Depart from me ye curſed into everlaſting fire.* Matth. 25. 41.

The *Puniſhment* or *Pain of loſs* alſo, as they call it, is *Eternal*, being the privation of the ſight of God for ever, which together with all the other torments of the damned ſhall never have end: becauſe there can be no place for ſatisfaction. For although theſe torments ſhall continue infinite millions of years, yet there ſhall not one day, no nor one hour, no nor ſo much as a moment of reſt and reſpite be granted. There ſhall be viciſſitude

and variety of torments, but to their greater pain and grief. Christ often foretold it by *Matthew* in plain words, *The children of the Kingdom shall be cast out into utter darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth*: *weeping*, for heat; and *gnashing of teeth*, for cold. How then can man be so forgetful of himself and God? How can he so degenerate into a beast? Yea rather, how can he become like a rock, or a stone, so senseless, as when he shall think upon the unsufferable and unutterable torments of Hell, which never shall have end, then not to fear and tremble, and say with himself thus, I am for certain in the way to *Eternity*, and I know not how soon I may come to my journeys end: I sit on the stairs of *Eternity*, and every little thrust is ready to plunge me into the bottomless pit? But if it seem so grievous and intolerable for a man to lye, though but for one night, on a soft featherbed, and never sleep or close his eyes, but to sigh and groan for pain in his head, or any other member, for

Matth. 8. 12.

for the tooth-ach or for the ſtone: If the night ſeems long, and the day a great way off, and the Sun to ſlack his coming: And yet, as I ſaid, he lies upon a good feather-bed, and if he will have but a little patience, he may hope to find eaſe in the day, and help from the Phyſician: Alack! Alack! how intolerable ſhall it be to lie night and day in the fire, for a thouſand and a thouſand, and again, I ſay, a thouſand years! How intolerable ſhall it be, there to watch, to hunger, to thirſt, to burn, to be tormented extreamly in every part, and not to hope for any reſt, or ſo much as a drop of cold water; but to be always in deſpair, and ſo to fry and to be tortured for infinite millions of ages, and to be ſo far from finding any end, as never to be able to hope for anyend! There, ſaith *Thomas* one hours puniſhment ſhall be more grievous, than an hundred years here in the moſt bitter puniſhment that can be. There is no reſt, no conſolation to the damned. *O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chaſten me in thy hot*

De Chriſt. imitat. lib. 1. cap. 24.

Pſal. 6. 1.

Psal.25 hot displeasure. Remember not the 7. sins of my youth, nor my transgressions. Unless thou wilt have mercy, O God, I must needs perish.

CHAP. II.

Why Hell is Eternal.

HEre ariseth a question, which is worthy to be known of all men, How it can be, that God, who is good and merciful, and whose mercy is over all his works, should notwithstanding punish even one mortal sin, committed, it may be, in a moment, and in thought only; how he should punish such a sin, I say, for all *Eternity*; and so punish it, that it shall deserve still always to be punished: and though millions of years be passed, yet it shall never be said, This sin hath been sufficiently punished, it is enough, he hath made satisfaction for the wicked thought, by which he hath offended God.

What then? Hath God for one sin, and that in thought only, decreed the punishment of everlasting

ing

ing fire? What equality is there in this, for a *momentary* ſin, to appoint an *Eternal* puniſhment? Why doth bleſſed *David* cry out, *O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever!* and why doth he repeat it twenty ſeven times, if God be ſo ſevere? To this S. *Auguſtin*, *Gregory*, *Thomas Aquinas*, and others anſwer, That in every mortal ſin the offence of its own nature is infinite, becauſe it is an injury againſt the infinite majeſty of God. Again, He that dyeth guilty of a mortal ſin without repentance, doth as much as if he ſhould ſin *Eternally*: For if he might live *Eternally*, he would ſin *Eternally*: He hath not loſt a will to ſin, but life in which to ſin, ſtill being ready to ſin, if he might live ſtill; So he doth not ceaſe to ſin, but doth ceaſe to live. Further it is to be conſidered, That a damned perſon can never make ſatisfaction, though he ſhould pay never ſo much; For being an enemy, and not in favour with God, his payment is not worthy acceptation; ſeeing that he himſelf is not accepted

Pſalm. 106. 1. 107. 1. 118. 1. 136. 1.

cepted with him. Neither indeed, to ſpeak truly, can he be ſaid to pay any thing; becauſe he doth nothing, but ſuffers only puniſhments, and that againſt his will. We will make the matter yet more plain by a familiar example. Suppoſe a man ſhould borrow of his neighbour a thouſand crowns, and for the uſe thereof make over the rent of his houſe unto him for ever. It may be in twenty years he may thus repay the ſumm of money borrowed; But what then? Is he fully diſcharged of all the debt! Doth there remain nothing to be paid? The principal remains ſtill as due to be paid, as if there had been nothing at all paid. For this is the nature of ſuch lones, that although the yearly uſe be paid, ſtill the principal remains entire, and due to be paid. So it is with the damned; For although they ſhould pay never ſo much; yet they can never get out of debt. They are debtors ſtill, and ever ſhall be. *The*

Iſa. 1. 31. *ſtrong ſhall be as tow, and the maker of it as a ſpark; they ſhall both burn together, and none ſhall quench them.*

Suetonius

Suetonius reports of *Tiberius Cæſar*, that being Petitioned unto by a certain offender to haſten his puniſhment, and to grant him a ſpeedy diſpatch, he made him this anſwer, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay Sir, *You and I are not yet friends.* Chriſt is a moſt juſt Judg, no Tyrant, no *Tiberius*. And yet if one of the damned after a thouſand years burning in Hell ſhould begg and intreat for a ſpeedy death, he would anſwer after the ſame manner, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* If after a thouſand years more he ſhould ask the ſame thing, he ſhould receive the ſame anſwer, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* If after an hundred thouſand yeares yet more, yea millions of years, he ſhould ask again, again he ſhould receive the ſame anſwer, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* The time was, I offered to be thy *friend*; but thou wouldſt not; yea, thy *father*, but thou wouldſt not. I offered thee my grace a thouſand and a thouſand times;

Suet. lib. 3. cap. 6.

times; but thou rejectedst it. This I knew right well, and I held my peace, and further expected, forty, fifty, sixty years, to see if thou wouldest change thy mind, and course of life. But there followed no serious or true repentance. *Thou hast set at naught all my counsel, and wouldest none of my reproof Thou hast hated instruction, and hast cast my words behind thee.* Eat therefore the fruit of thine own ways, and be filled with thine own counsels. *I will laugh* at thy destruction for ever: neither shall my justice after infinite ages give thee any answer but this, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* O God which art in heaven! O sin which throwest men headlong into hell, the hell of torments, and into the bottomless pit of *Eternal* pain! But *righteous art thou, O Lord, and upright are thy judgments.* Just and right it is, that he which would not by repentance accept of mercy when it was offered, should by punishment be tormented, and have justice without mercy for ever.

Prov. 1. 25. Psal. 50. 17. Prov. 1. 26. Psal. 119. 137.

CHAP.

CHAP. III:

Other motives to the conſideration of Eternity, drawn from Nature.

BUt I return to the School of *Nature*, to conſider further upon *Eternity*. There are found *hot Baths* in certain Mountains and Rocks, whoſe waters in running make ſuch a noiſe and murmuring, that the diſeaſed perſons that reſort thither for cure, if at that entrance into the *Bath*, they do but imagin they hear muſical Inſtruments, and an harmonious conſort, they have their ears ſo dulled with the continual noiſe thereof, that the muſick which at firſt was ſweet unto them, becomes at length, by their imagination working upon it, very loathſome, and a torment unto them: But if they imagine they hear a Drum, or any other loud ſounding inſtrument, they at length grow almoſt mad with the noiſe thereof daily moleſting and troubling them. From whence alſo we are led, as it were by the hand

hand, to the consideration of *Eternity*. The weeping and wailing, yelling and crying which is heard at the first entrance of Hells mouth under those infernal mountains shall never cease, but shall torment the damned without end, and be no whit mitigated by time and long-sufferance. But on the contrary the Blessed in Heaven shall without weariness hear the *Thrice Holy* sung, *Holy, Holy, Holy*; yea, and the more they hear it, the more they shall be delighted with the sound thereof. Christ in his Conference with the Woman of *Samaria*, makes often mention of *Eternity*, and life everlasting. *Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst: But the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life.* I would we did thirst with the woman of *Samaria* after those waters, and earnestly pray for them: *O Lord, give me of this water, that I thirst not.* Give me, O Christ, though but *a drop* of this water, that is, *some thirst* and desire after *Eternal* life. In the

John 4. 14.

John 4. 15.

year

year after the Nativity of our Lord fourſcore and one (as *Suetonius*, *Dion*, and *Plinius Secundus* tell at large) on the firſt day of *November*, about ſeven of the clock, at the mountain *Veſuvius* in *Campania*, there was an horrible eruption of fire, before which there went an unuſual drought, and grievous earthquakes. There was alſo heard noiſe under earth, as if it had been thunder. The ſea roared and made a noiſe; the heaven thundered as if mountains had in conflict metto. gether; great ſtones were ſeen to fall; the air was filled with ſmoak and fire mixt together; the Sun did hide his head. Whereupon it was thought by many that the world was almoſt at an end, and that the laſt day was come, wherein all ſhould be conſumed with fire: For there was ſuch abundance of aſhes ſcattered up and down over land and ſea, and in the air, that there was much hurt done amongſt men and cattel, and in the fields, that fiſh and fowl were deſtroyed, that two cities, the name of the one was *Herculanum*, and the name

of

of the other *Pompeii*, were utterly ruined. These and such other like *Caverns* in the earth, with *Precipices* and *fiery mountains*, always flaming, but never going out, are lively examples given us by God, to put us in mind of the fire of hell, in which the bodies of the cursed shall be always burning, but never be burnt out. Concerning this you may read *Tertullian*, *Minutius*, and *Pacian*. See, O man, how providently even Nature her self doth go before thee, and as it were lead thee by the hand to the contemplation of *Eternity*.

Tertul. Apol. c. 48. Minut. in oct. Pacian. De pœnitent. & confess.

To conclude, this *Time* of ours carrieth with it some sign and print of *Eternity*. Nature fain would have us learn the thing signified by the sign, and take a scantling of *Eternity* by the little *module* and measure of time. It is the saying of Saint *Augustine*, *This is the difference* between things *Temporal* and *Eternal*: We love things *Temporal* more before we have them, and esteem them not so much when we have them: for the soul cannot be satisfied but with true and secure *Eternity*,

In Sent. sen. 270

Eternity, and joy which is *Eternal* and incorruptible. But things *Eternal*, when they are actually *poſſeſſed*, are much more loved than before when they were only deſired and hoped for: For neither could *Faith* believe, nor *Hope* expect ſo much as *Charity* and *Love* ſhall find when once we ſhall be admitted to poſſeſſion. Why then doth not earth ſeem vile in our eyes, eſpecially when we muſt ere long forſake it? And why do we not with ardent deſire lift up our eyes to Heaven where we ſhall inherit a Kingdom, and that *Eternal*?

BIBL. CANT. ACAD.

THE

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Dan: 5 27

That man regardeth not ETERNITIE who weigheth his money more accurately then his life

THE THIRD CONSIDERATION.

Upon *ETERNITIE.*

Wherein the old Romans principally placed their Eternity.

PLinius Secundus thought those men happy, which either did things worthy to be wrote, or wrote things worthy to be read; but those men of all most happy, which could do both. So the *Romans* thought they might three manner of ways eternize their fame, and transmit their names unto posterity. First they wrote many excellent things; *many* excellent indeed, but *not all*, not all chaste, not all holy: They committed to writing their own blemishes, their dishonest loves, and filthy

Epist. 2. ad Ac.

filthy lusts; But this was no honest or Kings high-way to *Eternity*. How many books have died before their Authors, and according to *Plato*, have been like unto the Gardens of *Adonis*: as soon dead as sprung up! They pleased not long which quickly pleased. But suppose the books of all the *Romans* should out-live time, and be always extant, and exposed to publick view, yet they should not be able to give life unto their Authors.

Again, the *Romans* did not only write, but also did many brave works worthy to be recorded by the pens of eloquent and learned men, and these works were of divers kinds. They sought *Eternity* in many things, but found it in nothing, as we are taught to believe. They were great (we do not deny it) in civil and warlike affairs, at home and abroad: admirable for their skill in Arts and Sciences: Magnificent and profuse in setting forth shews, and bestowing gifts: wonderful even to astonishment for stately Buildings, Tombes, Vaults, Monuments and Statues,

Statues, as you may gueſs by theſe few particulars, which I will briefly run over.

Auguſtus, in his own name, and at his own proper charges, ſet forth Playes and Games four and twenty times, and at the charge of the common Treaſury, three and twenty times: and never a one of thoſe coſt him under two Millions and five hundred thouſand Crowns; and this ſo great a ſum of money, I ſay, was all laid out upon one ſhew. The very meaneſt and cheapeſt that ever *Auguſtus* ſet forth, came to a Million two hundred and fifty thouſand Crowns.

Nero gilded over the whole *Theater*; the Ornaments of the tyring houſe and Comical implements he made all of gold: To theſe you may add ſquare pieces of wood or wooden Lots ſcattered amongſt the people, which had for their Inſcriptions, whole houſes, fields, grounds, farms, ſlaves, ſervants, beaſts, great ſums of ſilver, and many times jewels a great number: To whoſoevers lot fell any one of theſe, he preſently received accor-

ding to the inscription.

The same *Nero* for a Donative to a common soldier, commanded to be told two hundred and fifty thousand crowns.

Agrippina (*Nero*'s mother) caused the like sum of money to be laid upon a Table, thereby secretly reprehending and labouring to restrain her sons profuseness. Whereupon *Nero* perceiving that he was toucht, commanded another sum to be added as great as the former, and said thus, *Nesciebam me tam parum dedisse, I forgot my self in giving so little.*

The same *Nero* entertained at *Rome* for nine moneths together King *Tiridates*, and was every day at cost for him twenty thousand Crowns, which came in nine moneths to five millions and forty thousand Crowns. And at his departure he gave him for a *Viaticum*, or to spend by the way, two millions and an half. What should I tell you of their stately and magnificent buildings?

Caligula the Emperor made a bridge over an arm of the Sea, three miles long. There

There were Temples in *Rome* four hundred twenty four, moſt of them very magnificent.

Domitian ſpent upon the ſole gilding of the Capitol, ſeven millions.

On the ſtairs of the *Amphitheater*, which were made all of ſtone, there might ſit very conveniently, fourſcore and ſeven thouſand ſpectators; above, there might ſtand round about twelve thouſand In all fourſcore & nineteen thouſand.

Beſides many others, there were twelve publick Baths made by the Emperour, where men might bathe *gratis*.

In the hot Bathes of *Antoninus*, there were of poliſhed ſtone one thouſand and ſix hundred ſeats, and there might ſo many men bathe themſelves very conveniently.

In the Bath of *Hetruſcus*, as *Liny* ſaith, all was of ſilver, the paſſages for the water, the lips of the Bath, and the very floor it ſelf. But I paſs to other things.

At *Rome* there were almoſt as many Statues as men, of no worſe matter than ſilver and gold, beſi[de] infinite

infinite others of Braſs, Marble, and Ivory.

Domitian had one of Gold in the Capitol, of an hundred pound weight.

Commodus and *Claudius* had alſo Statues of Gold, each of them being of a thouſand pound weight. *Claudius* had alſo in the place at *Rome* called *Roſtra*, another of Silver. Hereupon there was a certain Officer appointed, who was called the Count of *Rome*, on whom there attended a great many ſoldiers continually, to guard and look to the great number of Statues.

The way which is called *Appia*, will exerciſe a nimble footman five dayes in running it over. It reached in length, from *Rome* to *Capua*; ſo broad, that two Coaches might meet, and never trouble one another; ſo ſolid and firm, as if it were all of one ſtone, in no place looſe or broken up. There were alſo more wayes like unto this. It is incredible what good Authors do write of their Conduits and Aquæducts.

Claudius

Claudius the Emperour beſtowed about one ſeven Millions of Gold and a half; and there were maintained ſix hundred men with the onely keeping and looking to the waters. Theſe were great works indeed, but the Authors thereof in part deſerved reprehenſion for their immoderate profuſeneſs. There was at *Rome* one thing that ſurpaſſed their ſtately buildings, but (as for name, to ſay no worſe, and to ſpare your ears) diſhonourable, and not fit to be named. They had certain Vaults under earth built with arches, you may call them the ſinks of the City (they called them *Cloacas*) running with water, to carry away all the filth of the City. Of theſe there were ſo many, ſo large, and ſo long, that you may well reckon them amongſt the wonders of the world. I need not inſtance any more: theſe which I have named are ſufficient. He that is any thing converſant in Hiſtories, or hath heard of the great power and wealth of the *Romans* in former ages, will eaſily believe my relati-

on: if he will not believe me, let him believe the testimony of *Suetonius*, *Dion*, *Cassius*, *Pliny*, *Livy*, and others that have wrote of the *Roman* monuments.

These things which I have reckoned up, are very laudable in themselves. But they governed their Commonwealth so prudently, that in war for the most part they were unconquerable, for Arts and Sciences excellent, for Virtue illustrious; insomuch that, *Cyneas* an Ambassador sent from *Pyrrhus*, a very eloquent and intelligent man, when he had all in vain solicited the City to make a League with his Lord and Master, which League could not stand with the honour of the *Romans*, upon his return told the King, That he thought the *City* to be a *Temple*, and all the *Senators*, *Kings*. Herein the *Romans* were highly to be commended: but in this they were much overseen (though otherwise very prudent men) in placing their *Eternity* in such things as neither could give unto them nor had in themselves *Eternity*. If the *Romans* had made choice

choice of Saint *Auguſtine* for their guide in the way to *Eternity*, he would have ſhewed them a more certain and readier way. For what ſaith he? *We do not account thoſe Emperours happy which have reigned long, or which have often triumphed as Conquerors over their Enemies, or which have treaſured up much wealth. Theſe things often happen to thoſe that have no right or title to the Kingdom which is Eternal.* Who then in Saint *Auguſtin's* opinion are to be accounted truly happy? Hearken, O ye Emperours, O ye Kings and Princes: You ſhall in Saint *Auguſtines ſenſe* obtain true and *Eternal* happineſs, by the obſervation of theſe Rules following.

1. Firſt, The Rule of *Juſtice*. By ruling juſtly, and hating the very vizard and painted face of injuſtice.

2. Secondly, The Rule of *Modeſty*. By not being puffed up by the vain applauſes, acclamations and titles of honour, but by remembring your ſelves to be but men.

3. Thirdly, The Rule of the *Fear* and *Love of God*. By propagating

by all means the true Worship of God; by subjecting all humane power to his Divine Majesty; by serving him in *fear* and *love*.

4. Fourthly, the *Desire of Heaven*. By setting your love and affection upon the Kingdom which is *Eternal*, where one shall not envy anothers power.

5. Fifthly, The Rule of *Facility* and readiness to forgive. By being swift to forgive, and slow to punish, but when the glory of God, and the necessity of the Commonwealth calleth for it.

6. Sixthly, *Mercy* and *Liberality*. By tempering the severity of the Laws by the Oyl of Mercy, and the sweet odour of beneficency.

7. Seventhly, *Continency*. By not giving the reins to Luxury, but by bridling your appetites and concupiscences; and the more liberty you have, the less abusing it unto licentiousness.

8. Eighthly, *Moderation of Passions*. By choosing rather to get the conquest over evil Passions, than by domineering over Nations.

9. Ninthly, The study of *Humility* and

and *Prayer*. By doing all theſe, not for vain-glory, but for the glory of God, and the attainment of *Eternal* felicity: and again, by never neglecting that moſt noble ſacrifice of *Humility* and *Prayer*.

Theſe Rules or Laws hath Saint *Auguſtine* fixed upon the double gates of the world, are a glaſs fit for Princes to look into. But, O ye *Romans*, how far have ye gone aſtray from the way that leadeth unto the gates whereon theſe Laws are fixed! Not to ſpeak of other things, you have inſtead of one and the only true God, brought in innumerable others, to worſhip them which are no Gods. For *Rome* ſeemed to make it a great matter of Religion, to refuſe no falſity; and when ſhe ruled almoſt over all nations, to ſerve and follow the errors of all Nations.

But to let theſe things paſs alſo: how vain and ridiculous a thing is it for them, to leave behind them all their *Eternity* in Parchments and Papers, in Marble and other ſtone, in Theaters and Pyramids, in Monuments and Tombes!

What is now become of their *Eternity* which was ſometime carved in ſtone? The ſame hath hapned unto *Rome*, which alſo befell *Jeruſalem*. The Diſciples pointing at the buildings of the Temple at *Jeruſalem*, ſaid unto our Saviour Chriſt, *Maſter, See what manner of ſtones, and what buildings are here!* Whereupon Chriſt anſwered and ſaid, *See ye all theſe buildings? Verily I ſay unto you, there ſhall not be left here one ſtone upon another, that ſhall not be thrown down.* So there is nothing *Eternal* in this world. And where is now old *Rome*? If this queſtion be demanded; the anſwer may be this, *Here it was.* Where are they that built it? *They are dead and gone.* There is not ſo much as their aſhes left of them. And ere long we muſt all go the ſame way, become like a ſhadow, return unto duſt, and be reſolved into nothing. Oh the poor and mean condition of mortal men, even at the greateſt! Oh the inſtability and frailty of the ſtrongeſt men, even in the prime of all their ſtrength! For what is now become

Mark 13. 1.

Matth. 24. 2.

become of all thoſe things, or where are they? *they are quite vaniſhed away.* Where is their money, which they heaped up beyond belief? *'tis ſcattered abroad.* Where are their ſtately and lofty buildings? *they are not to be ſeen.* Such are all things elſe, though to us they ſeem never ſo great, nothing elſe but a meer ſhadow, and a dream, if they be compared with *Eternity*, and thoſe things which are *Eternal*. The foundation on which the whole fabrick of vaniſhing glory is ſet up, is too weak and mouldering, and made but of Clay, Stone and Marble cannot be ingraven with Characters and Inſcriptions of *Eternity*. Well ſaith *Lactantius*, *The works of mortal men are mortal.* That there was a *Babylon*, a *Troy*, a *Carthage*, and a *Rome*, we believe: But if we will believe no more than we ſee, there be ſcarce any reliques or ruinous parts of them remaining, to perſwade us that there were ſuch Cities. So the ſeven wonders of the world, ſo *Nero*'s golden Palace, *Diocletian*'s hot Baths, *Antoninus* his Baths, *Severus*

verus his Septizonium, *Julius* his Coloſſus, *Pompey*'s Amphitheater, have no footſtep or print of them remaining; no, ſcarce upon record, or regiſtred in Books. And how far have all of theſe come ſhort of *Eternity*?

CHAP. I.

How far the Romans have gone aſtray from the true way of Eternity.

AT *Nazareth*, in a certain Conclave, called by the name of the bleſſed Virgin, there is in one place mention made of a Kingdom, *Of which Kingdom there ſhall be no end.* Such was not the Kingdom of of *Solomon*: for that laſted but four hundred years, even to the Captivity of *Babylon*. Such was not the Kingdom of the *Romans*, neither of the *Perſians*, nor yet of the *Græcians*. For where are now thoſe Kingdoms in former times moſt flouriſhing? Where are thoſe moſt ancient Monarchies? How great was *Nebuchadnezzar* in *Chaldea* and *Syria*, and after him *Belſhaz-*

Luke 1. 33.

Belſhazzar? From them the Scepter was tranſlated unto the *Medes* and *Perſians*, to *Cyrus* and *Darius*. Neither continued it there long. From thence it was tranſlated into *Greece*, to *Alexander*, ſurnamed *the Great*, King of *Macedon*, for a long time moſt victorious and fortunate. But as warlike valour decayed, ſo fortune failed. And ſo the Scepter was tranſlated into *Italy* to *Julius Cæſar*, and *Octavius Auguſtus*. What is become of all theſe Kings? Where are they? But thou, O Chriſtian man, ſeek that Kingdom, *Of which Kingdom there ſhall be no end*. *Numantia*, *Athens*, *Carthage*, and *Sparta*, all are come to an end, they are utterly periſhed. But as for the Kingdom which is above, *Of that there ſhall be no end*. The King that ruleth there is *Eternal*, and thoſe that live in that Kingdom are *Eternal*. *The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever*. On which words, ſaith *Origen*, *Doſt thou think that the Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever? Yea, he ſhall reign for ever and ever, and beyond that too*. Say what thou canſt, *Exod.* 15. 14. *Origen.*

canst, thou shalt still come short of the duration of his kingdom: the Prophet will still add something; as for example, after *for ever*, yet more, *and ever*, or, *beyond that too.*

Isidore. And yet, saith *Isidore* though this Kingdom be *Eternal*, though infinite, though every way blessed, though it be promised to us, not a word of that. For what man is there of a thousand that spends the least part of a day in meditating upon that? that ever once makes mention of that? that ever instructs his wife, his children, and his servants concerning that? we prattle much of all other things; but as for heaven there is scarce any mention made of that; or if there be, surely it is very rare. In setting forth the commendation of his own Country, every man is a nimble-tongued Orator: But as for that which is our true Country indeed, we blush and are almost ashamed, being too modest in commending that. For it is come to pass in these days, by the disuse of holy conference, that men think themselves not witty nor facete enough, unless they speak idle

idle and unprofitable words, and make fooliſh jeſts: nay, that is not all, unleſs their cheeks ſwell, and their lips run over with filthy and unſavoury ſpeeches. Oh! This is to go aſtray quite out of the way. But let our hearts and mouths be filled with the praiſe and deſire of things *Eternal;* let our thoughts and words always run after them: we have no other way to true glory, but this; and there is no true glory, but that which is *Eternal.*

The chief Prieſts and the Phariſees amongſt the Jewes, to overthrow Chriſts power (as they thought) and to eternize their politick Government, aſſembled themſelves together in Councel: and by their fooliſh wiſdom (as it proved) made Decrees t their own hurt. Elegantly ſpeaketh S. *Auguſtine* of them, Conſulting and Deliberating together in full Court: The chief Prieſts, ſaith he, and the Phariſees took counſel together what they ſhould do for their own good, and yet they ſaid not, *Let us believe.* The wicked and ungodly men ſought more how to hurt and *Auguſt.*

to

to destroy, than how to provide for their own security, that they might be saved. And yet they were in fear and in counsel: For they said, *Joh.* 11. 47, 48. *What do we? For this man doth many Miracles. If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him. And the Romans shall come, and take away both our Place and Nation.* They were afraid to lose things *Temporal*, and never thought upon the life which is *Eternal*: and so they lost both. Such is the vanity, and affected mockery of our foolish cogitations. What are we? and what is all that we call ours? *To day* we flourish like a flower, we are well spoken of, we please, and are in favour with men: But (alas!) *to morrow* our flower will fade, we shall be ill spoken of, and out of favour with God and man: man, whom hitherto we pleased, and God, whom we never studied for to please. We neglect Heaven and keep not earth: We get not the favour of God, and lose the wo lds favour. And so we are most deplorately miserable, and destitute on both sides. If death

death would but ſpare thoſe that are the happy ones of this world. It may be they might find here ſome glory: ſome, I ſay, ſuch as it is; for there is none true but that which is in heaven, and *Eternal*. But (alas!) death ſpares no man; ſees in the dark, and is not ſeen; and watches his time when he may ſet upon us, when we think not of him. What ſhall become of us? whither will he carry us, if here we have lived wickedly? To the barr of Chriſts judgment, and from thence to the pit of Hell: and from thence there is no redemption. Nobility from thence ſets no man free: Power delivers no man. The applauſe of men formerly given, yields there no comfort. Let us here ſeek the favour of God and his glory. That is the true glory which is got by the ſhunning of vain glory: and there is no true glory but that which is *Eternal*.

Solomon in the *Proverbs* deſcri- *Prov.*
eth *Wiſdom* like a Queen, atten- 3. 13.
ded by two waiting-maids, *Eter-*
nity, and *Glory*; the firſt on the
right hand, the ſecond on the left.

Glory

Glory is nothing worth, if there be not joyned with it *Eternity*; that which all we Christians do
Heb. 13 14. expect. *For here we have no continuing City, but we seek one to come,*
2 *Cor.* 5. 1. *Eternal in the heavens. The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.*
Psalm 112. 6. To give an almes to a poor man, to moderate a greedy appetite, to resist an enemy of chastity; these are works that require not much pains, or time for the doing: and yet the remembrance of these, together with their reward, shall be *Eternal*. What a small thing was it that *Mary Magdalene* bestowed upon our Saviours feet! How quickly had she done it! And yet it is made
Matth. 26. 13. known *throughout the whole world*. Some others, it may be, would have admired other things in her, her cherry cheeks, her comely countenance, the pleasant flower of her youth, her rare grace, her great riches, her affability and courtesie, and such like. These were not the things which Christ commends in her; but it was the office which she performed unto his feet.

The

The thing it ſelf was not great: and yet it was a means to procure for her *Eternal* glory, and a never-dying name. *It ſhall be preached throughout the whole world:* This is the Teſtimony of Chriſt. This work of hers was not engraven in marble, nor caſt in braſs, nor promulged in the Market place, nor proclaimed with a Drum and a Trumpet: and yet it hath continued for a memorial of her to this day, and ſo ſhall for ever, and *It ſhall be preached throughout the whole world.* If you conſider the *action* it ſelf, *Judas Iſcariot* the covetous Purſe-bearer found fault with it; *Simon* the ſwelling and proud Phariſee condemned it: If the *matter*; it was but an Ointment, at the moſt not worth above thirty ſmall pieces of gold: If the *place*; it was private: If the *witneſſes* preſent; they were but few: If the *perſon*; ſhe was a woman, and one infamous: And yet for all theſe, *It ſhall be preached throughout the whole world.* How many Emperors have advanced their Colours, diſplayed their

their victorious and triumphant Eagles, and set up their Standards in their Enemies Camp! How many warlike Captains have led popular Armies, and commanded them worthily! How many provident Governours have ruled their people very wisely! How many Kings have erected rare Moniments, and Statues, and built Castels and Cities! How many learned men have wasted their brains in new Inventions, and have like *Chymicks*, distilled them into *Receivers* of Paper! And to what end all this? To keep their names in continual remembrance, and to be recorded amongst worthy and memorable men. And yet notwithstanding they lodg in the bed of silence, and lie buried in the grave of oblivion. But one good work that the righteous doth, shall be had in everlasting remembrance: Time and envy shall never deface and conceal it; the wisest men, Captains, Prelates, and Kings themselves, shall with reverence read and hear it. *It shall be preached throughout the whole world.*

The

The onely way then to immortality and true *Eternity* is, to live well, and ſo to die well. Go to now, ye *Romans*, if ye will ſeek *Eternity* in Statues and Marble monuments: but you ſhall never find it there. I for my part will wiſh rather with S. *Hierome*, in the life of *Paul* the *Eremite*, Oh remember, ſaith he, *Hierome* a ſinner, who if God had given him the choice, would have preferred the poor cloak of *Paul* with his good works, before the Scarlet robes of Kings with their Kingdoms. Let us Chriſtians here, whileſt we have time, make over our riches; for fear leſt we loſe them, let us ſend them before us into another world: Heaven ſtands open, ready to receive them. We need not doubt of the ſafe carriage: the Carriers are very faithful and truſty; but they are the poor and needy of this world. We make over unto them here by way of exchange a few things of little value, being to receive in heaven an *exceeding Eternal weight of glory*. For ſo hath Chriſt promiſed upon the performance of this precept. *I ſay unto* 2 *Cor.* 4. 17.

Luke 16. 9. *unto you, Make to your selves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.* But let us pass from the *Romans* unto others.

CHAP. II.

A better way than the former which the Romans followed to Eternity.

Darius the King of the *Persians*, most notable for his slaughter, had in his Army ten thousand *Persians*, which he therefore called immortal (as *Cælius Rhodiginus* interpreteth it) not because he thought they should never die, (for where are there any such?) but because as any of the number was diminished by sword or sickness, it was presently made up; so that still there was neither more nor less than ten thousand. Thus *Darius* framed unto himself a kind of immortality and *Eternity:* But (alas!) it was a very short one; for within a little space, he and all his Army utterly perished.

Cal. Rhodigin. lib. 8. cap. 2. & l. 25. cap. 1.

The

The Presidents and Princes assembled together unto Darius, and said thus unto him, King Darius, Live for ever. Dan. 6. 6.

Alas, How vain was this wish, and how short this *Eternity*? We live but seventy or eighty years at the most: we are but in a dream, if we think to live here for ever. Not without cause therefore *Xerxes*, (when for the conquering and subjugating *Greece* (as *Herodotus* reports) he carried with him out of *Asia* two great Armies both by Sea and Land (in number three and twenty hundred thousand, seventeen thousand, and six hundred, besides others that attended upon Soldiers) upon a day taking his prospect from a Mountain, and beholding his Soldiers, fell a weeping: and being asked the reason why, He said it was, because after a matter of fifty or sixty years, of so many hundred thousand men so select and strong, scarce one should be found alive.

We may dream, and feign unto our selves, I know not what *Eternities*: But in the mean time *we must needs die and are as water spilt upon the ground.* 2 Sam. 14. 14.

Ano-

Another and better type of *Eternity* was found out at *Constantinople*, in the year of our Lord 459. The Church of *Constantinople*, in the time when *Gennadius* was Bishop, was augmented by a new and noble foundation of a Monastery of *Acœmets* dedicated to Saint *John Baptist*. These *Acœmets* were so called for not sleeping, because they were never all at once to sleep, but still to be exercised in their course night and day in singing praises unto God. These *Acœmets* were divided after this manner into three companies: so that when the first company had made an end of singing divine praises, the second should begin; and when the second had made an end, the third should begin. By means of this godly institution, the City had in some sort heaven within it self always sounding with the praises of God; or at least a Type or Representation of the *Eternity* in heaven, where God shall be praised for all *Eternity*, with great delight and cheerfulness, and without all weariness. Therefore hath the *Psalmist* good cause

cauſe to cry out, *Bleſſed are they which dwell in thy houſe, they will ſtill be praiſing thee.* Then ſhall all the bleſſed ſay, as *Peter* did upon the mountain, *It is good for us to be here.* For, as St. *Bernard* ſpeaketh, *Eternity* is true riches without meaſure: but he adds this withall, It is not found, unleſs it be ſought with perſeverance. But how ſhall we ſo ſeek that we may obtain it? Hear what the good Father ſaith: By *Poverty*, by *Meekneſs*, and by *Tears*, there is renewed in the ſoul the ſtamp and image of *Eternity*, which comprehendeth all times. Firſt, *Poverty* is the way to *Eternity*. *Bleſſed are the poor in ſpirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.* Where poor men are deſpiſed and forſaken, there is the heart and the money locked up together in the cheſt: Where money is expended according to the rules of *Avarice*, there is no affect or love of poverty, there is no deſire or love of *Eternity*. Secondly, *Meekneſs*: By *Meekneſs* we make our ſelves ſecure of things preſent,

Pſal. 84. 5.

Matth. 17. 4.

Bernard Serm. 2. *de Om. S. S.*

Matth. 5. 3.

and have an assurance of things to come. *Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.* If any man ask, What shall we say of him that is void of *Meekness* and *Patience*, that can scarce at any time speak a mild word? What gains he by his implacable impatience? What doth it profit him to rage and fret with indignation, to make outcries and tumults, to shew his will to do mischief, though he cannot effect what he would; or to conclude, to salute no man civilly, as if he were an enemy to all humanity and affability? What shall we say of such a man? If there be any such, he is sure to suffer loss of goods or good name or both. For the riches which he hath, he possesseth not, but keeps them like a dog, whose property is to bark at a man, to fly upon him, and to bite him: as for his good name, if he have any, he shall not augment it by the title of impatience: and as for Heaven, he loseth that before he hath taken possession of it. Thirdly, *Tears.* For by weeping and mourning we redeem the time past,

Matth. 5. 5.

paſt, we recover what we prodigally ſpent by ſinning. But this mourning and ſorrow muſt not laſt for an hour only, or for a day: for this is nothing elſe but to do as he did, who at his mothers death put on mourning-clothes, forced for the preſent a few tears, and ſo went along after the bier, and left her not till he ſaw her buried; but the ſame day, or the next day after, wiped away all tears from his eyes, changed his weeping into laughing, caſt off his mourning clothes, and put on colours. This is not to mourn in good earneſt, to make an end of mourning ſo ſuddenly. But this we do (alas!) too often. To day we make publick confeſſion of our ſinnes to God, and hear Abſolution; we repent us of our ſinnes, and receive the holy communion: and within a day after we ſinn again with delight, and without fear, and oftentimes more grievouſly than before. We deteſt for the preſent the wicked courſe of our life paſt; and we return again to the ſame paſs. We forſwear the ſinns which we formerly com-

mitted; and again the same day we commit the same. So with the same tongue we proclaim Christ innocent, and crucifie him afresh, as if we were the true Brothers of *Pontius Pilate*, who with one and the same mouth did both absolve him and condemn him, confessing that he *found no cause of death in him*, and yet adjudging him to be crucified. We are very fickle and inconstant, but in nothing more constant than in the repetition of a vicious course of life. Alas! alas! we carry too much of the *Moon*, that is, Inconstancy in our breast. Sometimes we are so zealous and so holy, that we will not admit of a cheerful countenance, for fear lest it should hinder our sanctity and devotion: we look demurely, casting our eyes down to the ground, and knit the brows, as being angry with our selves, when we find in our selves the least remissness or coldness in holy duties. But this sanctity and devotion doth never continue long: after a while we begin to hate even piety it self: and the stream being turned,

Luk. 23 22. 24.

turned, we turn again to our former riot and intemperance; and we are as ready to diſſolve the knot of friendſhip made betwixt God and us, as at the firſt we were unwilling to have it knit. At length *Piety*, attended with *ſorrow* and *repentance*, preſents her ſelf again unto us, and puts to flight laſciviouſneſs, until the time comes that we begin to *repent* us of our *repentance*. So we ſeldom continue long in any honeſt and godly courſe, for it ſeems unto us too laborious: and at every light beck we row down the ſtream of our former uncleanneſs. Such is the inconſtancy of our life, that it preſents unto our minds all ſorts of pleaſures and vices. We make an outward ſhew of adoring virtue: but in heart and mind we fall down and worſhip vice; a moſt laborious kind of ſervice. This is not the way unto *Eternity*, unleſs it be of puniſhment and torments which ſhall have no end.

Let us ſingle out one Chriſtian man of many, and ſuch a one eſpecially as is moſt addicted to his

pleasure; let us carry him along with us to the mouth of a furnace red hot and flaming; and then let us begin to question him after this manner: How much pleasure wouldest thou ask to continue burning in this furnace for one day? He will answer to this undoubtedly, I would not be tormented in these flames for one day, to gain the whole world and all the pleasures in the world But let us propound another condition unto him, What reward wouldst thou ask to endure this fire only for half a day? Propound what reward you will, there is nothing so delicate, so precious, so dear unto me, which I would be willing to buy at so dear a price, as these torments. But to try once more, What reward and pleasure wouldst thou ask to go into this furnace, and to stay there but one hour? His answer certainly will be this, Let the most covetous and impudent man in the world ask what he can, that is not to be compared with the unutterable & unsufferable scorchings & torments of this fire, though they should last

laſt but for one hour. If theſe anſwers be good and agreeable to right reaſon, How comes it to paſs, O God, that for a little gain, and that but vile, or deceitful honour, and that fugitive, for filthy pleaſures, and that not long, ſo many men ſo little regard *Eternal* puniſhment in Hell-fire? We cannot be perſwaded with any reward, no though it be to gain a whole world to ſtay but for one hour in fire *Temporal*: and yet, if either gain at any time inviteth us, or if honour ſmileth upon us, or pleaſure allureth us, we never fear Hell and fire *Eternal*. But thou wilt ſay, I hope for better; God is merciful, and his goodneſs will not ſuffer me to deſpair, or to be terrified with the fear of evil to come. So indeed we are wont to ſpeak: and the words in themſelves are not impious, if our works were pious. But for the moſt part our works are ſuch, that if we rightly conſider them, we have little cauſe to hope for mercy. It is a very dangerous and fooliſh part, for a man to live in a conſtant courſe of un-

godlineſs and to hope for *Eternity* amongſt the bleſſed Alas! one ſin is ſufficient to condemn us. Knoweſt thou not what Chriſt hath threatned in the Goſpel? *Whoſoever ſhall ſay unto his brother, Thou fool, ſhall be in danger of Hell fire.* Knoweſt thou not what Chriſt hath forbidden? *Whoſoever looketh upon a woman to luſt after her, hath committed Adultery with her already in his heart.* Knoweſt thou not what Chriſt hath premoniſhed? *Not every one that ſaith Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven: but he which doth the Will of my Father which is in heaven.* Knoweſt thou not that Chriſt ſhall ſhut many out of the gate? *He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me: And he that taketh not his croſs and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.* Knoweſt thou not what Chriſt hath openly and plainly ſaid, and again repeated? *Many be called, but few choſen: Few* indeed, yea very *few.* Knoweſt thou not how often Chriſt hath exhorted to amendment of life? *Except ye be converted, and become*

Matth 5. 22.

28.

Matth. 7. 21.

Matth. 10. 37, 38.

Matth. 20. 16. & 22. 14.

Matth. 18. 3.

come as little children, ye ſhall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and caſt them from thee: It is better for thee to enter into life, halt and maimed, rather than having two hands, or two feet, to be caſt into everlaſting fire. Except ye repent, ye ſhall all likewiſe periſh. And not long after, *Strive to enter in at the ſtraight gate: for many, I ſay unto you, will ſeek to enter in, and ſhall not be able.* Knoweſt thou not how expreſly Saint *Paul* recites up all thoſe things that hinder us from entring into that bleſſed *Eternity? The works of the fleſh are manifeſt, which are theſe, Adultery, Fornication, Uncleanneſs, Laſciviouſneſs, Idolatry, Witchcraft, Hatred, Variance, Emulations, Wrath, Strife, Seditions, Hereſies, Envyings, Murders, Drunkenneſs, Revellings, and ſuch like: of the which I tell you before, as I have told you in time paſt, that they which do ſuch things, ſhall not inherit the Kingdom of God.* Now if any man be guilty to himſelf of any one of theſe ſinnes here reckoned up, and is not ſo grieved for

8. Luke 13. 3. 24. Gal. 5. 19, 20, 21.

it, that he seeks by all means possible to avoid it for the time to come, he may sing to himself if he will, this vain *Spero*, I hope, and I hope: but this mans hope is indeed none at all, but mere rashness and presumption. For a man to adventure the danger of stripes and blows, is an evil that may be born. To lose at play an hundred or a thousand Florens, is a great misfortune, but may be endured. To lay his head at stake, and to bring his life in danger, is a bad adventure: but at the worst it is but loss of life, and that loss is not of all other the greatest. But to hazard the eternal salvation both of body and soul, by living at uncertainties, by hoping in words, and despairing in works, nullifying hope by a wicked and ungodly life: this is the extreamest of all evils: this is the most grievous misfortune a man can fall into: this is most pernicious rashness and boldness: this is extream folly and madness. *Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you.*

Psal. 50. 22.

CHAP.

CHAP. III:

That the way of Eternity *is diligently and carefully to be sought after.*

LEt every Chriſtian man therefore often ask himſelf, and others alſo which are in the place of God, this queſtion, What ſhall I do that I may obtain bleſſed *Eternity*, or *Eternal* bleſſedneſs? Am I in the right way that leadeth unto *Eternity*? Something I do indeed, but it is but very little, and not worth ſpeaking of, I thirſt and breathe after the joyes which are immortal and *Eternal*: but few are my works, cold and imperfect at the beſt, and altogether unworthy of an *Eternal* reward. I think it long till I arrive at the haven: but I am afraid of the troubleſome waves and tempeſts by the way? when as yet notwithſtanding that is the ſafeſt and beſt way unto heaven, which is moſt rough and narrow. This the very Truth it ſelf of Gods mouth pronounceth, and Chriſt proclaimeth, ſaying, *Enter*

Matth. 7. 13. *ye in at the ſtrait gate: For wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to deſtruction, and many there be* (alack! too many) *that go in thereat.* 14. *Becauſe ſtrait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be* (alack! too few) *that find it.* Again, *Strive to enter in at the* Luke 13. 24. *ſtrait gate: For many, I ſay unto you, will ſeek to enter in, and ſhall not be able.* Oh what a fearful word is that, MANY; and that, FEW! How ſhould it make us tremble! But we miſerable men deceive our ſelves, raſhly promiſing unto our ſelves *Eternity*: and yet I cannot tell whether we may be more truly ſaid to hope, or to dream, that we ſhall be reckoned amongſt thoſe few before mentioned. Would to God *now*, even *now* 2 Cor. 6. 2. whileſt it *is the accepted time*, and *the day of ſalvation*, we would have a diligent and an intent eye upon *Eternity*, and reaſon thus with our ſelves: Alas! What is all this that I ſuffer; Or, that I ſee others ſuffer? It is nothing if it be compared with *Eternity*. What if I could reckon up as many labours and

and perils as Saint *Paul* himſelf did undergo, as they are by him ſet down in his ſecond Epiſtle to the *Corinthians*, and the eleventh Chapter? If I ſhould endure *hunger* and *thirſt*, enmities and injuries, ſickneſs and poverty? Yea more, what if I were *ſtoned* with Saint *Paul*, and *beaten with rods*? What if I *ſuffered ſhipwrack*? All theſe are nothing to puniſhments *Eternal*. Therefore in all adverſity, I muſt thus think with my ſelf, I ſhall *ſee an end of all*.

2 Cor. 11. 27. 25. *Pſal.* 119. 96

The Prophet *Daniel* having reckoned up ſundry calamities, at length addeth theſe words, *Even to the time of the end: becauſe it is yet for a time appointed.* Come hither, come hither all ye that are in affliction, in ſorrow, need, ſickneſs, or any other calamity. Why do ye drown your ſelves in your own tears? why do ye make your life bitter unto you with impatience and complaining? Here is comfort for you, great comfort drawn from the time of that ſuffering. Are divers calamities upon you? Be not caſt down: have a good

Daniel 11. 35.

good courage: they ſhall continue only *for a time*; Do ye ſuffer contumely and reproach? are ye wearied with injuries? are other troubles multiplied upon you? ceaſe to lament; all theſe ſhall laſt but *for a time*; they ſhall not laſt *for ever*; your ſighing ſhall have an end.

Tears may diſtill from your eyes *for a time*; but ſighes and groans ſhall not ariſe from your hearts *for ever*. The time is at hand, when you ſhall be delivered from all grief; and be tranſlated unto everlaſting happineſs. This is moſt clear by that in *Eccleſiaſticus*, *A patient man will hear for a time, and afterward joy ſhall ſpring up unto him.* But ye alſo which think your ſelves the onely happy men on earth, and the darlings of the world, know thus much, and be not proud, neither lift up your horn; All your ſeeming happineſs (for it is no more at the beſt) hath but ſhort and narrow bounds and limits, and is quickly paſſed over. Your triumphing is but *for a time*; your golden dreams laſt but *for a time*; after a time, and

Eccluſ. 1. 23.

and that not long. death will command you to put off Fortunes painted vizard, and ſtand amongſt the croud. Then ſhall ye truly appear ſo much the more unhappy, by how much the more ye ſeemed to your ſelves before, in your own fooliſh imaginations, moſt happy. Therefore whether ſorrow or joy, all is but *for a time* in this world. It is *Eternity* alone which is not concluded within any bounds of time. Whether therefore the body ſuffer or the mind; whether we loſe riches or honors; whether our patience be exerciſed by ſorrow or grief, cares, or any afflictions, inward or outward all is but painted and momentany, if we think upon *Eternal* puniſhments For when fifty thouſand years ſhall be paſſed after the day of Judgment, there ſhall ſtill remain fifty thouſand Millions of years; and when thoſe likewiſe are paſſed, there ſhall ſtill remain more and more, and yet more Millions of years, and there ſhall never be an end. But who thinks upon theſe things? who weighs and conſiders them well with himſelf? Sometimes

times we seem to have savour of things *Eternal*: but we are tossed up and down with the motions and thoughts of things past, and things future; our heart wavereth, and is full of vanity. Who will establish it, and set it in a sure place, that it may stand a while, and, standing admire, and admiring be ravisht with the splendor of *Eternity*, which always stands, and never passeth away? Well did *Myrogenes*, when *Eustachius* Archbishop of *Jerusalem* sent gifts unto him, he did very well, I say, in refusing them, and saying, Do but one thing for me, Only pray for me, that I may be delivered from *Eternal* torment. Neither was *Tully* out of the way when he said, No humane thing can seem great unto a wise man, who hath the knowledg of all *Eternity*, and of the magnitude of the whole world. But *Francis*, the Author of the Order of the *Franciscans*, hath a saying far better than that of *Tully*, The pleasure that is here, saith he, is but short; but the punishment that shall be hereafter, is infinite: The labour that is here, is but small; but

August. lib. 11. conf. cap. 11.

Tull. Tusc. quæst. lib. 3.

but the glory which ſhall be hereafter, is *Eternal*. Take your choice. Many are called, few choſen, but all rewarded according to their works.

Let us haſten our repentance therefore, whileſt we have time. It is better, ſaith *Guerricus*, to be purged by water than by fire, and it is far eaſier. Now is the time for repentance; Let our timely repentance therefore prevent puniſhment. Whoſoever is afraid of the hoar froſt, the ſnow ſhall fall upon him; he which feareth the leſſer detriment, ſhall ſuffer a greater; he which will not undergo the leight burden of Repentance, ſhall be forced to undergo the moſt heavy burden and moſt grievous puniſhment of Hell. S. *Gregory* hath a ſaying to this purpoſe; Some ſaith he, whileſt they are afraid of *Temporal* puniſhments run themſelves upon *Eternal* puniſhments. Hither we may add that of *Pacian*; Remember, ſaith he, that in hell there is no place for confeſſion of ſins, no place for Repentance; for then it is too late to repent, and the

Guerr. Serm. de Puri.

Greg.

Pacian.

the time is past. Make haste therefore whilest you are in the way. We are afraid of *Temporal* fire, and the *Executioners* hands; but what are these to the claws of tormenting *Devils*, and the *Everlasting* fire of Hell? The Counsel of Saint *Ambrose* to a lapsed Virgin fits well in this place.

Ambr. cap. 8. ad virg. lapsa.

True Repentance, saith he, ought not to be in word only, but in deed; and this is true Repentance indeed, if thou settest before thine eyes from what glory thou art fallen; and considerest with thy self out of what book thy name is blotted; and believest that now thou art near unto utter darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth without end. And when thou art certainly perswaded that these things are true, as indeed they are, seeing that the soul that sinneth is in danger of Hell fire, and there is no means after Baptism left to escape, but onely Repentance; be content to suffer any labour, and to undergo any affliction, to be freed from *Eternal* punishment. The diseases of the body

dy move the ſick man to purge the body: Let the diſeaſes of our ſouls move us alſo to take the purgation of repentance: let the deſire of our ſalvation move us: let the fear of *Eternal* death and *Eternal* torment move us: let the hope of attaining *Eternal* life and *Eternal* glory move us. Let us embrace that which purgeth the ſoul and let us eſchew that which polluteth it. And nothing defiles the ſoul more than a filthy body. Faithful is this counſel of Saint *Ambroſe*, and worthy of us to be embraced.

O Chriſt Jeſus, grant unto us that we may ſo poſſeſs things tranſitory and *temporal*, that finally we loſe not the things which are *Eternal*: and give us grace to walk in their ſteps, and to follow their good example, of whom S. *Auguſtine* ſpeaketh; Many there are, ſaith he, that willingly come under the yoke, and of proud and haughty men, become humble and lowly, deſiring to be what before they deſpiſed, and hating to be what before they were; paſſing by, like ſtrangers, things preſent, and making *Auguſt.*

making haſte with greedineſs after things to come. They pant in their running towards their *Eternal* Country, preferring Abſtinence before Fulneſs, Watching before Sleep, and Poverty before Riches, accounting labour in the conqueſt of vices to be but pleaſure, loving their enemies, paſſing by injuries; and all for the hope of an *Eternal* reward. And who then would not ſuffer any extremity and labour, to purchaſe unto themſelves an *Eternal* reward?

THE

I have considered the dayes of old the yeares of antient times Ps: 76. 5.

The arrows paße by me the voice of the THVNDER is round about me the arrows of present punishments fly over my head the voice of that horreble thunder GOYE CURSED into ETERNALL fire is like a wheel that will alwaies turn.

THE FOURTH CONSIDERATION,

Upon ETERNITIE.

How holy David *meditated upon* Eternity, *and how we ſhould imitate him.*

THat God ſhould puniſh the *Apoſtate Angels* and men condemned at the laſt day, with *Eternal* puniſhments, this hath ſeemed ſo ſtrange to ſome and ſo incredible, that *Origen* himſelf, a man otherwiſe of an admirable wit and excellent learning, very well skilled in Scripture, hath been ſo bold as to teach, that the Devils and the Damned after a certain time, when they ſhall be ſufficiently purged by the fire from their ſinns,

sinns, shall at length be restored to grace But S. *Augustine* and others convince him and condemn him of this his error. Yet notwithstanding this error hath found in the world many favourers. Certain Hereticks called the *Anniti*, have disseminated and scattered it throughout *Spain*, by divers their interpretations. Some thought that all the damned, others that Christians only, others that Catholicks only, others that those only that had been more liberal than others in giving of alms, should be delivered at length out of Hell. Though Saint *Augustine* hath not refuted these their errors, yet the holy writ hath done it plainly and openly. *Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire*: And again, *And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life Eternal* Here no Glosses or Interpretations will serve their turn to defend their errours. Wherefore the Divine *Psalmist* King *David*, though he delighted much in the consideration of both times, that which was past, and

Lib. 21. *De civitate Dei. cap.* 23. *&c.*

Matth. 25. 41, 46.

and that which was to come, yet he had an eye more especially to that which was to come. *Mine eyes,* saith he, *prevent the night-watches:* and again in another place, *Thou holdest mine eyes waking: I am so troubled that I cannot speak.* What was it, Blessed Prophet, that thus broke thy sleep? What business hadst thou to do so early, before day-light? What caused thee so to keep silence and to be troubled in mind? Hear what he saith: *I have considered the days of old, and the years of ancient times, and the years of Eternity I have had in my mind.* Lo, this was the thing that broke his sleep, when he compared the years that were past with the yeares which were to come, and with *Eternity.* Neither did he thus in the day only, but *I call to remembrance,* saith he, *my song in the night: I commune with mine own heart, and my spirit made diligent search.* And what moved him to this nightly exercise? *Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more? is his mercy clean gone for ever?* See how he fears and

Psal. 9. 148. Psal. 77. 4. Psal. 77. 5. 6.

trembles at the very consideration of *Eternity*, how he is afraid of Gods judgments, lest God should punish them with *Eternal* punishment. And what is the end and effect of this Meditation? *And I said, This is mine infirmity: But I will remember, &c.* or, *Now I will begin.* So in an instant, at the very same minute, he became better than he was, and delayed not, neither did he defer his Repentance, and put it off till worse years; But, saith he, *Now I will begin*, now I will live a more godly life than I have done. He saith not, After such an hour, or after such a day; but, *Now, even now.* I, will some men say, if I were as *David* was: if I could meditate of *Eternity* as blessed *David* did, it may be then I would readily and with alacrity say with *David, Now I will begin*: But I am so intanged with daily cares, so hindred with worldly business, so distracted into divers parts one way or other, that I cannot. I live amongst men; I see and hear much evil; I have no time or leisure once to have so good a thought

thought in mind as the thought of *Eternity*. When we meet together in company to make merry, amidſt our ſports, and amongſt our cups, we never confer about ſuch grave points: our minds wander up and down about many things, and cannot then fix themſelves upon the conſideration of *Eternity*. At our feaſts and merry-meetings we take our cups, and pleaſe our ſelves in making jeſts: Thoughts of *Eternity* are too ſevere, too ſad and melancholick to be entertained by us; we baniſh ſuch out of our company. We enquire what news out of *Italy*, or *France*, or *Spain*. That which you tell us of ſo often concerning Heaven and Hell, is now old, and grown ſtale. We know it well enough already: what need you repeat it ſo often, till we loath it? So by this means there is no place or time left once to think upon *Eternity*. O Chriſtian brother, it is true indeed which thou ſayeſt, I cannot deny it. But I could wiſh thou wouldſt be as ready & forward to amend thy fault, as to confeſs it. It is too clear and

manifeſt, we ſee it with our eyes, that there is little or no care in the world of *Eternity*, although one thing or other every day ſtill puts us in mind of it.

The Book of the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of *Rome* at the Conſecration of their Biſhops doth appoint theſe words to be recited, *Annos Eternos in mente habe, Keep* ſtill *in mind the years of Eternity*; or, *Think upon Eternity.* For when the Pope new elect, in a ſolemn manner is carried along to *S. Peters Church*, there goes one before him, having in his hand burning flax, and ſhaking it he repeateth thrice theſe words, *Pater Sancte, ſic tranſit gloria mundi, Holy Father, ſo the glory of the world paſſeth away.* It were a devout and godly practice, if we did every day at the beginning and end of all our actions, ſay unto our ſelves theſe words, *Annos Æternos in mente habe, Think upon Eternity.* But eſpecially when we are tempted unto any ſin, when the Devil ſuggeſts and puts into our minds ill thoughts, and when our Conſcience is in danger

danger of being wounded, O then *Think upon Eternity.*

CHAP. I.

Divers admonitions to think upon Eternity.

Philip King of *Macedon* appointed a certain noble young man to ſalute him thrice every morning after this manner, *Philippe, homo es; Remember Philip, Thou art but a man;* that being put daily in mind of his mortality, he might carry himſelf towards mortal men like a mortal man. Much more ought every good Chriſtian man, and true member of the Catholick Church, be a monitor unto himſelf, and with due conſideration thrice at the leaſt every day ſay to himſelf, *Eternity, Eternity, Eternity!* Why ſo? *Set thine houſe in order* (ſaith the Prophet to King *Hezekiah*); *For thou ſhalt die and not live.* There will come an evening for certain, after which thou ſhalt ſee no morning; or there will come a morning, after which thou ſhalt ſee no evening. Have an eſpecial care therefore in all thy actions, that thou wounde

not thy Conscience; and trust not too far to those things that perish, for fear lest thou thy self together with them dost likewise perish, and finally lose the things that are *Eternal*.

It is a custome in *Germany*, and not to be disliked, in the evening when a Candle is first lighted, or brought into a room, to say, *Deus det nobis lucem Æternam*, God grant unto us light Eternal. We shall do well to imitate the *Germans* in this custom: or rather it is already in use, and hath been long ago in many parts of this Kingdom, to say, *God grant us the light of heaven.* It is very good daily to put us in mind of *Eternity*.

There is likewise a kind of *Eternity* in slavery and imprisonment, but infamous and horrible. It is a cruel punishment, and worse than death it self in some mens judgment, to be condemned to perpetual imprisonment, or to be a perpetual Gally-slave.

Those which are oppressed with sickness or other sorrows, do likewise imagin with themselves, that even

even in their ſufferings there is a kind of *Eternity*. Whence it comes to paſs that we often hear them utter ſuch diſtempered ſpeeches as theſe, *Will this laſt alwayes? Shall I ſtill without end be nailed faſt to my bed? ſhall I ſuffer theſe pains and ſorrows perpetually? Shall I alwayes be thus vexed and tormented?* Alack! theſe *Eternities* are but ſhort, and ſoon come to an end. But if it be ſo grievous to fleſh and blood to endure ſlavery or impriſonment here on earth, though but for a moment (for our life is no longer, according to *David*'s meaſure, but a ſpan, which is very ſhort) what care and diligence, and what circumſpection ought we to uſe, that we be not caſt into the priſon of hell, and into the fathomleſs pit, where there is ſlavery and impriſonment, pain and torment, to be endured throughout all ages, beyond all times, even to all *Eternity*!

CHAP. II.

That Eternity transcends all numbers of Arithmetick.

THere is a very common and well known Arithmetick, which children are taught when they first go to School; and this is it. Suppose there was a mountain of very fine sand as big as the whole earth, or rather much bigger: then suppose that every year an Angel should take from this mountain one, and but one grain of sand: how many thousand, and thousand, and again I say thousand, yea how many hundred thousand, and yet more, how many thousand millions of years must there needs pass, before it can be perceived that the mountain is grown less, or any whit diminished? Let a man that is skilful in Arithmetick sit down, and begin to cast, how many years must pass before the mountain, or half the mountain be removed by the Angel. Certainly we cannot conceive that ever he shall

ſhall be able to caſt up the total number of the ſand. But herein are we miſtaken; for although we cannot conceive it poſſible to be done, yet it may be done. But *Eternity* exceeds this number of years beyond all compariſon, it is moſt certain: for *between a thing finite and a thing infinite there is no compariſon, no proportion. Eternity* hath no limits, no terms, no bounds, none at all. But ſuppoſe the damned ſhould burn in Hell no longer, than till the mountain by grain after grain, year after year, ſhould by the Angel be quite removed: yet what an incomprehenſible number of years muſt firſt paſs, before they can expect to ſee the day of deliverance! But (alas!) there is no ſuch day to be expected; their torments ſhall have no end: After that incomprehenſible number of years, it ſhall be truly ſaid, Now beginneth their *Eternity*, their *Eternity* is not in any part expired, they are as far from the end of their torments as they were at the beginning. After a

thousand years, yea after a hundred thousand years, there shall not be an end, or middle, or beginning of *Eternity*: for the measure of *Eternity* is *Alwayes*. The same art of Arithmetick about the business of *Eternity*, a late Divene teacheth, in words somewhat different, but in meaning all one with the former. I therefore add it, because a man can never sufficiently think or speak of it. Consider, saith he, what is the length of *Eternity*. How long shall God and his Saints reign? How long shall the damned burn in Hell? *For ever*. How long is that? Imagine an hundred thousand years. Alas! That is nothing in respect of *Eternity*. Imagine ten hundred thousand years, yea so many ages: Yet that is nothing, *Eternity* is still as long as it was. Imagine a thousand millions of years: And yet that is nothing. *Eternity* is not a with shortened. Imagine yet more a 1000000000000000000000000000000; thousand-thousand; thousand-thousand; thousand-thousand; thousand-thousand-Millions of years.

Cornelius à Lapide in c. 15. Exod. vers. 8.

years. Imagine, I ſay, the damned ſhould burn in Hell ſo many years, and yet thou haſt not found the very beginning of *Eternity*. Imagine once more ſo many millions of millions of years as there are drops in the Sea, and yet thou art not come to the beginning of *Eternity*. Such for continuance is the *Eternity* of joy into which the bleſſed ſhall enter, and the *Eternity* of torments which the damned ſhall ſuffer. O Jeſus ſpare us, ſpare us O Jeſus, O Jeſus ſave us. Have mercy upon us, O good Jeſus, and ſuffer us not to be plunged headlong into the bottomleſs pit, to be tormented with the damned for all *Eternity*.

But yet if God would but ſay unto the damned, Let the earth be covered with moſt fine ſand, and let the world be filled therewith, and let it be heaped up ſo high as heaven, and then let an Angel come once in every thouſand years, and take one grain of ſand out of this heap; when after ſo many thouſand years as there be grains of ſand, the Angel ſhall have removed

removed the whole heap, then will I deliver you out of Hell: Oh how would the damned exult and rejoyce and not think themselves damned! But (alas) after so many thousands of years, there remain yet more, and more, and infinite more, to all *Eternity*, even for ever and ever. This is that heavyweight that so presseth the damned. Let every one therefore that sinneth, consider with himself, and again, I say, let him consider, that unless he repent, he shall be pressed and groan under this heavy weight of *Eternity*.

Guilielmus Peraldus, Bishop of *Lions*, a very religious and learned man, hath another manner of reckoning, meditating upon the innumerable number of years throughout which the damned shall be tormented. If the damned, saith he, should every day distill from their eyes but one small tear, and those tears should be added together day after day, they would at length far exceed the drops of the Ocean: for they have their number and measure; and it is easie with God to say,

So

So many are the drops of the Ocean and no more; but the tears of the damned exceed all number and measure. Alas! Alas! How little do we think upon these things! How freely and wilfully do we sin, and make our selves guilty of *Eternal* punishment, and that oftentimes for a very little short and filthy pleasure?

Yet there remains one way more, of casting up this numberless number of years: Suppose there were a schedule of Parchment a span broad, but so long that it would begirt and incircle the whole Globe of the Earth: and suppose it were written all over very close with figures of 9, from one end to another: who so skilful an Arithmetician, that can tell the number thereof? What Mountain so great, that consisteth of so many grains of dust or sand? What Ocean so vast, that containeth within it so many drops of water? And yet this is nothing to *Eternity*: it stretcheth it self further than so; it knows no bounds; it is extended beyond all measure. But how

how far is it extended? It is extended infinitely and without end. If thy heart (O Christian man) be not turned into a stone, it cannot but melt at the consideration of these things, and the very thought of the bottomless pit and *Eternal* punishment will make thee fear and tremble. If there be any sense in thee, here it will shew it self. But as I said before, too few think upon these things; and too many live so secure of their salvation, as if there were no Heaven, no God, no Hell, nor *Eternity*. Every day they heap up sin upon sin, as if they laboured and studied to make their last day to exceed the former, for the measure and number of their sins: and so they pass unto *Eternity* sporting and playing, as if they went to prison but for a few weeks or days. Such men as these, saith Saint *Gregory*, when they should be mourning for their sins, they are dancing for their pleasure; and when they should be seriously meditating upon death, they run laughing unto execution. This is blindness indeed, this

is

is oblivious madneſs. For this ſhort life which is but the ſhadow of *Eternity*, we labour beyond all meaſure; but for the life which is *Eternal*, and moſt happy, we ſcarce take any pains at all: And yet the not obtaining of this life is the incurring of *Eternal* death; which as it is a torment more grievous than all the torments of this life, ſo in this it is moſt grievous, that there is no reſt or mitigation of pain, no not for one ſhort hour in the infinite ſpace of all *Eternity*.

CHAP. III.

What effect and fruit the conſideration of Eternity bringeth forth.

AND this is it that hath made ſo many good Chriſtians, and ſo many holy *Martyrs* ſo prompt and ready to ſuffer any torments, and any kind of death, that even in their greateſt pains, when they lay wallowing in their own blood, they were moſt ſtout and couragious, and with a conſtant look and chearful countenance inſulted over their Tormentors. *They had the*

years

years of Eternity in mind. This is it that hath made the world ſeem diſtaſteful and unpleaſant unto many, inſomuch that they have taken their leave of all pleaſures, and embraced and entertained a ſevere and ſtrict courſe of life, giving themſelves wholly to reading, meditation and prayer, and ſuch holy duties, minding heaven, and heavenly things. *They had the years of Eternity in mind.* The thought of *Eternity* will make all things in this life ſeem eaſie and pleaſant, though to fleſh and blood they ſeem moſt grievous and unpleaſant. It makes all labours ſeem light and very ſhort. Prayer, ſtudy, watching, and ſuch like holy duties it commends unto us, and makes them ſeem amiable. It ſeaſons and ſweetens hunger and thirſt. It mitigates the ſenſe of pinching poverty. It makes all manner of croſſes in this life not only tolerable, but alſo grateful and comfortable. Whoſoever hath the years of *Eternity* in mind, and imprints them within, deeper and deeper by daily meditation,

ſhunneth

ſhunneth no labour, neither is daunted with any loſſes. Offer him a Kingdom, offer him all the delights and pleaſures in the World: and he will not change his poor eſtate and condition for them. Such a man as this is never complaining; he endures all things, he ſubmits himſelf to all. For thus he thinks with himſelf, What a ſmall thing is this or that, that or this, and of how ſhort continuance! I will therefore endure it patiently; it will not laſt alwayes. It is but for an hour, and that a very ſhort one, that mine enemies here oppreſs me. Well, go to ye detractors, bite me ſtill, if ye will, ye envious; I will not run from you. This is your hour and the power of darkneſs: But I expect the day of the Lord, and the day of *Eternity*; and why ſhould I afflict and torment my ſelf with ſorrow and lamentation? All this life is but a death of one hour: The victory is not difficult; but the triumph is *Eternal.* Why ſhould I be afraid of the raging waves of this troubleſome world? I have ſight of the haven

haven already. Now it rains and thunders upon the heads of the good and godly; but the storm will shortly blow over. But upon his enemies God shall always rain fire and brimstone, storm and tempest: this shall be their portion to drink. *And many of them that*

Dan. 12. 2. *sleep in the dust of the earth.* (so propheſieth *Daniel*) *shall awake; some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.* In the old Law God commanded

Numb. 10. 2. *Moses*, saying, *Make thee two trumpets of silver, of an whole piece shalt thou make them. If they*

4. *blow but with one trumpet, then the Princes, which are heads of the thousands of Israel shall gather themselves unto thee. When ye blow an alarm, then the Camp shall go forwards.* Unto these two trumpets we may compare these two words, NOW and ALWAYES. This is the law of the world, NOW let us be merry; *now* let us rejoyce; *now* let us enjoy our goods, while we have them: come, let us *now* crown our selves with roses, before they be withered;

ed; *now* let us leave in every place the ſigns and footſteps of our joy. They that attend only to the ſound of this Trumpet, they that have ears to hear nothing but this NOW, they live for the moſt part ſo, as if there were no ALWAYES for to follow. Therefore they do not remove the camp; amidſt their pleaſures they wilfully forget that they are here but Pilgrims and ſtrangers: whitherſoever the wanton fleſh inviteth them they go with greedineſs: they are buſied altogether in heaping up riches and following pleaſures: and the ſound of this NOW doth ſo obtund and dull their ears, that they are deaf to all good counſels and precepts: and they will not ſo much as lend an ear to that ALWAYES which ſhall follow. But they which open their ears to hear, and their hearts to underſtand, when the Church ſoundeth both trumpets, (as it often doth) and thereupon ſeriouſly conſider with themſelves, and compare together this ſhort NOW with that infinite and everlaſting

AL-

ALWAYES, they will use no delay, but presently remove the camp: they live here as Pilgrims and strangers: they have their loins girt; they remember that they are in a journey; they send their riches and pleasures before them into their Country which is above; they chuse rather to enjoy them ALWAYES in Heaven, then NOW for a short time upon earth. Certain it is, whosoever heareth attentively, and mindeth seriously the Alarm of these Trumpets, and thereupon compareth together things present with things future, and things transitory with things *Eternal*, he will presently make himself ready to depart, he will prepare himself a place of burial, he will lay out his winding-sheet, he will send for his bier, and furnish himself with all things necessary for his journey, remembring still in every place, that he is passing on the way to *Eternity*, and conferring with himself every day after this manner: How shall I be able to give an account unto God for all my thoughts, words and deeds?

deeds? and, When ſhall I give up my account? and, what ſentence will he paſs upon me? NOW therefore will I die unto my ſelf, that I may ALWAYES live unto my ſelf and unto God. Well is it with that man, which timely and daily thus thinketh upon *Eternity*. Whatſoever we do, we are paſſing on our way, and we do not know how ſhort it is, unto the gate which leadeth unto *Eternity*. At the laſt hour of our life death ſhall bring us unto this gate, and compell us to enter. Let us therefore ſo live as if we were alwayes expecting death, that if it ſhall pleaſe God at any time to viſit us with ſickneſs, the fore-runner of death, we may entertain it cheerfully, and bear it patiently, lifting up our eyes unto Chriſt hanging upon the Croſs, the true and perfect pattern of Patience: and when the time of our diſſolution draweth near, praying thus; Lord Jeſu ſtand by me and comfort me; Lord Jeſu be preſent with thy ſervant that putteth his truſt in thee; Lord Jeſu make me partaker of thy victory,

ctory, Lord Jesu receive my spirit, and lead me through the darksome valley and shadow of death, lead me and forsake me not until thou hast brought my soul into the land of the living, O thou most potent conqueror of death, O thou which art my light, life, and salvation.

THE

Good Master what good thing shall I doe that I may have ETERNALL life. *Matth: 19. 16.*

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, then for a rich man to enter into the kingdome of god the love of riches & of ETERNITIE *are scarce resident in one heart.*

THE FIFTH CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITY.*

How others, even wicked men themſelves, have meditated upon Eternity.

THe old Hiſtory of the Fathers telleth us of a religious man, that reading upon the ninetieth Pſalm came at length, having not thought of it, to theſe words, *For a thouſand yeares in thy ſight are but as yeſterday, when it is paſt,* and here ſtuck: For he could not conceive a reaſon, why a thouſand years & one day ſhould be compared together. Whereupon they ſay there was a little bird ſent by God, which ſo raviſht the man with her ſweet ſinging, that though he heard her

ſing a very great while together, yet he thought the time very ſhort, ſcarce a ſhort hour long. *The wind bloweth where it liſteth.* Not good men only have with holy *David* meditated upon *Eternity*, but even wicked men alſo, and thoſe oftentimes againſt their will.

John 3. 8.

Benedictus Rhenanus reports of a vain and ungodly fellow, a very Epicure & mere worldling, which never uſed to faſt or watch; one that could not endure the want of any thing, but eſpecially ſleep: Upon a certain night, it ſeemeth, this fellow could not ſleep as he was wont, being much troubled with unuſual dreams: ſo he turned himſelf upon his bed from one ſide to another, and could not by any means get any reſt; then he wiſhed it were day. But here the wind of the Lord began to blow, though it were in a ſtrange land: for good thoughts were very rare in this man. Being weary with watching, and finding no eaſe or reſt at all, thus he began to think with himſelf; Would any be hired upon any condition to lye thus two or three

three years together in darkneſs, without the company of friends, though his ſickneſs were not very grievous? Would he be content to want his ſports and plays ſo long? Would he be content to be bound to his bed, though it were a feather bed, or a bed of Down, and never ſtir abroad to ſee any ſights, or ſhews, or make merry with his friends? I think no man would. And ſhall I alone amongſt all men enjoy reſt and pleaſure by an eſpecial priviledge, and have no ſenſe of grief and ſorrow? Surely no. Will I, nill I, needs I muſt ſome time or other lye down upon the bed of ſickneſs, unleſs I be ſuddenly taken away by death, which God forbid. (*This was a good wind, theſe were good cogitations.*) But what bed ſhall I have next, when death ſhall thruſt me out of this? My body muſt rot under earth: For this is the condition of all men after death. But what ſhall become of my ſoul in another world? Surely all men do not go to the ſame place after death. Do not ſome go one way,

and ſome another? Is there not an Hell as well as an Heaven? Wo and alas! What kind of bed ſhall the damned find in Hell? How many years ſhall they lie there? In what year after their firſt entrance ſhall the flames ceaſe and be put out? Aſſuredly Chriſt doth not only in word threaten to caſt the wicked into everlaſting fire, but will alſo caſt them indeed. This thing is certain and very manifeſt. Therefore the damned ſhall burn in Hell for ever. Therefore a thouſand, and a thouſand, and again I ſay a thouſand years will not ſuffice to purge away the ſinnes of this ſhort life. Therefore they ſhall never ſee the ſun any more, nor Heaven, nor God, being moſt miſerable *Eternally* and without end. With ſuch thoughts as theſe this man became ſo vigilant and watchful, and proceeded ſo far, that night and day he could not be at reſt, but *Eternity* did ſtill runn in his mind. Fain indeed he would have ſhaken off the thoughts thereof, as gnawing worms; but he could not. Therefore

fore he followed ſports and paſtimes, went to merry meetings, ſought out companions like himſelf, and ſate oftentimes ſo long at his cups, that he laid his Conſcience aſleep, and ſo ſeemed to take ſome reſt: but when he came again unto himſelf, his Conſcience being awakened did preſently accuſe him, and ſuggeſt unto him afreſh ſorrowful thoughts of *Eternity*. Thus finding no reſt, he reſolved at length to amend his manners, and to betake himſelf to a better courſe of life. And thus he began to reaſon with himſelf, Miſerable man that I am, what do I here? I ſo enjoy the world, that indeed I enjoy it not; I ſuffer many things I would not; I want many things which fain I would have; I ſerve like a ſlave; but who will pay me my wages? I ſee well enough how the world rewardeth thoſe that love it, and do all their lives nothing elſe but ſerve it. But ſuppoſe I had the fruition of all the delights and pleaſures in the world that my heart could wiſh: what certainty

can I have how long they ſhall laſt ? I am not certain whether I ſhall live till to morrow or no: Daily funerals ſufficiently prove this. Oh *Eternity*, if thou wert not! Oh *Eternity*, if thy place be not in Heaven, though it be on a ſoft down-bed : thou canſt not but be bitter and unpleaſant. It is true indeed, it is a hard matter to withdraw our ſelves away from thoſe things whereunto we are accuſtomed, whether it be feaſting, or drinking, or company keeping, or ſuch like: But whileſt we delay and defer the time, death may prevent us, and take us away from all theſe, Why then doſt thou delay ? Why doſt thou not impoſe an honeſt and happy neceſſity upon thy ſelf, Why doſt thou not reſolve thus preſently with thy ſelf ? Well, I will be another man than I have been, if it pleaſe God I live. This life laſteth not long: But *Eternity* endureth for ever. I muſt walk now in a new way ; I am reſolved upon it ; and *Now* I begin. Where art thou bleſſed *Eternity* ? I am ſeeking for thee,

thee, I am travelling towards thee.

To conclude, he did as he ſaid, he took his leave of the world, he changed the courſe of his life; and ſo lived and died an honeſt and godly man.

Oh *Eternity*, how few are they that think thus ſeriouſly upon thee? But certainly there are very few, ſcarce any that weigh and conſider well with themſelves what they are, and ſo continue and perſiſt in that conſideration. We ſeek earneſtly after all other things. onely *Eternity* ſeemeth vile unto us, and not worth the looking after. Our thoughts runn after riches, and yet the poſſeſſion of them is very uncertain; we know not how ſoon they ſhall forſake us, or we them. We are ambitious after honours: and yet they are ſlippery, and ſoon ſlide away from us. We are in love with pleaſures: and yet they have ſorrow and bitterneſs in their latter end. We deſire reſt: but it is of no long continuance. We knit the knot of friendſhip with others:

but it is such as death shall quickly dissolve. We are never well but when we are conversing with others: but our conversation is never in Heaven, where it should be. We seek for abundance: but it is there where it will soon fail. But surely if we did more often and seriously think upon *Eternity*, we should not have such a fervent desire after things of so short continuance. I call Saint *Bernard* to witness, who saith thus, *He that longeth after things Eternal, cannot but loath things transitory.*

Bern.

There are that have often in their mouths I know not what *Eternity*, that will promise and swear, and make good resolutions of amendment, and say thus; As long as I live, I will beware of such a place, or such a place, where I have formerly been tempted to sinn: I will never come near such a man, or such a woman, or such a one that was my companion in evil, I will never come near him as long as I live. As long as I live, I will never go to such and such meetings, where there useth to be gluttony

gluttony and drunkenneſs, dancing, chambering and wantonneſs, and ſuch like. It ſhall ſuffice me that I have been there once, and again, and perhaps oftner; that I have done as the company did, that I have ſinned with ſuch and ſuch. Theſe are good reſolutions: In this I commend thee, O man; Becauſe ſin is to be feared, thou doſt well in purpoſing to avoid the occaſion of ſinning: and I could wiſh thou wert as religious in obſerving what thou haſt promiſed, as thou art ready to promiſe. But (alas!) after a day or two, yea an hour or two, too forgetful of thy promiſe and good reſolution, thou doſt again the very ſame thing which lately thou didſt deteſt, abhorre and forſwear. Therefore before thou makeſt a vow or promiſe unto God, it is good to uſe due conſideration and fore-ſight; and when thou haſt made a vow or promiſe unto God, it is neceſſary to uſe after care and Chriſtian fortitude in performance. Thou muſt promiſe nothing raſhly and unadviſedly unto God: But what thou

hast promised thou must religiously and constantly keep and observe. How severe God is in punishing such as break their vowes and promises, we are sufficiently taught by the wofull experience and lamentable example of others.

CHAP. I.

The comparison of mans labour and the spiders one with another.

THere is another *Eternity*, and that the worst of all, which those men promise to themselves, which will needs erect up unto themselves an heaven out of heaven, and be blessed before they be
Isaiah dead. *Wherefore hear the word of the*
28. 14. *Lord, ye scornful men*, saith the Prophet *Isaiah*, *Because ye have said, We*
15. *have made a covenant with death, and with hell we are at agreement.* O ye mad men! How vain, and none at all, is this your *Eternity*! There is nothing permanent and perpetual in this prison. Elegantly doth the
Psal. Kingly Prophet declare this;
90. 9. *We spend our years*, saith he, *as a tale*

a tale that is told. &c We ſpend our years in muſing, like the Spider, (for ſo ſome read it.) He could not have declared it better, and in fewer words. For what are all our years but a continual muſing, and wearisome exerciſe? All the time of our life is conſumed and waſted away with vain labours, many ſorrows, ſundry fears, often ſuſpicions, and innumerable troubles: Even as the Spider ſpendeth her ſelf in the weaving of her web. Our labours are continual, linked one unto another; our ſighs and groans continual, partly in the purſuing of our profits and pleaſures, and partly in the removing and eſchewing thoſe things which we count evil. We do many things, we undertake many labours, troubleſome and grievous to be born, and meanwhile (alas! ſuch is our folly) we perceive not that we do but weave the Spiders web, taking a great deal of pains, with little ſucceſs, to no end or purpoſe. *We ſpend our yeares in muſing like the Spider.* It is a great deal of pains

and

and care that the Spider taketh in weaving of her web, ſhe runneth much and often up and down, ſhe fetcheth a compaſs this way and that way, and returneth often to the ſame point, ſhe ſpendeth her ſelf in a multitude of fine-ſpun threeds, to make her ſelf a round Cabinet; ſhe exenterateth her ſelf, and worketh out her own bowels, to make an artificial and curious piece of work, which when it is made, is apt to be blown away with every puff of wind; ſhe hangeth it up aloft, ſhe faſtneth it to the roof of the houſe, ſhe ſtrengtheneth it with many a thread, wheeling often round about, not ſparing her own bowels, but ſpending them willingly upon her work. And when ſhe hath done all this, ſpunne her fine threads, weaved them one within another, wrought her ſelf a fine Canopie, hanged it aloft, and thinketh all is ſure; on a ſudden in the twinkling of an eye, with a light ſweep of a beeſome all falleth to the ground, and ſo her labour periſheth. But here is not all: Poor Spider!

Spider! ſhe is either killed in her own webbe, or elſe ſhe is taken in her own ſnare, haled to death and trod under foot. Thus the ſilly *Animal* may be truly ſaid, either to weave her own winding ſheet, or to make a ſnare to hang her ſelf. Juſt ſo do many men, like the *Spider*, waſte and conſume themſelves to get preferment, to enjoy pleaſures, to gather riches, to keep them, and to increaſe them. In ſuch projects they ſpend all their wit, and oftentimes the healths of their bodies, running up and down, labouring and ſweating, carking and caring: wearying themſelves, and weakning their bodies, even as the Spider doth by ſpinning out of her own bowels. And when they have done all this, they have but weaved the Spiders web to catch flies. Yea, oftentimes they are caught in their own nets, they are inſtruments of their own miſchief. The days of mirth which they promiſe unto themſelves, prove oftentimes the dayes of mourning: That which they call

their

their palace, becometh their burying place, So *we ſpend our years in muſing like the Spider*; I ſay *in muſing*, for the moſt part: For we often purpoſe to do many things, and do them not. And what we do, moſt an end were better undone. Thoſe things which we purſue with ſuch greedineſs, for the moſt part flie from us; and thoſe things which we contend for with ſuch earneſtneſs, we ſeldom attain to: But ſuppoſe we did, (Alas!) they have no perpetuity. So *the covenant with death ſhall be diſannulled, and the agreement with hell ſhall not ſtand.* We all conſume away and die: and which is worſt of all, we blindly ruſh headlong into *Eternity*, from whence there is no return.

Iſaiah 28.18.

Guerricus hearing theſe words read in the Church out of the book of *Geneſis*, *And all the days that Adam lived, were nine hundred and thirty years: And he dyed. And all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years: And he died. And all the dayes of Enos were nine hundred and five years: And he died. And all the days of Mathuſelah were nine hundred*

Gen. 5. 5. 8. 11.

hundred ſixty and nine years: And he died, &c. Hearing, I ſay theſe words read, the very conceit of death wrought ſo ſtrongly upon him, and made ſo deep an impreſſion in his mind, that he retired himſelf from the world and gave himſelf wholly to his devotions, that ſo he might die the death of the godly, and arrive more ſafely at the haven of *Eternal* felicity, which is no where to be found in this world.

CHAP. II.

What is the beſt queſtion in the World?

SAint *Matthew* telleth us of a young man that came unto Chriſt, and propounded a queſtion unto him. And Saint *Mark* deſcribeth the manner of his coming to our Saviour, and his good carriage: For, ſaith he, *There came one running and kneeled to him, and asked him, Good Maſter, what ſhall I do that I may inherit Eternal life?* And our Saviours anſwer was, *Thou knoweſt the commandments; If thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandements.* *Matth.* 19. 16. *Mark* 10. 17. *Mat.* 19 *Matth.* 19. 17.

Commandements. At *Philippi a City of Macedonia. the keeper of the Priſon came trembling and fell down before Paul and Silas,* and moved this queſtion unto them, *Sirs, What muſt I do to be ſaved?* This was a very good queſtion; A better and more profitable could not be moved. But, O good God, where is this queſtion now in the world? The world is full of other queſtions: but this is ſcarce any where to be heard. Moſt men do now adayes betray themſelves by their own queſtions, and bring to light, and ſo make others witneſſes of their ſimplicity, or curioſity, or ſome ſuch hidden diſeaſe of mind. He which maketh diligent ſearch and enquiry where the beſt wine is to be ſold, doth ſufficiently declare what he loves beſt, and where his chiefeſt care is. Another asketh ſuch queſtions as a modeſt man would bluſh to hear: And this man ſhews that his heart is full, and that out of the abundance thereof his mouth ſpeaketh. All mens mouths in all places are full of queſtions, ſuch as theſe are: But it is a rare thing

thing to hear one man ask another this queſtion, Do you think this is the way to heaven? It is a fault common to every vicious man, but more proper to the libidinous and luſtful, the luxurious and riotous man, though he be plunged into the deep, and begins to ſink, and to be overwhelmed, yet ſeldom or never to enter into a ſerious conſideration with himſelf, and with a ſincere mind ask himſelf this queſtion, **Shall I ever think to obtain *Eternal* felicity by this courſe of life? Is this the way to heaven?** But of all men thoſe eſpecially leaſt think upon ſuch queſtions as theſe, thoſe I ſay, that live a ſoft life, fare deliciouſly, and wallow in pleaſures, that feel little or no ſorrow and affliction, or if they do at any time feel never ſo little, labor what they can to be ſenſeleſs of it. To ſuffer, they count the greateſt of all evils. If it goes well with them, they care not how it fares with others. If it be well with them for the preſent, they take no care what ſhall follow after. They never once think upon *Eternity*. This is their daily ditty,

The heaven of heavens is the Lords, but the earth he hath given to the ſonns of men. They want neither ſtrength o' body or mind, by which to eſcape the hands of men. But God hath long hands, he ſhall ſurely find them out, they muſt appear before him who is the Iudg of all the world; they cannot eſcape his judgment; they ſhall ſurely ſuffer *Eternal* puniſhments for their wickedneſs and their offences. But if God in his ſecret judgment caſteth away any man as a reprobate, and ſuffereth him to live after his own luſt and pleaſure, he giveth him his portion of proſperity and felicity in this life, he ſpareth him here, that he may puniſh him hereafter. And if at any time he doth any thing that is good, he preſently receiveth his reward. Of ſuch unhappy happy men the Kingly Prophet thus ſpeaketh, *They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men.* They go *a whoring with their own inventions.* And this is a moſt miſerable eſtate and condition of life, if there be any. For whom God hath predeſtinated

Pſal. 73.5.
Pſal. 106.39

deſtinated to bring into the way of *Eternal* happineſs, he ſpareth him not here in this life, but ſcourgeth him daily. I might bring infinite examples to prove this: I will name but one; but the like, I think, hath not been ſeen or heard of in many ages.

CHAP. III.

How God puniſheth here, that he may ſpare hereafter. A ſtrange example, the like hath ſcarce at any time been heard of.

IN the year of our Lord, one thouſand one hundred eighty five, *Andronicus* Emperour of the Eaſt being overcome and taken priſoner by *Iſaac Angelo*, had two heavy iron chains put about his neck, was laden with fetters and ſhackles, and was moſt barbarouſly and deſpitefully uſed, and at length in this manner was brought before the forenamed *Iſaac*. Before whom complaining of his hard uſage, he was deliverd over to the multitude to be abuſed at their pleaſure. They

being

being ſet on fire with anger, thought it a fine thing to be revenged of their enemy: And thus they uſed him. They buffeted him, they baſtinadoed him, they pulled him by the beard, they twitcht his hair from his head, they daſht out his teeth, they dragged him in publick they made him a laughing ſtock, they ſuffered women to beat him with their fiſts. Then they cut off his right hand; and being thus maimed, they thruſt him into the dungeon of thieves & robbers without either meat or drink or any other thing that was neceſſary, or anyone to look after him. After a few days they put out one of his eyes, and being thus ſhamefully mangled, having one eye put out, and one hand cut off, they put upon him a very ſorry ſhort coat, ſhaved his head, ſet him upon a ſcabbed Camel with his face towards the tail, put upon his head a Crown of Garlick, made him hold in his hand the Camels tail inſtead of a Scepter, & ſo they carried him through the market-place very leiſurely with great pomp and triumph. And here the

moſt

moſt impudent, baſe and vile amongſt the people, like ſavages, after an inhuman ſort fell upon him, nothing at all conſidering that not paſt three dayes before he was no leſs than an Emperour, Crowned with a royal Diadem commended, worſhipped, honoured, yea & adored of all men. Nothing at all regarding the oath of Allegiance, they raged and were mad upon him, and their rage and madneſs fitted every man with inſtruments of miſchief againſt him. Some ſtruck him on the head with clubs, others filled his noſtrils with dirt, others ſqueezed ſpunges upon his face, firſt ſoaked in the excrements of man & beaſt, others run him into the ſides with ſpits. Some threw ſtones, others threw dirt at him: ſome called him mad dog, others called him fool and blockhead. An impudent woman running out of a kitchin with a kettle of ſcalding water in her hand, poured it upon his head as he paſſed by There was none which did not ſome miſchief or other to him. At length they brought him to the Theatre to make

make him a laughing ſtock, took him down from the Camel,& hanged him up by the heels between two pillars Thus the poor Emperor having ſuffered a thouſand indignities, yet he bore them patiently, carrying himſelf like a man and a true Chriſtian Champion. He was never heard all the while to lament, or cry out of his hard fortune: for it had been to no purpoſe. He was all the while caſting up his account, which he was to make unto God, and begging pardon for his ſins. He was heard to ſay nothing but only this, and this he ſaid often, *Domine miſerere, Domine miſerere,* Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy.

Unhappy *Andronicus*, which waſt compelled to ſuffer ſuch things! But happy in this, that thou didſt ſuffer them ſo patiently, as being the juſt reward of ſin!

When he was hanged up, one would have thought their malice ſhould have ceaſed: but they ſpared him not then, as long as he lived. For they rent his coat from his body: and toſſed him up and down with

with their hands, tearing him in pieces with their nails. One more cruel than the reſt run his ſword thro gh his belly and guts as he was hanging. Two others, to try whoſe ſword was ſharpeſt, thruſt him through the back, leaning upon their ſwords with both their hands. Here the moſt miſerable unhappy Emperor with much ado li ted up his maimed hand to his mouth, to put out the blood, as ſome thought, from the freſh and bleeding wound, and ſo ended his li e miſerably After ſome few days he was taken down from the gibbet, and thrown under one of the arches of the Theatre like a beaſt, till ſome that had more humanity in them than the reſt, removed him; but yet notwithſtanding he was not ſuffered to be buried, Oh *Andronicus*! Oh thou Emperour of the Eaſt! How much waſt thou bound unto God, whoſe will it was that for a few days thou ſhouldeſt ſuffer ſuch things, that thou mighteſt not periſh for ever! Thou waſt miſerable for a ſhort time, that thou mighteſt not be miſerable for all

all *Eternity*. I make no doubt but thou hadst the years of *Eternity* in mind, seeing that thou didst suffer such things so constantly and courageously.

Nicetas Choniates is mine Author, from whom I borrowed this lamentable history; and he lived about the same time, when this happened.

Let us Christians keep alwayes in mind the yeares of *Eternity*. So whatsoever adversity or affliction happeneth, we shall more easily bear it. Every thing is short, if we compare it with *Eternity*. *For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding, and Eternal weight of glory.* 2 *Cor.* 4. 17.

August. Hereupon Saint *Augustine* cryeth out, and prayeth so earnestly, *Domine, hic ure, hic seca, modo in æternum parcas; Lord, sear me here, lance me here, so thou spare st me hereafter.*

Fulgentius. And *Fulgentius*, though a most holy man, drawing near unto his death, threescore and ten dayes before he died, was often heard to cry out, *Domine, da mihi modo patientiam, & postea indulgentiam; Lord, grant me patience*

patience here, and ease hereafter. These were his words and prayers even to the last gasp. Certain it is, God spareth them least of all, whom he determineth to take unto himself to dwell with him throughout all *Eternity.*

We have a building of God an house not made with hands, ETERNALL in the heavens 2 Cor: 5.1.

Let none wonder at my habitation. I have here a most large palace, of when I think upon the everlasting prisons of hell and the ETERNALL MANSIONS of heaven.

THE SIXTH CONSIDERATION upon ETERNITY.

How the holy Scripture in many places teacheth us to meditate upon Eternity.

THe Kingly Prophet, ſpeaking of the Wicked, ſaith, That they *walk on every ſide*, or *in a circuit*; This is their manner of life: they go from feaſt to feaſt, from delights to delights, from wickedneſs to wickedneſs. This is their Circuit. And when they think they have almoſt finiſhed their Circuit of wickedneſs, and gone over the round of their luſt, they begin again, returning ſtill to their former courſe, till death ſtealeth upon them before they be aware. *Pſal.* 12. 8.

The children of *Job* made this law amongst themselves, to feast one another round everyone in his course. The good man their father observed and knew very well, that this their feasting round, could not be without sin: And therefore he
Job 1.5 *sent, and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all.* As therefore the wicked delight and rejoyce in going the circuit of their pleasure: So God shall appoint them a *circuit* to go, but it shall be a *circuit* of torments, and that perpetual and *Eternal.* Blessed *David* foresaw this
Psal. 77. 17, 18 likewise: For saith he, *Thine arrows went abroad: the voice of thy thunder was heard in the Heaven,* or, *round about.* Famine, War, Pestilence, Sorrows, Diseases, Calamities, Death it self, and all adversities whatsoever that happen before the first death, are the Arrows of the Lord; but they flye over; they have wings, and they quickly flye from one to another. But the voice of this thunder, the voice of his anger and fury shal continually roar

roar in the prison of Hell, and like a wheel run round without wearing, for all *Eternity* This wheel, as if it were filled with Gunpowder, when it hath once taken fire, shall burn for ever and ever. *A fire is kindled in mine anger, and shall burn unto the lowest Hell.* Deut. 32. 22. There is also another *circuit*, and that likewise is *Eternal*: from unutterable cold to intolerable heat, and from heat back again to cold. *Drought and heat consume the snow-waters,* (so saith *Job*) *and so doth the grave those that have sinned.* Iob 24. 19. S. *Matthew* signifieth it more expressly by the *gnashing of teeth, and weeping* of eyes. Matth. 12. 13. That we may more fully set out this horrible and incomprehensible wheel, order requireth that we shew how the Church agreeth with the holy Scripture in this, as the holy Fathers agree with the Church. We have here divers good admonitions from all these, which if we attend unto, we cannot easily let *Eternity* slip out of our memory.

CHAP. I.

The Answers of the holy Fathers and the Church about this.

OF all the holy Fathers which have lived in divers ages, we should do well to hearken unto five especially, *Augustine*, *Chrysostome*, *Gregory*, *Bernard*, *Laurentius Justinianus*.

The first question here (which yet may seem a vain and foolish one) is, Which is easier, and more tolerable, to suffer pain in the head, eyes or teeth; to be troubled with the stone; to be pained with the wind Collick, or *Iliaca Passio*, or any other acute disease; neither to sleep night or day, but to be tormented continually without any respite for three dayes together. The question now is, I say, Which is easier, whether to suffer the pains now mentioned, or else to eat a piece of fish which is made bitter by the breaking of the Gall. This may seem a very ridiculous and most idle question. For, how much

much bitter is it to eat ſuch a whole fiſh, rather than ſuffer thoſe ſo grievous torments though but for one day! The bitterneſs of the fiſh will not endanger a mans life, nor make him ſick, but leave only a bitter taſte in the mouth, which is unpleaſing to it. It is truly anſwered. And yet how many thouſands of men make choice rather of the former! For, how often doth the Preacher teach and exhort, cry out and ſpeak plainly! Chriſtian brethren, conſider well with your ſelves, and look about you; the *Eternal* ſalvation of your ſouls is in queſtion: If you walk this way, you muſt aſſuredly look for *Eternal* torments: Chriſt hath ſhewed you another way both by his life and doctrine. Return therefore and repent, you have gone long enough aſtray You may if you will have entrance into Heaven; if you be ſhut out it is your own fault: God is not wanting to thoſe that are willing It is true indeed, There is ſome bitterneſs in uſing abſtinence and faſting, in confeſſing of ſinns, in keeping the body un-

der. in setting a strict watch over thy senses, in conquering ones self, in living chastely and continently: This is no easie task: But, let it be what it will, we must suffer it. *Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into his glory?* Let not a little and short labour terrifie us. It is but for a few years, or it may be but a few days, that we are to do and suffer valiantly; but our joy and rest shall be *Eternal*. He overcometh all, whosoever overcometh and conquereth himself, containeth himself, and resisteth his evil and violent passions; and all this for Christ, for Heaven, for blessed *Eternity*. Christ after his Resurrection found his Disciples eating fish broiled upon the coals: To teach them how great things they should afterwards suffer: and that they were not to think of a soft and easie life, but that they were to be stoned, whipped, crucified, have their skin pulled over their ears; that this was the way to a joyful Resurrection, and to the participation and fellowship of *Eternity* with the blessed; that

Luke 24. 26.

all

all other things were ſmall and of no worth in compariſon of immortality, and that bleſſedneſs, which yet eye hath never ſeen. Theſe things are often ſpoken of, but they are little regarded. This fiſh bitter with the over-flowing of the gall, that is worldly croſſes and the ſufferings of this life, is often ſet before us: but it goeth againſt our ſtomach, we cannot endure to taſte of it. *Eternity* is a thing we often hear of, we often read of, it is continually preached unto us, and often repeated: but we either hear not, or believe not, or regard not, or if we do for a time, the cares of the world ſoon put it out of our minds, and we bury it in oblivion. But again, the Conſcience often plays the Preacher, and recalls to our mind theſe wholſome leſſons, is inſtant, dehorts, reproves; but prevailes nothing. All is in vain. For many are ſo obſtinate and perverſe, that neither the Preacher nor their own Conſcience can work upon them. But ſome are ſo impudent, that they will ſet themſelves in oppoſi-

tion, and reply thus, *Let it go well with us here and we care not; we neither know nor care what shall come hereafter: we are all for present profits and pleasures: no man returneth again from the dead; neither was it ever known that any one came back again out of Hell. Come therefore, let us eat, drink, and be merry, let us enjoy our goods and take our pleasure.* These are the worldlings Ditties:

August. But let S. *Augustine* determine this question, *Melius est, modica amaritudo in faucibus, quam Æternum tormentum in visceribus. Better it is,* saith he, *to suffer a little bitterness in the mouth, than Eternal torments in the inward parts.* It is far better to suffer for our offences here in this world, than the world to come. Far better it is for threescore years and ten continually together here on earth, to be punished with most grievous punishments, than to suffer the torments of Hell for one day, yea for one hour hereafter. But let us hear what another of the

Hom 20 ad Pop. Antioc. Fathers saith. Saint *Chrysostome* propounds the second question after this manner;

Suppose

Suppose one night in an hundred years a man should have a sweet and pleasant dream, and be after punished an hundred years for it, would he think such a dream were to be desired? And yet saith the Father, as a dream is to an hundred yeares, so is this present life to the life to come, yea rather it is much less: And as a drop is to the main Ocean, so are a thousand yeares unto *Eternity*. And in another place. What is there, saith he, to be compared unto *Eternity*? What are a thousand yeares in comparison of infinite ages which are yet for to come? Are they not like unto the least drop of a bucket compared unto a bottomless Well? Look for no end of torments after this life, unless thou repentest before thou departest out of this life: for after death there is no place of repentance, no shedding of tears will profit thee, or do thee any good. Though a man in Hell should gnash his teeth, and blare out his scorched tongue, he shall not obtain so much as a drop of cold water.

Hom. 28 in Epist ad Hebr.

ter. Grant then that a man should enjoy pleasures all his life long, what is that to infinite ages which are yet for to come? Here in this life all things good and bad have at length an end; but the punishments that shall be suffered hereafter shall have no end. Set fire on the body here, and the soul will soon depart: but after the resurrection, when the body shall be from thenceforth immortal and incorruptible, the soul of the damned shall always burn, and not consume in Hell-fire. They shall rise again, incorruptible indeed: but how? Not to receive a Crown of incorruptible glory, but to suffer *Eternal* torments. But let us hear what another of the Fathers saith.

Gregor. Saint *Gregory* maketh answer to this common question; Will not drunkenness sooner steal upon a man in the Wine-cellar, standing by the hogshead, than in the Parlour sitting at the table? The spouse of Christ triumpheth in the words of *Solomon*, *He brought me to the Banquetting-house* (or as some read it, *He brought me into his Wine-cellar*) *and*

and his banner over me was love, or, *He hath ſet his banner of love over me.* Upon which words Saint *Gregory* diſcourſing ſaith thus, By the *Wine-cellar* what can we better or more fitly conceive, than the ſecret contemplation of *Eternity*? For truly whoſoever doth ſeriouſly conſider with himſelf upon *Eternity*, and lets this conſideration ſink deep in to his mind, he may truly rejoyce, and triumph with the Spouſe, ſaying, *He hath ſet his banners of love over me:* For he will keep better order in his love, loving himſelf leſs, God more, and even his enemies alſo for Gods ſake. But ſuch is the nature of this profound conſideration, that it wil preſently make a man drunk. Make him drunk? How? With the drunkenneſs of the beſt deſires, ſuch as will lead him to amendment of life, carry him to his heavenly Country, and bring him at length to joyes *Eternal.* It was caſt in the Apoſtles teeth, that they were drunk with wine: and ſo they were indeed; but it was with wine out of this Cellar. Saint *Gregory* hath many excellent

excellent conſiderations, and ſayings upon *eternity*: amongſt others he hath this, which is a very ſhort one and a true one, *Momentum quod delectat, Æternum quod cruciat: That which delighteth is momentany, but that which tormenteth is Eternal.*

Job 19. 23, 24. Here I could wiſh with *Job*, *Oh that theſe Words were written! Oh that they were printed in a Book! That they were graven with a pen of iron!* Theſe words, I ſay, *That which delighteth is momentany, but that which tormenteth is Eternal.* The *Book* in which this ſhould be written, is the *heart* of man; the *pen of iron* with which it ſhould be written, is ſerious *meditation*; the *ink* with which it ſhould be written, is the *blood* of *Chriſt*. And theſe words ſo imprinted and ingraven in the breaſt, are then eſpecially to be called to mind, and to be often repeated, when pleaſure fawneth, when luſt provoketh, when luxury inviteth, when the fleſh rebelleth, and the ſpirit faileth, when there is occaſion of ſin offered, and danger of falling into ſin. But let us hear

hear what another of the Fathers ſaith.

In the fourth place comes Saint *Bernard*: He ſhall anſwer to the queſtion here to be propounded. In the lives of men there is ſuch difference, that almoſt now ſo many men ſo many judgments concerning afflictions. There are found ſome ſo grievouſly and continually afflicted, that they are ready to fall down under the croſs, as being too heavy for them to bear. One is oppreſſed with poverty, another is afflicted with ſickneſs, another is over charged with ſecret debts, another is tormented with cares, another is grieved and vexed with injuries and ſlanders: every man thinketh that moſt grievous which in preſent he ſuffereth. And many times it cometh to paſs that ſuch as are faint-hearted and impatient, wiſh for death, runn into the water, and make haſte to the halter, thinking thereby to find an end of all their griefs and ſorrows, whereas indeed that ſuppoſed end becomes to them but the beginning of their ſorrows, and ſuch

such sorrows as never shall have end. But with the good and godly it is not so: They patiently endure all, submitting themselves in all things to God's good will and pleasure. They neither desire to die quickly, nor yet to live long. Is it God's will they shall die? They also are willing. Will he have them die quickly? They are willing to that also. Will he have them live yet longer? They are not against that. What God willeth, that they will: what he willeth not, neither will they. Beside these two kinds of men, there is a third, and that is the greatest part of men, that desire to live long: And there is almost no man so old, but he hopes and desires to live yet another year. These men are never heard to say, they have lived long enough. Death maketh too much haste with them, he commeth to them too soon, yea and before his time. Here now the question may be moved, Who live? or who shall live longer? Saint *Bernard* in his seventeenth Sermon upon the 91. Psalm, upon these words, *With*

long

long life will I ſatisfie him, breaketh forth into this admiration, What is ſo long as that which is *Eternal*? What is ſo long as that which ſhall have no end? Life *Eternal* is the good end which we are all to aim at, and this end is withoutend. And further he adds, That is the true day indeed after which there follows no night, where there is *Eternal* verity, and true *Eternity*, and therefore true and *Eternal* ſaciety. So then the queſtion may be determined thus, That thoſe only ſhall live a long life truly ſo called, whoſoever ſhall never die, but always live in heaven; And again, That thoſe ſhall die in a lingring death (alas! too lingring a death) whoſoever ſhall always die, but never live in Hell: for they ſhall live only there to be tormented alwayes. Let us hear but one more, and ſo conclude.

Laurentius Juſtinianus ſhall reſolve the laſt queſtion for us. There are, ſaith he, many things in this world which nature hath ſo appropriated and aſſigned to ſome

one certain place, that they are not to be found in another place, unless it be in part. Of some flowers which grow in the new-found world we have only the seed: Of some living Creatures there are brought over unto us onely the Skinnes. Now *Eternity* is a thing so proper to another world, that it is not to be found in this; onely the seed thereof we may have even in this world. And what are the seeds of *Eternity*? They are, saith *Laurentius*, *Contempt of a mans self, the gift of Charity, and the taste of Christ's works. To contemn others*, is a tree that over-spreadeth the whole world, whose wood is fewel for the fire of Hell. *To contemn* himself is a very small seed, scarce known in the world: Christ brought it down from Heaven with him, who *made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the forme of a Servant, and became obedient*, not to the Stable onely, or the Manger, but even to mount *Calvery, unto death, even the death of the Cross*, unto the grave,

grave, yea even unto Hell. *Wherefore God alſo hath highly exalted him.* 9. Behold, this little ſeed is grown up and ſpread in breadth, and is become the higheſt of all trees. The ſame Author, ſpeaking of *Charity*, ſaith thus, The meaſure of our *glory* and *Eternal* reward ſhall be according to the meaſure of our *Charity*. For, *To whom little is forgiven, the ſame loveth little.* Luke 7. 47. He obtaineth leſs *grace*, whoſoever hath leſs *Charity*: And where there is leſs *grace*, there alſo ſhall be leſs *glory*. So then it is moſt true, The more thou loveſt God, the more thou heapeſt up unto thy ſelf *Eternal* rewards. The whole Law is *love*, but it muſt be pure, chaſte, and holy. I have done with the ſecond, which is *Charity*. I come to the third, which is *The taſte of Chriſts words*. It is a common and witty ſaying in the Rhetorick Schools, *He is to be thought a good proficient who can reliſh Tully's works*: We may ſay as much in the School of Chriſtianity, *He hath made a good progreſs in Religion and Virtue, who can reliſh Chriſts works, who likes the taſte of*

of Christs doctrine and example. But whosoever findeth no taste almost at all, no relish in the words and works of Christ; whosoever is not moved, affected, and delighted with those things which belong unto the mind, and Christian piety to Heaven, and *Eternal* felicity; but on the contrary findeth much sweetness in eating, drinking, walking, laughing, jesting and playing: the same man may say with sorrow enough, too truly, *How little seed of Eternity have I within me, O my God!* Or rather, *I have none at all.* For when I descend into my self, I see manifestly what spirit is within me, and whither my affection carrieth me. To spend whole nights in dancing, feasting, revelling, quaffing, dicing and carding, hearing foolish and idle tales, reading impure books, calling for, and laughing at amorous songs, playing the good fellow, and doing as the company doth; Oh! this never offendeth me, this is pleasing and delightful to me. But to hear of Christ and his life, to hear of holy men that lived formerly, who were much

much given to watching, faſting, and prayer, or to read of their lives, that makes no muſick in my eares, and this is an eye-ſore unto me: I can neither hear nor ſee: I ſtop mine eares, and cloſe mine eyes for fear leſt they ſhould be offended. To hear a Sermon of an hour long, it is death unto me, and therefore I ſeldome come to Church: or if I do ſometimes, I drive away the time, either ſleeping or prating. There are too many ſuch men in the world: but of ſuch it may be truly ſaid, that they have no taſte or reliſh at all of the works of Chriſt. But now let us hear the judgment of the Church concerning *Eternity.*

The memory of *Eternity* is ſo precious in the eſteem of the Church; that there is no Pſalme, no Prayer, no Hymn but cloſeth with it, *Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghoſt; As it was in the beginning, is now and ever ſhall be, world without end. Amen. As it was in the beginning,* that is, before all begin-

beginning from all *Eternity*, without any beginning *is now, and ever shall be, world without end*, that is, throughout all ages; infinite, innumerable, incomprehensible ages; to all *Eternity*. But let us leave the little rivers, and make haste to the fountain.

CHAP. II.

Clear Testimonies of Divine Scripture concerning Eternity.

I Will produce only three witnesses, a *Prophet*, an *Apostle*, and an *Evangelist*.

How many and how great are the sighs and groans of poor abject and despised men! we may hear them every day. One or other every where is complaining, Wo is me poor man, I have few or no friends at all; I am disrespected: I am scorned and trampled under foot almost by all. Have patience a little, O man, suffer for a while; the day of comfort will rise at length, though it seem long first. Remember Gods promise in the Prophe-

Propheſie of *Baruch*, *Caſt about thee a double garment of the righteouſneſs which cometh from God, and ſet a Diadem on thy head of the glory of the Everlaſting.* *Baruch* 3. 2.

Others there are that accuſe Nature, complaining ſtill that ſhe hath given too long a life to ravens and too ſhort a great deal unto man. Hear thus much, you that are ſtill complaining of the ſhortneſs of mans life, This life is ſhort indeed: but when this ſhort and vain life ſhall end, there remains another life which never ſhall have an end. If ye will not believe me, yet believe St. *Paul*, *For we know*, ſaith St. *Paul*, *that if our earthly houſe of this tabernacle were diſſolved, we have a building of God, an houſe not made with hands, Eternal in the heavens.* What great loſs is it then, if this earthly tabernacle of our body be diſſolved, when as we have a Royal palace prepared for us, which is not ſubject to diſſolution? To the teſtimony of the *Prophet* and the *Apoſtle*, let us add the teſtimony of the *Evangeliſt* Saint *Matthew*, in whoſe Goſpel we may read 2 *Cor.* 5. 2.

theſe

these words of our Saviour. *If thy*
Matth. *hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them*
18.8. *off, and cast them from thee; It is bet-*
ter for thee to enter into life halt or
maimed, rather than having two hands
or two feet to be cast into everlasting
9. *fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck*
it out, and cast it from thee: It is bet-
ter for thee to enter into life with one
eye, rather than having two eyes to be
cast into hell-fire. Oh fire! Oh hell!
Oh *Eternity*! *Time* is nothing, if it be compared with *Eternity*; shortness of life, and so loss of time is no loss at all, but great gain, if thereby we gain *Eternity*. Christ hath promised it, and Saint *Matthew* hath recorded it, and sealed it in
Matth. these words of our Saviour, *Every*
19. 29. *one that hath forsaken houses, or bre-*
thren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or
wife, or children, or lands for my
names sake, shall receive an hundred-
fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.
Is it not clear enough that this promise is of blessed *Eternity*, when we have security given us of receiving an hundred-fold reward? Again, Christ according to the same *Evangelist* forewarning of the

latter

latter judgment, three times makes mention of *Eternity* expreſsly in theſe words, *everlaſting fire*, or *eternal fire*, *everlaſting* or *eternal puniſhment*, and *life eternal*. *Matth.* 25. 41, 46.

Seeing therefore the holy Fathers, the Church, and the ſacred Scripture do ſo many ways propound unto us the ſerious conſideration of *Eternity*; it is our part and duty, as many of us as look for *Eternal* life in heaven, it is our part and duty ſeriouſly to meditate thus with our ſelves every one: Oh my God! How ſeldom have I heretofore thought upon *Eternity*! or if I have thought upon it, in what a cold and negligent manner have I done it, notwithſtanding every day, yea every hour and minute I draw nearer and nearer unto *Eternity*? But for the time to come by the aſſiſtance of thy *grace* I will mind it more carefully than herefore I have done; & if at anytime through thy bounty riches ſhall increaſe, I will not ſet my heart upon them: though the world ſhould ſmile upon me, though I ſhould want no temporal thing that my heart can

desire, though I should seem to flow in never so much abundance, yet will I still remember *Eternity*. In the midst of my prosperity these shall be my thoughts. But how long shall this last? will this fair weather never change? will this comfortable sun alwayes shine upon me? Or if I should live in prosperity all the days of my life, what shall it profit me after death? After this sweet but short, pleasing but perilous, unhappy happiness, there shall shortly follow *Eternity*, *Eternity*. But if the world goes ill with me, if it frown upon me, if I meet with many crosses, troubles and afflictions, if misfortunes befall me, if they rush upon me like waves, one on the neck of another, if I be turmoiled and tossed up and down, then these shall be my daily thoughts. Well, let the world have its course, I am content to bear it, Gods will be done. Let the sea be troubled, let the waves thereof roar, let the winds of afflictions blow, let the waters of sorrows rush upon me, let the clouds of tentations threaten rain and thunder, let the darkness

of

of grief and heavineſs compaſs me about, yea though the foundations of the world ſhould ſeem to ſhake, yet will I not be afraid. Theſe ſtorms will blow over, theſe winds will be laid, theſe waves will fall, this tempeſt cannot laſt long, and theſe clouds ſhall be diſpelled. Whatſoever I ſuffer here ſhall ſhortly have an end, I ſhall not ſuffer *Eternally*. Come the worſt that can come, death will put an end to all my ſorrows and miſeries. But no ſtorm to that ſtorm of fire and brimſtone which the damned ſhall ſuffer in Hell *Eternally* and without end: All things here ſhall have an end, but the torments there ſhall have no end. Whatſoever is not within the circle of *Eternity*, is ſhort, ſwift, and momentany, it is but a ſhadow, but a dream, ſo ſaith St. *Chryſoſtome*, It is but a *Modicum* or *a thing of nothing, a little, a very little, for a little while*, yea *a very little while*. Often doth our Saviour beat upon this, ſpeaking to his Diſciples. All his own ſufferings, yea his moſt bitter death upon the croſs, he calleth but a *little*. All

the sufferings, punishments, and violent deaths of the Apostles, all but a *little*: And why should not I also think it but a *little*, whatsoever here I suffer, though I should suffer it an hundred years together;

Heb. 10. 37. *For yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry.* I will therefore suffer patiently whatsoever can happen, and account one thing only necessary, and that is, To do nothing against my Conscience, and displeasing unto God. For all is safe and sure with him who is certain and sure of blessed *Eternity*.

CHAP. III.

This life in respect of that which is to come, is but as a Drop *to the* Ocean, *a* little stone *to the* sand *upon the Sea shore, a* Center *to the* Circle, *a* Modicum, *a little, a very little time, a* Minute *to* Eternity. *And such are the sufferings of this life in respect of the joyes that shall be hereafter.*

MOst true it is, whatsoever labour or sorrow we suffer in this life, it is but a *Modicum*, or

for

for a little while. It is the saying of S. *Auguſtine, This Modicum or little while ſeems long unto us, becauſe it is not yet all paſt and gone: But when it ſhall come to an end, then ſhall we perceive and underſtand what a little while this Modicum was.* The wiſeſt of men being to ſhew the vanity and ſhortneſs of this preſent life, though it ſhould be lengthened to an hundred years: which few men can reach unto, makes choice of the moſt minute things in the world, whereby to expreſs it, and ſet it forth by way of reſemblance. For thus we read expreſsly in *Eccleſiaſticus, The number of a mans days at the moſt are an hundred years. As a drop of water unto the ſea, and a gravel ſtone in compariſon of the ſand, ſo are a thouſand years to the days of Eternity.* And why then do ye rejoyce in this, ye long-liv'd men, that ye have lived an hundred years? All our years are, What are they? They are *as a drop of water unto the ſea, and a gravel-ſtone in compariſon of the ſand.* And what is a little ſtone to thoſe exceeding high mountains of ſand: and what is a ſmall drop

Eccluſ. 18. 9, 10.

of water to the deep and fathomleſs Sea? ſuch are fifty, ſixty, yea an hundred years. (Hear this, ye old men). They are but a *Modicum*, a very little while, but a *Minute* of time, indeed nothing at all to the days of *Eternity*. And yet, fooliſh and miſerable men, we are overjoyed with this little ſtone, this ſmall drop. Our life is indeed *a little ſtone*, but no jewel, no precious ſtone; it is made of no better matter than ſand. Our life is a *drop* but not of ſweet and freſh water; it is ſalt and brackiſh as the ſea-water is. *For all his days are ſorrows, and his travel grief; yea his heart taketh no reſt in the night:* So ſaith the *Preacher*. It is the counſel of S. *Auguſtine*, Recall to mind, ſaith he, the years that are paſt, from *Adam* to this preſent day; run over all the Scripture: It is but almoſt yeſterday ſince he fell, and was thruſt out of *Paradiſe*. For where are thoſe times that are paſt? Certainly if thou hadſt lived all the time ſince *Adam* was thruſt out of *Paradiſe*, even unto this preſent, thou wouldſt perceive and confeſs that thy life was not long, which

Eccluſ. 2. 23.

Auguſt.

which is ſo ſoon fled away. For what is any mans life? Add as many years as thou wilt, imagine the longeſt old age: What is it? Is it not as a morning blaſt? All this is moſt true. I pray you tell me, where is *Adam* now? where is *Cain*? where is long-liv'd *Methuſelah*? where is *Noah*? where is *Sem*? where is *Eber*? where is moſt obedient *Abraham*? where is *Jacob*? where is *Joſeph*? They are dead and gone, their time is paſt: We may ſay of them, *Vixerunt, fuerunt Troes, Once they were, now they are not.* Thus our life paſſeth away; thus the glory of the world paſſeth away. O morning dew! O meer vanity! What is it that we ſo deſire here? what ſo long as to be hoped or wiſhed for here? ſhort it is, a *Modicum* it is, it is vile and nothing worth, it is but a ſmall point whatſoever thine eye beholdeth here. It is a true ſaying of *Gregory* the great; The longeſt meaſure of our life is but a point; or it is a ſhort line that begins, continues, and ends in a point. *In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye* all things ſhall have an end: *Greg. Mag.* 1 *Cor.* 15. 52.

Psal. 119. 69. *I have seen an end of all perfection, but thy commandment is exceeding broad,* so saith the *Psalmist.* Why then do we account any time long? For that which is past, now is not; that which is to come, yet is not: and what is the present? The glass is always running, & the clock never stands still: The hour passeth away by flying minutes. What is flown by, is past and gone: what is yet behind, is still to come: But where is the time which we use to call long? *Bernard* makes often mention of that most true and excellent saying of S. *Hierom,* (&, Reader, it is worth observing) *No labour ought to seem long unto us, no time long, in wch we are seeking after Eternal glory.*

Hierom.

And yet though the life of man be but very short in comparison of *Eternity,* there is none of the damned that can justly accuse God for not granting him a longer life. They must condemn themselves for not living better. *There is no inquisition in the grave* (saith *Syracides*) *whether thou hast lived ten or an hundred, or a thousand years.*

Eccl. 41. 4.

In hell it is no time to complain of

of ſhortneſs of life Every man hath lived long enough, if he hath lived godly enough.

Here, Chriſtian brother, I will deal more boldly and plainly with thee, & lay the matter ſo open that thou ſhalt ſee it clearly preſented before thine eyes. Thou ſayeſt that thou doſt often think upon heaven, and that thou haſt an earneſt and longing deſire after *Eternity*. Sayeſt thou ſo? I hear thee, but I do not believe thee: neither would I have thee believe me if I ſhould ſay ſo of myſelf. For how can it be, O good Chriſtian brother, how can it be that thou or I ſhould think ſo often & ſo ſeriouſly upon heaven, & have ſuch a longing deſire (as we ſay we have) after *Eternity*, and yet be ſo lukewarm, yea ſtone-cold, in matters of religion; ſo ſlow and backward to that which is good, ſo prone & forward to that which is evil, ſo ready and willing to all manner of wantonneſs, ſo querulous and complaining, ſo ſlothful & negligent; Where we ſhould be angry, there are we too patient; & where we ſhould be patient and couragious, there are

we too faint-hearted and pusillanimous. In the fire of every light affliction our patience melts and consumes away: nay we are often cast down with a word, we are blown down with the breath of mans mouth. But never are we more impatient and desperate, then when our wills are crossed: I might speak here of the hot *Apostems* of lust wherewith our hearts are often inflamed and swoln, and likewise of the devouring *Cancer* of envy, which often eats into our breasts, & makes our flesh consume away: But I pass them by. Notwithstanding what hath been said, we good and godly men, as we profess our selves, and would have others think us to be, are too timorous where we should be bold, and too bold where we should be timerous, glory in nothing more then in this, That we have often in our minds the hearty desires, the joys of *Eternity*. Believe it, it is not credible, that the thoughts of heaven and *Eternity* should be so often in our minds as we speak of, and yet mean while that we should live no better then we

we do. Did I say, It is not credible? Nay I say, It is impossible. And thus I shall declare it.

The Patriarch *Jacob* served his Uncle *Laban* for his daughter *Rachel* seven years, *And they seemed to him but a few days for the love that he bare to her.* Heareſt thou this whosoever thou art that so complaineſt? Thou serveſt no impostor or deceiver as *Laban* was, but God thy maker & him that will surely keep his covenant and promise. Thou serveſt not for a wife but for the Kingdom of heaven: not for the beauty and sight of a wife, but for the beatifical vision and *Eternal* sight of God: not for the delight & pleasure of a wife, but for cœlestial and *Eternal* delights and pleasures. And yet doth the trouble of one winters day oftentimes so cast thee down, that suddenly all thy love towards God and thy desire after heaven begins to wax cold in thee. As soon as the storm of adversity begins, thou breakeſt forth into most bitter complaints, thou callest heaven & earth to witness, thou breatheſt nothing but revenge; yea oft-

Gen. 29 20

times,

times, I believe thou spareſt not God himſelf, but calleſt his juſtice into queſtion At other times when pleaſure with her fawning allurements hath once enticed thee, ſhe doth ſo bewitch thee & take away thy memory, that thou quite forgetteſt to ſerve God, and ſo runneſt headlong into the *Labyrinth* of ſin, which hath a fair entrance, at leaſt ſeemingly, but leadeth thee the next way to deſtruction. Is this the vigilancy which thou ſo much talkeſt of? Is this thy heroical fortitude and love of God? How wilt thou ſerve God ſeven years, as *Jacob* did *Laban*, when (alas!) thou canſt not endure the labour and ſorrow of one ſhort day? *O Simon, Simon, ſleepeſt thou; couldſt thou not watch one hour* with thy Lord and Maſter? but hear further concerning the Patriarch *Jacob*: He being beguiled by his uncle *Laban*, who gave him blear-eyed *Leah* inſtead o beautiful *Rachel*, ſerved him yet ſeven years more for his daughter *Rachel*, whom he dearly loved: and no doubt but thoſe ſeven years alſo ſeemed unto him but

Mark 14. 37.

but as a few days for the exceeding great love that he had unto her. And it is very likely that oftentimes when he was weary at his work he had an eye unto *Rachel*'s beauty, and said thus with himself, (surely, for her beauty) She is worfor whom I should suffer seven years hard service; and, if need were, I would not stick to serve yet seven years more. Such was the affection that he bore unto *Rachel*, that it made him scarce sensible of any labour.

Heareſt thou this, thou who goeſt for a ſoldier of Chriſt? conceiveſt thou this, underſtandeſt thou this? How then canſt thou ſtill murmure againſt God? Thou art bid to ſerve God for Gods ſake, that ſo thou mayeſt at length enter into Gods *Eternal* reſt; Thou art exhorted to tolerance & patience here, that ſo thou mayeſt be made partaker of immortality with the bleſſed hereafter: And yet ſleepeſt thou, O ſluggard? Haſt thou not an ear to hear? Art thou ſtill complaining? *Do but reckon up the yeares which thou haſt ſpent in the ſervice of God, & ſee* whether thou haſt ſerved God faithfully

fully and painfully twenty years, as *Jacob* did *Laban*. I am afraid thou wilt come short in thy reckoning: Hast thou served God so many months? I tell thee, I make a question of it. Number the nights that thou hast spent in watching and praying, recount the days which thou hast spent in holy exercises, and see if thou canst truly say unto God as *Jacob* did to *Laban*, *In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night, and my sleep departed from mine eyes. Thus have I been twenty years in thy house: I served thee fourteen years for thy two daughters, & six years for thy cattel.* Tell me, Christian man, hast thou served God thus twenty years? Thou knowest thy wages if thou serveſt God; Not *Labans* daughters, nor flocks of sheep; God himself shall be the reward of thy service: Thou shalt be blessed both in soul & body; It shall be well with thee on every side; Thou shalt enjoy all manner of delights; great delights without either lacking or loathing, & without end. Thou shalt swim in the bottomless *Ocean* of pleasures: And yet (behold)

Gen. 31 40, 41.

hold) thy hands are ſlack to every good work; Thy feet are ſlow to go to Church; thy heart conſumes away with envy, flames with anger and revenge, aboundeth with the vermine of filthy thoughts, and is quite dead through ſlothfulneſs and impatience. Is this thy ſerving of God? Is this the way, thinkeſt thou to heaven, to immortal life, to *Eternal* bleſſedneſs? Surely it is not. Why doſt thou not rather as *Jacob* did, when thou art weary with any labour which thou undergoeſt in the ſervice of God, when the world goes ill with thee, when adverſity preſſeth thee, proſperity ſeduceth thee, and labours burden thee, lift up thine eyes to heaven, behold *Rachel*, who is promiſed unto thee, and thus comfort up thy ſelf. Be not troubled, O my ſoul: Behold thy *Rachel*, thy *Rachel* which is in heaven, fair *Rachel*, comely *Rachel*; *Rachel* that is all beautiful, not having any one blemiſh about her! Behold heaven, and the houſe of thy *Eternal* reſt and pleaſure! Be content to ſuffer for a while, a little ſorrow, & ſome pains: For thou ſhalt ſhortly

ly be where thy *Rachel* is; and there thou shalt be the more joyful and blessed, by how much the more thou art here sorrowful and afflicted: There shall thy rest be the more pleasant and joyful, by how much the more thy life here is heavy and painful Well then, be of good courage, shew Christian fortitude and patience. *Eternity*, blessed *Eternity* is more worth, infinitely more worth, than all that we can do or suffer. If thus, O Christian brother, thou wouldest animate and encourage thy self, if with such eyes thou wouldest oftner look up to heaven, if with such affection thou wouldest daily think upon *Eternity*; believe it, all thy days of service here on earth would seem but few, for the great love which thou wouldest have unto *Eternity*; Thou wouldest count all labour easie, all troubles welcome, all losses gain. This I will say, and therewith I will conclude, The more a man thinks upon the *Eternity* of the world to come, the more care he will take here, to lead a godly life in this present world.

THE

Thus saith the high and lofte one, that inhabiteth ETERNITIE.

Adam loſt ETERNITIE. *Chriſt regained it: to this the Angels invite us from this the devils withdraw us have a care whether thou followeſt.*

THE SEVENTH CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITY.*

How Chriſtians uſe to paint Eternity.

HE that is to go through an houſe in the dark muſt go warily and leiſurly, ſtep after ſtep, and he muſt grope for the wall. If mans underſtanding will be prying into *Eternity*, if he thinks here in this life to enter into it, he is much deceived: The way is dark and full of difficulties. He may hurt himſelf by the way, but he ſhall never here attain unto it. The way thither is but ſhort indeed: but when a man is once in, there is no comming

ming out again. And yet though no mortal man can so conceive of *Eternity*, that he can certainly say what it is, notwithstanding the infiniteness thereof is shadowed out by certain pictures and resemblances, in such manner that every man may have a glimpse of it. Whatsoever we speak or write concerning *Eternity*, howsoever we set it out in colours; all is but a shadow, yea a shadow of shadows: No *Oratour* in the world can with all his Rhetorick, sufficiently express it; No *Limner* with all his curious art & skill can set it forth to the life. If all times that ever were and ever shall be should be put together, they would infinitely come short of *Eternity*: The latitude thereof is not to be measured, neither by hours nor days, nor weeks, nor moneths, nor years, nor *Lustra*'s, nor *Olympiads*, nor *Indictions*, nor *Jubilees*, nor *Ages*, nor *Plato*'s *years*, nor by the most slow motions of the *Eighth Sphere*, though these were multiplied by a thousand, or a million, or the greatest multip'yer or *Number numbering* that can be imagined.

Neither

Neither can it be measured by any *Number numbered*, as by the Stars of heaven, the sands of the sea, the grass of the field, the drops of the rivers, and such like. The number of *Eternity* is past finding out.

The Sailers use to sound the depth of the sea by a plummet and a line: Let us also let down the plummet and line of our humble and reverent cogitations, to sound the depth of *Eternity*, which yet is past finding out. But if we will go by this *Map*, if we will sail by this *Card*, if we will view well this *Picture*, we shall come much nearer finding it, than otherwise we should.

Christ as a Child, taken as it were from the manger, and the cradle, almost quite naked, and without clothes, *stands in the clouds: on his shoulders he bears a Cross: in the clouds* there is this inscription, *ETERNITY: beneath Christs feet*, down upon the earth there is the *Sceleton* of a man, or nothing but the bones of a man without hair or skin, only he hath a beard to be known by: *in his left hand* he holdeth a *piece of parchment*, in which these words are writ-

ten,

Gregor. ten, *Momentaneum quod delectat, That which delighteth is momentany:* *in his right hand* he holdeth up an *Apple.* Near unto him there standeth a *Raven* pecking a shell-fish, with this subscription, *Cras, Cras, To morrow, To morrow. The earth opens her mouth, and flames of fire break forth* and tend aloft, in which these

Gregor. words are written, *Æternum quod cruciat, That which tormenteth is Eternal. Christ* coming down from the clouds *Two adore* with bended knees of divers sex, in the place of all mankind. *Behind them* there is a running *Hour-glass,* or a *Dial* measuring hours by the running of water, called a *Clepsydra;* and a *Book* lying wideopen. On one *page* there is written, *They spend their dayes in*

Job 21. 13. *mirth, and in a moment go down to the grave.* On the other page, *Who*

Rom. 7. 24. *shall deliver me from the body of this death?* Before them stand *Two* heavenly *Angels,* which embrace them with their arms; and pointing at Christ, bid them lift up their eyes unto him This is the *Picture:* The meaning followeth.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

Christ inviting.

CHrist the *Eternal* son of the *Eternal* God came into this world, clad with no other garment than we, that is, stark naked. The garment of immortality and innocency we lost by *Adam*'s disobedience. And now (alas!) how miserably arrayed do we come into this world! Christ together with us, yea for us, suffereth punishment and yet was not guilty of any sin. But what meaneth this *Cross upon the shoulders* of the Son of God? It is a bed on which he slept in death. *Golgotha* was his chamber. The thorns his pillow, and the Crosse his bed. Which many religious men of former times well considering with themselves, have voluntarily and freely chosen to lie hard and take little rest, that at the day of Resurrection they might rise joyfully to rest *Eternal*. Some, as we may read, have made the earth their Mattress, Sackcloth their Sheet,

Gregor. ten, *Momentaneum quod delectat, That which delighteth is momentany:* *in his right hand* he holdeth up an *Apple.* Near unto him there standeth a *Raven* pecking a shell-fish, with this subscription, *Cras, Cras, To morrow, To morrow. The earth opens her mouth, and flames of fire break forth* and tend aloft, in which these

Gregor. words are written, *Æternum quod cruciat, That which tormenteth is Eternal. Christ* coming down from the clouds *Two adore* with bended knees of divers sex, in the place of all mankind. *Behind them* there is a running *Hour-glass,* or a *Dial* measuring hours by the running of water, called a *Clepsydra;* and a *Book* lying wideopen. On one *page* there is written, *They spend their dayes in*

Job 21. *mirth, and in a moment go down to*
13. *the grave.* On the other page, *Who*
Rom. 7. *shall deliver me from the body of this*
24. *death?* Before them stand *Two* heavenly *Angels,* which embrace them with their arms; and pointing at Christ, bid them lift up their eyes unto him This is the *Picture:* The meaning followeth.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

Chriſt inviting.

CHriſt the *Eternal* ſon of the *Eternal* God came into this world, clad with no other garment than we, that is, ſtark naked. The garment of immortality and innocency we loſt by *Adam*'s diſobedience. And now (alas!) how miſerably arrayed do we come into this world! Chriſt together with us, yea for us, ſuffereth puniſhment and yet was not guilty of any ſin. But what meaneth this *Croſs upon the ſhoulders* of the Son of God? It is a bed on which he ſlept in death. *Golgotha* was his chamber. The thorns his pillow, and the Croſſe his bed. Which many religious men of former times well conſidering with themſelves, have voluntarily and freely choſen to lie hard and take little reſt, that at the day of Reſurrection they might riſe joyfully to reſt *Eternal*. Some, as we may read, have made the earth their Mattreſs, Sackcloth their Sheet,

Sheet, and a Stone their Boulſter. And many there are which do ſo ſtill to this day. But I leave them, and return to Chriſt. He ſuffered *death, even* that moſt bitter and ſhameful *death of the Croſs*. To what end? That he might ſave us from death *Eternal*. Dye we muſt all of us; but our death is but ſhort. In a moment, in the twinckling of an eye the ſoul is ſnatched from the body, and this is all that which we call *Death*. But it is not ſo with them in Hell: Their torments far exceed all the ſorrows and pangs of death, not only becauſe they are more grievous for their quality, but alſo becauſe they are of longer continuance beyond all compariſon; for they are *Eternal*. So then their torments are, always to be tormented; and their death, to die always. And from this death hath Chriſt the Son of God delivered us; the *Child* that we ſee deſcribed walking amidſt the clouds. Under his feet is a bare *Sceleton*, or the bare bones of a man, which by all ſigns we may gather to be our fore-father *Adams*. Hearken ye children,

and

and ye childrens children, hearken unto the words of your fore-father *Adam* thus ſpeaking unto you.

CHAP. II.

Adam lamenting.

O My children, happy then indeed, if your fore-father had known his own happineſs, but now miſerable, and that even in this, becauſe mine. By me were you deſtroyed before you were begotten; by me were you damned before you were brought forth. I fain would be as God, and by that means I am left ſcarce a man. Before you could periſh, you all periſhed in me. I my ſelf do not know whether you may better call me a Father, or a Tyrant, and a murderer. I cannot wonder or complain juſtly that you are ſo vicious and ſo ſinful: for you learned it of me. I am ſorry that you are ſo diſobedient: but this you learned alſo of me. I was firſt diſobedient unto God that made me. The Angels in heaven bluſh & are aſhamed to ſee

your gluttony and intemperance: but this is your Fathers fault. Your pride hath made you odious and deteſtable before God: but this monſter firſt conquered and triumphed over me, and ſo pride became more proud than ſhe was before. This is the inheritance you receive from me, nothing elſe but an heap of miſeries. God indeed of his free good will gave unto me by a ſure promiſe Heaven for an inheritance, and intailed it upon you: But I have undone you all, cut off the intail, and prodigally made away all for one bit. I valued my wife and an apple more than you all, more than Heaven, more than God. A curſed and unhappy dinner, for which I deſerved to ſup in hell many thouſand years after. I lived in *Paradiſe*, a garden full of all delight and pleaſure beyond imagination: God gave me the free uſe of all things therein; onely the fruit of one tree was forbidden me. I was Lord of all the Creatures, I was wiſe and beautifull, ſtrong and luſty. I abounded with all manner of delights. The

Air

Air was then as temperate as could be desired; the Clouds were clad in bright blew; the Heaven smiled upon us; the Sunne did shine so pure that nothing could be more All things seemed to gratifie us at our new marriage. Our eyes could behold nothing but that which was flourishing and pleasing to them. Our ears were continually filled with musick, the birds those nimble Choristers of the Air ever warbling out their pleasant ditties, The Earth of it self brought forth odoriferous cinnamon and saffron. I was compassed about with pleasures on every side. I lived free and remote from all care, sorrow, fear, labour, sickness and death. I seemed to be a God upon earth. The Angels in heaven rejoyced to see my happiness: there was none that did envy me but my self. But because I obeyed not the voice of God, all these evils fell upon me. I was driven out of *Paradise*, banished from the sight of God, and for shame I hid my face. Labour, sorrow, mourning, fears, tears, cala-

mities, a thousand miseries seized upon me, and quite wearied me out: you feel it, as many as are of my family: and that which seemeth to be the end of all temporal misery and sorrow, is oftentimes the beginning of *Eternal*. O my children, learn by your own woful experience, learn by your own loss and mine, learn, I say, to be wise at length. I will give you but one lesson, and it is but in three words, which you shall do well to learn by heart, and that is, *To hate sinn*. Behold; Do you not see *a grievous flame* breaking out hard by me? It hath burnt ever since sin first entred into the world, and shall never be put out. All other punishments are but light, and shall shortly have an end: but the damned shall be tormented in this flame for ever and ever. Now if we will, we may escape it. Heaven is set open to all; but there is no coming to it, but by the way of repentance, and the gate of the cross. He that walketh in this way, and entreth in at this gate, may be certain of his salvation, and eternal joy in the

the Kingdom of Heaven, where he ſhall have an everlaſting habitation. This is the counſel of *Adam* to his children, I ſay it is *Adam's* counſel.

Who falling once, did make his children all
Both guilty of his puniſhment and fall.

CHAP. III.

The Ravens croaking.

NEar unto the *Sceleton* of the *Protoplaſt*, or the bare bones of the firſt man that God made, is the *Ravens* place in the picture, which maketh very much for the repreſentation of *Eternity* to the life. It is a well-known ſaying of Saint *Auguſtine, Cras, Cras,* that is, *To morrow, To morrow, is the voice of the Raven: mourn therefore like a Dove, and beat thy breaſt.* The chiefeſt cauſe, that I conceive, why moſt men loſe their part and portion of bleſſed *Eternity*, is becauſe they ſeek it not *To day*, but defer the ſeeking of it till *To morrow* For what is more frequent or ordinary, then putting off repen- *Auguſt.*

tance till *To morrow, To morrow,* which God doth know we are uncertain whether we shall live to see or no? but that we may not seem to put it off without some fair pretence we make many fair promises unto God.

I will To morrow, *that I will,*
I will be sure to do it:
To morrow *comes,* To morrow *goes;*
And still thou art to do it.
Thus still repentance is deferr'd
From one day to another:
Untill the day of Death is come,
And Judgment is the other.

But the day of promise is so long a coming, that the day of death often preventeth it, and we are suddenly snatcht away, and swallowed up of *Eternity,* and so plunged into the gulf, miserable men that we are, into the gulf of everlasting horrour and despair. This is it that undoeth many, saith Saint *Augustine*: Whilest they cry, *Cras, Cras, To morrow, To morrow,* the gate is suddenly shut against them. Therefore the Son of *Sirach* often calleth

leth upon us to this purpose, *Make no tarrying to turn unto the Lord, and put not off from day to day: For suddenly shall the wrath of God come forth, and in thy security thou shalt be destroyed, and perish in the day of vengeance.* It was truly said of *Seneca* that *Roman* Philosopher, A great part of our life we spend in doing ill; the greatest part in doing nothing; but all in doing another thing rather than that we should. Not unlike to *Archimedes*, who when *Syracuse* was taken, was sitting secure at home, and drawing circles with his compass in the dust. For do we not see most men, when the *Eternal* salvation of their souls is in question, handling their dust, and stretching themselves to their furthest compass, set upon the tenter-hooks as it were, and distracted with law suits, money-matters, worldly businesses, and labours that shall nothing profit them at the last? *Eternity* is a thing they never once think of, or else very seldom, and then but slightly for a snatch and away, as dogges are

Eccles. 5. 7.

Seneca.

Luke 10. 41. said to lap at *Nilus. Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful,* and that is *Beatitude* or blessedness: not that on earth, which such as it is, is yet but short; but that in heaven, which is *Eternal.*

Before we take any business in hand, we commonly examine it at this well known rule, saying, *Is it worth my pains? Shall I get my bread by it?* Should not a Christian man rather in the beginning of every work sit down and say with himself, *Shall I gain heaven by it? Will it any thing further me in the way to blessed Eternity?* We do not love to trouble our heads with such *Quære's* as these, we put off the hearing of them till another time: we do adjourn it from one time to another, and another, and still another; and at the last day of the Term, we will grant a hearing. Foolish men? when at last we are not able to labour, then we first begin to think of labour. When we must needs depart out of this world, then we begin to think upon another world.

When

When we can live no longer here then we begin to think of the life to come hereafter. When the hour-glaſs of our ſhort time is run out, then we begin to think of *Eternity.* When there is no time left for repentance, then preſently we will repent. When the gate is ſhut, then we knock. But this is the fault of all ſinners in general, ſtill to defer their repentance from day to day. Every ſinner is ready to ſay, (ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*) *I cannot now, I will another time.* Alas! Alas! *If another time, why not now?* *Auguſt.*

Dionyſius King of *Sicily* diſrobing *Apollo* of his cloth of gold, ſaid thus, *Nec æſtati nec hyemi veſtis hæc convenit. It is a weare neither fit for Winter nor Summer.* In Summer it is too heavy, and in winter it is too cold. So do many (ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*) play with God, and deceive their own ſouls. They ſay, Let a young man live according to the faſhion of the World; let him drink and dance; let him go to the Horſe-race, and to the Wreſtlers; let him go a courſing in the fields with *Dionyſ.*

his companions. It is for old men to ſtay at home, and not to ſtirre abroad, unleſs it be to Church. This is too melancholy a life for a young man. But when they grow old, what do they then? Then are they old and ſickly, weak and feeble: you muſt not look for theſe things of them at that age: their ſtrength will not permit: it is not with them as formerly it hath been; you muſt give them leave to take their eaſe; let them have a care of their health: this is all they have to do. Thus we let the Summer and Winter of our age paſs away, and never once think of the *Eternal* Spring. But let us re-

Gal. 6. 10. member our ſelves, and *as we have opportunity let us do good.* But let not our ſong be any more, with the black Raven, *Cras, Cras, To morrow, To morrow*, and ſo let, *To day*, and *To morrow*, and the next, and ſo our whole life paſs away, and *Eternity* overtake us before we are aware. *To morrow* is not, *To day* only is ours. So ſaith

James 4. 13. Saint *James*, *Go to now, ye that ſay, To day, or to morrow we will*

go

go into such a City, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is our life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

It was a very good answer that *Messodamus* gave one, inviting him to a feast the next day, (as it is reported by *Guido Bituricensis*) My friend, saith he, why dost thou invite me against to *morrow*? I durst not for these many years secure my self that I should live one day; for I have expected death every hour. No man is sufficiently armed against death, unless he be always prepared to entertain it. What is it else but rashness and folly, folly and madness, and indeed meer contempt of *Eternity*, for a man to lye down in ease upon a feather bed, to sleep secure snorting and snoring, and to lodge an enemy, a deadly enemy, all the while, sin, in his very bosom? Sudden deaths are very common and ordinary amongst us. How many have we heard of, that went to bed well over night for ought any man could

Messodamus.

tell,

tell, and were found dead in the morning! I will not ſay carried away out of their beds and caſt into Hell-fire; whether it be ſo or no, God knoweth. Have we not ſeen and known ſome that have been ſuddenly ſtruck, fallen ſick, and died in the ſpace of an hour? Within an hour? yea leſs than an hour, ſound and ſick, quick and dead. And yet do we (raſh and fooliſh men) procraſtinate it from day to day (that is nothing) from year to year do we deferre our Repentance, and the amendment of our lives, and death mean time unexpected ſeizeth upon us, and delivereth us up unto *Eternity*.

Auguſt. Saint *Auguſtine*, correcting in himſelf ſuch lingering and dangerous delay, ſuch lenitude and backwardneſs of mind and will to repent, ſaith thus, I felt and found how I was held, intangled, and I uttered ſuch lamentable complaints as theſe, *Quamdiu, quamdiu, Cras & Cras? quare non hæc hora finis turpitudinis meæ?* How long ſhall I deferre, and ſtill cry *To morrow, To morrow?* Why do I not now begin,

begin, even this very preſent hour? Why do I not break off my ſinful courſe, and begin to live better? thus I ſpake and fell a weeping for very contrition of heart.

Antony the Great (as Saint *Hierom* witneſſeth) when he uſed exhortations to the people to ſtir them up to godlineſs and virtue, was wont to wiſh them always to keep in mind, and often meditate upon that ſaying of the Apoſtle, *Sol non occidat ſuper iracundiam veſtram, Let not the Sun go down upon your wrath.* And this prohibition he did not reſtrain to wrath onely, but made it general; Let not the Sun go down upon your wrath, hatred, malice, envy, luſt, or any other ſin, leſt it depart from you as witneſs againſt you.

John Patriarch of *Alexandria* had a certain controverſie with one *Nicetas*, a chief man of that city. The matter was to be tried at law, *John* was for the poor, *Nicetas* for his money. But for peace ſake there was a private meeting and hearing appointed, to ſee if they could come to ſome compoſition

and

and agreement. They met, they fell to words, they were hot at it, a great deal of choler and ſtomach was ſhown on both parts, neither would yield a jot, neither would depart an inch from his right. A great conflict there was between them, many hours ſpent to little purpoſe: they were further off from Agreement at length then before; for neither would yield to Conditions propounded by either. Well, it grew late; they departed more offended and diſpleaſed one with another than before, and ſo left the ſuit pendent. *Nicetas* thought it a hard caſe to part with his money, and the *Patriarch* ſeemed to be in the right, and to ſtand out in the cauſe of God and the poor. But yet when *Nicetas* was gone, the *good Biſhop* weighed the matter better with himſelf, and condemned himſelf for his pertinacy, and though he was in a good cauſe and knew it alſo, yet ſaid, Can I think that God will be well pleaſed with this implacable wrath, and wilful ſtubbornneſs? The night draweth on: And ſhall I ſuffer

ſuffer the Sun to go down upon my wrath? That is impious, and not according to the counſel of the Apoſtle. So the good Prelate could not be at reſt till he had ſent unto *Nicetas:* For he out of hand ſent meſſengers of good eſteem, and gave them this charge, that they ſhould ſay no more to him but onely this, *Domine, Sol ad occaſum eſt,* that is, *Sir, the Sun is going down.* Upon the hearing of which meſſage there was ſuch a ſudden alteration wrought in *Nicetas*, that his high ſtomach came down preſently, he began to melt, his eyes did ſtand full ſwoln with tears, and he had much ado to keep them in. Out of doors he ran preſently after the meſſengers (for he made haſte to ſpeak with the *Patriarch*) and coming to him in humble manner, ſaluted him thus, *Holy Father, I will be ruled by you in this or in any other matter.* Whereupon the *Patriarch* made him very welcome: So they embraced each other very lovingly, and became good friends. Great ſurely was the virtue, and

ſpeedy

ſpeedy was the operation of theſe few words, *The Sunne is going down*: For preſently upon the hearing thereof a peace was concluded betwixt them, which was ſought for before with multitude of words but could not be effected. So do thou, whoſoever thou art that knoweſt thy ſelf guilty of any grievous ſinne, if not before, towards the evening at leaſt call to mind thoſe operative words, *The Sunne is going down.* For what knoweſt thou whether thou ſhalt riſe again with the Sunne or no? And if thou dieſt in the night without Repentance, it is a queſtion in which *Eternity* thou ſhalt have thy part, whether of the bleſſed, or of the curſed. Wherefore do what thou haſt to do quickly, *The Sun is going down.* But have a care it go not down upon thy luſt or luxury, envy or blaſphemy, detraction or theft, or upon any other grievous ſinne unrepented of. Good God! what a thing is this? if there be but a ſtain in a garment, a ſpot in the face, a blot in a cap, we preſently

uſe ſome means to take it out, or waſh it off. Are theſe ſuch eyeſores to us? and yet are we ſo blind within, that we cannot ſee our manifold corruptions and pollutions? or do we ſee and ſuffer them? can we ſuffer them, and not be troubled at them? are we troubled, and yet ſeek no means to expiate and purge them out? When we are polluted at any time with the ſtain of ſinne, we ſhould labour preſently to take it out: The ſooner it is done, the better and the eaſier it is. Therefore ſaith *Saint Ambroſe*, We ought to be careful to repent: but that is not all; our repentance muſt be alſo ſpeedy, for fear leſt the Heavenly husbandman in the Goſpel, that planted a fig-tree in his vineyard, come and ſeek for fruit, and finding none, ſay unto the dreſſer of his vineyard, *Cut it down.* If the ſentence be once paſt, there is no avoiding the fatal blow: Down it muſt. If therefore we find our ſelves once wounded with ſinne, let us look for help in time. The brute beaſts which have no underſtanding will *Ambroſ.*

teach

teach us so much providence. The Harts of *Candy* or *Crete*, as soon as they are struck, runne presently to their *Dittamnum* or Dittany: The Swallows, to cure the blindnes of their young ones eyes, flye to fetch their *Chelidonium* or Celandine: The Dogge, when he is sick, maketh haste to his *Gras* to give him a vomit: The Toad fighting with the Spider, as soon as she feeleth her self begin to swell, crawleth to her *Plantane*, and so is recovered. These by a natural instinct know their own proper medicines, and upon all occasions presently make recourse unto them. But we poor miserable men, more unreasonable and without understanding than the Beasts, are wounded every day, and that many times deadly, and yet notwithstanding we seek for no medicine to cure our spiritual diseases. We use the same diet, we were wont to do, we talk as freely and merrily as ever we did, we go to bed at our accustomed hour, and slee according to our old compas But *Repentance* is the Physick tha goe

goeth againſt our ſtomachs, *Contrition* cutteth us to the heart, *Confeſſion* ſeemeth bitter in our mouths: we chooſe rather to continue ſick, then to be cured. This is our miſerable condition: ſo fooliſh are we, and void of underſtanding, either not knowing, or at leaſt, not embracing that which would make for our *Eternal* good.

If we would give ear unto the counſel of the heavenly *Angels*, which ſeem in the picture according to their deſcription, to give direction unto us, and are indeed appointed by God as miniſtring ſpirits for our good; if we would, I ſay, give ear unto their counſel, then certainly we ſhould neither ſuffer our eyes to ſleep nor our eyelids to *ſlumber*, neither the temples of our heads to take any reſt, untill our peace and reconciliation were made with God. They put us ſtill in mind that our day is almoſt ſpent, that the night draws on, that our glaſs is near running out, that death is at hand, and after death cometh judgment: But we ſecurely walk on in our old

way:

way: Let the day ſpend, let the night draw on, let the glaſs run out; come death, follow judgment; we are not troubled at it, we care not, we regard not, no warning of the *Angels* will ſerve our turn.

We ſweetly ſleep, and never dream of this.

Unhappy *man* whoſoever thou art!

---*Potes hoc ſub caſu ducere ſomnos?*

And canſt thou ſleep in ſuch a caſe as this?

Canſt thou go to bed, with a Conſcience thus laden with ſin? Canſt thou take any *reſt* when thou lieſt in danger of *Eternal* death? Canſt thou lodg in the ſame bed with the brother of death, and entertain ſleep into thy boſom? I can, I tell thee, that I can, and find no harm at all by it. Be not too confident: That may happen in the ſpace of one hour, which hath not happened in a thouſand. Thou art not paſt danger: For conſider with thy ſelf how long thou haſt to live. There is no great diſtance betwixt thy ſoul and death, be-

an

and *Eternity*. It is gone in a breath. Thou mayeſt moſt truly ſay every hour, I am within one degree of death, within one foot, yea within one inch. Death need not *ſpend* all his quiver upon thee: One arrow, the head of one arrow ſhall wound thee to the heart, and make ſuch a large orifice, that blood and ſpirits and life and all ſhall ſuddenly run out together. Either thou liveſt in a malignant and corrupt air, or elſe thou art troubled with diſtillations falling down from thy head upon thy lungs, or elſe there is ſome obſtruction in the veins or in the liver, or elſe the vital ſpirits are ſuffocated, or elſe the pulſation of the Arteries is intercepted, or elſe the animal ſpirits run back to their head, and there are either frozen to death, or elſe drowned. One way or other thou poſteſt to the end of thy ſhort race; and preſently thou art but a dead man, carried away to *Eternity* in the turning of an hand, before thou couldſt imagine or think upon it. There are a thouſand wayes to bring a man to his

his end; I do not speak of lingring deaths, before which there goes some *warning*, but of sudden deaths that summon us, arrest us, and carry us away all in a moment. He dies *suddenly* that dies unpreparedly. Death is not sudden if it be foreseen and always expected That is *sudden death* which was unpremeditated; and unpremeditated death is the worst of all deaths: And from such sudden death good Lord deliver us. It is good *counsel* for every one, let him be of what age he will, for no age is priviledged more than another; death hath a general commission which extends to all places, persons, ages, there is none exempt; It is good counsel then, I say, for every one at all times, and in all places, and in all companies to expect death, and to think every day, yea every hour to be his last; Then let him die, when please God, he shall not die suddenly. How many men have we heard of, whose light hath suddenly been put out, and life taken away either by a fall, or the halter, or poyson, or sword, or fire, or water, or Lions pawes, or Boars

Boars tusks, or Horse heels, and a thousand more ways than these! As many senses as we have, (that number is nothing.) As many parts and members as we have, (and yet that is nothing) As many pores as there be in all the parts of our *body* put together, so many windows are there for death to creep in at, to steal upon us, and suddenly cut our throats. *Thou wast born* (saith Saint *Augustine*) *that is sure; for thou shalt surely die. And in this that thy death is certain, the day also of thy death is uncertain.* None of us knows how near he draws unto his end. *I know not*, saith *Job*, *how long I shall live, and how soon my maker may take me away*, or (as our translation hath it) *I know not to give flattering titles; in so doing my maker would soon take me away.* In the midst of our life we are near unto death; For we always carry it in our bosom; And who can tell whether he shall live till the evening or no? This murderer and man-stealer (for so I call Death) hath a thousand ways to hurt us, as by thunder and lightning, storms and tempest, fire and water,

August.

Job 32. 12.

water, &c. Instruments of mischief he hath of all sorts; as Guns, Bows, Arrows, Slings, Spears, Darts, Swords, and what not? We need not be beholding to former ages for examples o sudden deaths: Alack! we have too many in our own dayes. Have not we our selves known many that laying themselves down to sleep, have fallen into such a dead sleep, that they are not to be *awaked* again till they shall hear the sound of the trumpet at the last day? Death doth not always send his *Heralds* and *Summoners* before to tell us of his coming, but often steals upon us unexpected, and as he finds us so he takes us, whether prepared or unprepared. *Watch therefore: For ye know neither the day nor the hour.* There is a kind of Repentance indeed in Hell; but neither is it true, neither will it *profit* any thing at all: For it is joyned with everlasting and tormenting horrour and despair. *Now, now* is the acceptable time of Repentance, now *whilest it is called to day. Bring forth therefore fruits meet for Repentance. The Night cometh when*

Matth. 25. 13. *Heb.* 3. 13. *Matth.* 3. 8. *John* 9. 4r

no

no man can work. Work therefore while it is day. The Day, saith *Origen*, is the time of this life; which may seem long unto us, but indeed is very short if it be compared with *Eternity*. And after this short day of this present life there follows the day of *Eternity*, which is infinite long, and hath no night to come after it. O man, whosoever thou art, think upon these things; but thou especially whosoever findest thy self guilty of any grievous sin. Repent and amend, remember *Eternity*, and think upon the day of Death. It is uncertain in what place death will expect thee; Do thou therefore expect Death in every place. As the Lord shall find thee when he calls for thee, so shall he also pass sentence upon thee. *Origen.*

whatso ever thou takest in hand remember the end and thou shalt never do amisse Ecclus: 7. 36.

To think upon ETERNITIE, & not to amend ons manners, is to bid heaven farewell, & to ioyn hands wth hell.

THE EIGHTH CONSIDERATION Upon ETERNITY.

How Christians ought not only to look upon the Emblems *and Pictures of* Eternity, *but come home and look within themselves, and seriously meditate upon the thing it self.*

ORder requires now, that leaving the *Psalmist* and the rest, who have described unto us *Eternity*, we should descend into our selves, keep at home, and stay within. He is a great way from *home*, from himself and from his own salvation, whosoever hath an eye to that only which is *Transitory*, and forgetteth that which is *Eternal*.

The Lawyers know well enough

whatso ever thou takest in hand remember the end and thou shalt never do amisse Eccius: 7 .36.

To think upon ETERNITIE, er not to amend ons manners, is to bid heav: enfarewell er to ioyn hands wth hell.

THE EIGHTH CONSIDERATION Upon ETERNITY.

How Christians ought not only to look upon the Emblems *and Pictures of* Eternity, *but come home and look within themselves, and seriously meditate upon the thing it self.*

ORder requires now, that leaving the *Psalmist* and the rest, who have described unto us *Eternity*, we should descend into our selves, keep at home, and stay within. He is a great way from *home*, from himself and from his own salvation, whosoever hath an eye to that only which is *Transitory*, and forgetteth that which is *Eternal*.

The Lawyers know well enough

that a man will not *let go* his right and title, though it be but in a matter of three half pence, if it be a perpetuity, and to be yearly paid for ever. Yea it is thought a great rent if a man be bound to pay though but three farthings yearly to his Land-lord, as long as the world endures. In such esteem are perpetuities, though in things little worth, though but three Pepper-corns. If thou art so solicitous and eager in pursuing thy right of three *half-pence*, how *comes* it to pass, O man, that thou art so negligent and careless in seeking after the inheritance of an *Eternal* kingdom, which may be had at a few years purchase? Thou fallest out with thy brother for three half pence, thou goest to law with him, thou makest it a long suit: In the mean time thou sufferest others to carry away the inheritance of the kingdom of heaven. What is the reason? Is it so little worth? is it not worth looking after? It seems, thou thinkest so; or else thou wouldst labour for it more than thou dost. Thou art much cumbred about other

things,

things, thou thinkeſt all pains little enough; thou art never weary of ſeeking after them; But as for *Eternity*, that thou thinkeſt to be a great way off, & therefore thou art ſcarce ever at *leiſure* ſo much as once to think upon it; or, if thou art any time at leiſure, then thou haſt no mind to it Oh! it is a grievous *thing*, and very wearisome to be alwayes looking after that which *yet* is not *here ever* throughly to be lookt into. Who would trouble his head, and weary his mind about it? We are all for the preſent: Give us *preſent* poſſeſſion; that is the thing we deſire, that is the thing we delight in; there is ſome content in that.

See our folly and want of diſcretion? What blindneſs is this, or rather is it not madneſs, to look for certainty where none is, and where it is never to look for it? In a buſineſs concerning our temporal and uncertain riches we love to be certain, we will have good ſecurity, which yet at the beſt is very uncertain: But concerning *Eternal* and certain riches, we make our ſelves ſo certain, that

we look for no aſſurance; we are ſo ſecure, that we look for no ſecurity, which yet if we would we might have as good as could be deſired. Does any man lend money without a bill or a bond, or a pledg? Every man hath this preſently in his mouth, I love to be certain; I deſire good ſecurity; I will go ſafely to work; I will not put the matter to hazard. Things preſent and certain, when we hold the balance, always weigh down things future and uncertain. *Better*, ſay we (as the proverb goes) *is one bird in the hand than two in the buſh.* And, *I had rather ſee a Wren in a cage, than an Eagle in the Clouds.* We are of *Plautus* his mind, we carry our eyes in our hands, and believe no more than we ſee. What fond and fooliſh men are we, that ſeek for certainty of ſuch things as are moſt uncertain; which deceive us moſt when we make our ſelves moſt ſure of them, which make themſelves wings and flie away, whilſt we think we have them faſt enough in our hands! But, be it known unto all Chriſtian people, what

what assurance and security Christ the King of Heaven will give; what assurance, I say, of *Eternal* life Christ will give unto all those that will enter bond for performance of Covenants: *If thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments. Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata.* The condition of this obligation is such, that if thou keepest the Commandments, thou shalt enter into life, life *Eternal*: But if thou breakest the Commandments, in as much as thou breakest them, then this obligation shall be void and of none effect For whosoever breaketh one of these Commandments, and deferreth his repentance, and doth not the same hour wherein he hath sinned, seek reconciliation & peace with God, whom he hath offended, he is in danger to lose himself and all that he hath, and manifestly hazardeth the *Eternal* salvation both of soul and body. There is but three fingers breadth, or rather but an inch between him and death. For he hath within himself the matter of a thousand diseases and *Matth.* 19. 17.

cauſes of death: And yet raſh and fooliſh man he perſiſteth and continueth ſtill without fear or wit in the ſtate of damnation; in which ſtate if it ſhould pleaſe God to take him away ſuddenly, he is in danger to periſh everlaſtingly. Is it not a bold and fooliſh part for a man to adventure all that he hath at a caſt, and hazard the loſs of *Eternal* riches, when he may eaſily keep them?

If a man ſhould ſuffer in Hell but ſo many torments as he hath lived hours, or but ſo many torments as he hath committed ſinnes all his life, this might ſeem ſomewhat the more tolerable. If it were ſo, that in hell there were any end of torments after the expiration of any certain number of years, men would make no end of ſinning all the days of their life: The enemies of *God* would encreaſe every day more and more. For albeit they know that the torments in Hell are ſo many in number, that they cannot be numbered; ſo long for contiuuance, that they cannot be meaſured; ſo grievous for quality,

lity, that they cannot be endured but with ſuch infinite pain, that every minute of an hour ſhall ſeem a whole year; Notwithſtanding all this men are nothing deterr'd from ſin, but walk on *boldly*, or rather run headlong to their own deſtruction.

If all the torments that can be inflicted or imagined, ſhould be heaped together upon the head of a man for an hundred years together they would not come near the puniſhments of Hell for one year, no not for a day, nor yet an hour. All the puniſhments that Thieves, Robbers, Murderers, and ſuch Malefactors ſuffer, though grievous for the time, yet they are quickly ended; in three or four days they are over, or in the compaſs of a week at moſt; But the torments of the damned are not for a year, or an age, but for ever. God ſhall ever puniſh them, becauſe he can never puniſh them enough, though he puniſh them to all *Eternity*.

CHAP. I.

Eternity *doth not only cut off all comfort and eaſe, but even all hope alſo.*

IN this life we have *Hope* for our comforter in all calamities and

distresses, which hath a soveraign virtue to mitigate and assuage all pains and sorrows. And God of his great mercy for the most part in all adversities still leaveth a man some *Hope* of help and succour. The *sick man* as long as he lives, he still lives in *Hope*: as long as there is life there is *Hope*. But after this life ended there remaineth to the damned no more any *Hope* of comfort. *Hope*, the last comforter of all, taketh her flight, and *Eternal* desperation seizeth upon them. The Prophet *Daniel* speaketh of an Angel coming down from Heaven, and saying,

Dan. 4. 23. *Hew the tree down and destroy it*, cut off her boughs, shake off her leaves, and scatter her fruit abroad, *yet leave the stump of the roots thereof in the earth.* Upon which words saith Saint *Ambrose*, The leaves and the fruit are shaken off, but the root is preserved; that is, Delights here are taken from us, and punishments are inflicted upon us, but yet *Hope* is not taken away from us. Behold! The root is preserved, *Hope* is left behind. In Hell it hath no rooting. *Behold the day cometh*, cryeth

(cryeth the Prophet *Malachy*) *that* *Mal.*
ſhall burn them up, ſaith the Lord of 4. 1.
Hoſts, that it ſhall leave them neither
root nor branch. And *Job* lamenting, *Job*
cryeth out, *I am gone, and my Hope* 19. 10.
hath he removed like a tree. The Hope, *Prov.*
or, *The expectation of the wicked ſhall* 10. 28.
periſh: So ſaith *Solomon.* Therefore
whilſt there is time and place for
Hope let us have *Hope;* but let us
Hope for ſuch things as we ought.
All human things are vain and uncertain: The Heathen Poet tells us ſo much in theſe Verſes,

(filo,
Omnia ſunt hominum tenui pendentia
Et ſubito caſu quæ valuere ruunt.

All humane things hang by a ſlender thred,
What ſtands moſt ſtrong is quickly ruined.

We muſt not therefore place our *Hope*, truſt, and confidence in ſuch things. St. *Bernard* ſheweth us a *Bernard.*
better way in theſe words, *Faith* ſaith, God hath prepared for the faithful, great and unconceivable good things: And *Hope* ſaith, He hath reſerved them, and laid them up for thee: And *Charity* ſaith in the

the third place, I make haſte, and think it long till I come to them.

Gregory True *Hope*, as St. *Gregory* affirmeth, raiſeth up the mind to the thought of *Eternity*, and taketh away the *ſenſe* of all outward croſſes & troubles. True *Hope* makes us to underſtand that all worldly things are vain, but a *Modicum*, but for a *moment*: But oh that moment on which all *Eternity* doth depend! The day of death, and the hour of the extream and laſt agony is properly that moment, and that precious jewel, for buying whereof the wiſe *merchant* ſelleth all that he hath. But few know the worth of this jewel. About *Eternal* ſalvation, ſaith

Hierome St. *Hierome*, every man is negligent. But what is the reaſon that men are ſo negligent in a thing of ſuch great moment? Poor men! we are troubled with weak and ill eyes. We ſee well enough near at hand, but we can ſcarce perceive any thing afar off. I do not ſpeak of ſuch as are come to mans eſtate, or ſuch as are grown old. Boyes and Girles when they are new taken from their cradle, before they have all their

their teeth come forth, learn the first elements of vices, they smutch their *fingers* presently with the soil of covetousness; and after a while they have an unsatiable desire after getting riches; they learn to make good *markets* for themselves; if they meet with a good peniworth, they presently lay hold upon it, their hand is presently in the purse, either laying out for gain, or receiving in gain; they know how to make the best use and advantage of their money; they get an insight into the mysteries of divers trades, they will be talking of merchandise, they will learn good judgment of Wines, they will tell you what fashion and Cut is in use beyond sea: : *Juvenal* the Poet in his Satyrs gave these a lash long ago.

This old wives teach boyes in their infancy,
And girls do learn before their A B C.
Hence is rice,
Of every vice.

Hence cometh our gross ignorance, and forgetfulness of things *Eternal.* Young and old, all do overvalue their money: but as for

Heaven

Heaven and *Eternity*, they know not, neither will they underſtand the true worth of them. But let us proceed.

CHAP. II.

Eternity *is a Sea, and a three-headed Hydra: but it is alſo a Fountain of all joy.*

I Would fain ask thee, O Chriſtian man, whoſoever thou art that heareſt Sermons often, but ſeldom, it may be, with attention and devotion; thee eſpecially fain would I ask one queſtion. Suppoſe thou ſhouldſt take in hand to lade out all the water in the ſea into a ſmall river near adjoining, which runneth back again into the ſea continually as faſt as it is caſt out. Suppoſe thou ſhouldſt uſe no other ladle but a very ſmall *ſpoon* to caſt it out withall. Now tell me, How long doeſt thou think thou ſhouldſt be in draining of the ſea. Or again, ſuppoſe thou ſhouldſt draw it out with a bucket as big as an hogſhead, and as faſt as thou draweſt, pour it out into

into another channel: Anſwer me, In how many years doſt thou think thou ſhouldeſt be able to draw the ſea dry? To ſit ſcorching & frying in the flames of Hell-fire ſo many years, I know thou wilt ſay, were a grievous & wretched torment: And yet the damned would think it well with them if it were ſo: they would like the condition well, and not think the time long, ſo that they had any aſſurance, that at length their torments ſhould have an end, & not extend to all *Eternity*.

We read in Heatheniſh Authors of old time, a thing more ſtrange than true, of a certain *Hydra*, or *Snake*, which (as they feigned) had three heads, and as ſoon as one was cut off, had two ſhoot up in the place thereof. But if this *Hydra* be any where to be found, it is in hell; where there is a threefold *Eternity*, which like the *Hydra* ſtretcheth out her long neck with three heads, that is, *The pain of loſs*, *the pain of ſenſe*, and *the worm of conſcience* that never dyeth. What miſerable and improvident men are we, that having but a

ſhort

ſhort journey to *go*, but full of dangers all the way, go on notwithſtanding ſo merrily and ſportingly, as if we were walking all the while through *Paradiſe* or a moſt pleaſant *garden*, free from all fear of enemies, and in the end of our walk preſently to be received and admitted as Citizens into our Heavenly Country, a place of all ſecurity! For can we be ignorant? if we be, it is our own fault. But we cannot be ignorant that at length we ſhall come to the two gates of *Eternity*, the one of the bleſſed, the other of the damned: And enter we muſt at one of them; that is certain: at which God knows; it is according as we ſhall behave and carry our ſelves by the way.

Laur. Juſtin. *Laurentius Juſtinianus*, wondring at the merry madneſs of ſuch travellers, breaks forth into this exclamation, Oh the lamentable condition of mortal men, which go on exulting all the way, whilſt they are but exiles, or baniſhed men from their own countrey! Let us not ſettle our minds upon any vain joys, and fond toys by

by the way, whilſt we are travelling towards our Country; but let us ſo run our race, that at the end thereof we may obtain admittance in at the gate which is the entrance to *Eternal* bleſſedneſs. God hath indeed created us rather unto joys and pleaſures than unto labours and ſorrows, but we are much miſtaken both of the time and place: It is not here, it ſhall be hereafter. Joys are prepared in Heaven; but none but the good and faithful ſervants ſhall enter into them. And by what means may a man obtain entrance? Knoweſt thou not what Chriſt ſaid? *The Kingdom of Heaven ſuffereth violence; and the violent take it by force.* Think now thus with thy ſelf, Am I this violent man? Is this the violence here ſpoken of, To eat, to drink, to riſe up to play, to lie down, to take my eaſe? It is not certainly. Fight we muſt, but it muſt be the good fight, like Chriſtian champions; Run we muſt, but ſo that we may obtain; Strive we muſt, but to enter in at the ſtrait gate: Labour we muſt, and offer violence to the king-

Matth. 11. 12.

kingdom of heaven; but it must be in due time and place: Now whilest we have time; here, whilest we are on the way, whilest we have life and strength, that when we come to the point of death, and so pass the *Horizon* of this world, and depart into another never to return back again; when we shall be translated from time to *Eternity*; then at the last we may have joy for our life past, and hope for that which is to come. Let us labour therefore, let us labour, I say, and offer violence to our selves, fighting against our own froward wills and affections: so shall we obtain by the mercy of God everlasting rest for short labour, and *Eternal* glory for a few days travel.

True and solid joy is not here to be found in vain delights and pleasures, but in heaven, where there is joy and pleasure for evermore. *Jonah* 4.6. *God prepared a gourd, and made it come over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief. So Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd.* And what is all the pleasure, or rather vanity of

of this present world? Is it not like *Jonahs gourd* flourishing for a time, and yielding a comfortable shadow? Rich men have their *gourd* also, that is, their riches, under the shadow whereof they rejoice with exceeding great joy. Drunkards and gluttons have their *gourds* also, that is, great tables and delicious fare, under the shadow whereof they are merry and joyful. Voluptuous men also have their *gourds* too, that is, their unlawful pleasures, under the shadow whereof they lie down and sport themselves. But (alas!) sorrow follows after such joy, and suddenly overtakes it. Their mirth is soon turned into mourning; and their delights and pleasures end in gall & bitterness. For what became of *Jonahs gourd*? *God prepared a worm when the morning rose the next day, & it smote the gourd that it withered.* Now tel me, *Jonah*, where is thy *gourd*? what is become of it? Where is now thy exceeding great joy? They are both gone together: Thy *gourd* is withered, and thy joy is ended. Such are our vain delights and pleasures,

such

such is our joy, rather shadows of things than any thing indeed, they pass away suddenly, and become like *Jonahs gourd* that soon withered. The joy of this world is but for a moment, but the joy of the life to come is for all *Eternity*.

CHAP. III.

Here is declared by a most memorable example, How sweet and precious the taste of Eternity *is.*

THis knew *Theodorus* very well, one born of Christian Parents; and as it seems he learned it betimes, when for years he was but a youth, but an old man for judgment and discretion. For on a great Festival day kept throughout all *Egypt*, there being a great feast at his fathers house, and many invited thereunto, when some were eating and drinking, others laughing and playing, and others sporting and dancing, he amidst all these jollities retired himself to his inward closet, finding himself wounded to the heart, but with a chaste arrow. For thus he began to ex-

expostulate with himself. Unhappy *Theodore*! What would it profit thee, if thou shouldst gain the whole world? Many things thou hast indeed; but canst thou tell how long thou shalt enjoy them? Thou liv'st in abundance now; thou maist feast it and make merry, thou maist laugh and be fat, thou maist rejoice and skip for joy. But art thou sure how long this shall last? I should like it well if it would last always. But what shall I do? Shall I for the enjoying of these short and transitory pleasures and delights deprive my self of those joys which are *Eternal*? Tell me, *Theodore*, is this according to Christian Religion, to frame unto our selves an heaven here on earth, and think to pass from delights to delights, from *Temporal* to *Eternal*; Either I am much deceived, or else Christ shewed unto us another way unto the Kingdom of Heaven, and that is through many tribulations. Therefore have no more to do with worldly vanities, but preferre *Eternal* joyes before *Temporal*. Thus he said, and fell

ſell a weeping. So then he retired himſelf into a withdrawing-room, and there proſtrating himſelf upon the earth, he pray'd after this manner: Eternal God, my heart is naked and open before thee, I ſend up my ſighs as humble *Orators* and *Petitioners* unto thee; I know not what to ask, nor how. Only this one thing I beg at thy hands, that thou wilt not ſuffer me to die an *Eternal* death. Lord, thou knoweſt that I love thee, and that I deſire to be with thee, that I may ſing *Eternal* praiſes unto thee. Lord, have mercy upon me. Whileſt he was thus praying, in comes his Mother on a ſudden, and preſently perceiveth by the redneſs and moiſtneſs of his eyes that he had been a weeping, and thereupon ſhe ſaith, My Son, what is the matter with thee? Why weepeſt thou? Why mourneſt thou? Why keepeſt thou out of ſight to day? Why doſt thou not come to the table? The reſt are all there: Thy company is deſired: Come away. But *Theodore* anſwered, and ſaid, I pray you good Mother, have me excuſed:

sed: I find my self somewhat ill at stomach, I pray you do not urge me to eat or to drink against my stomach. So with a fair and colourable pretence he sent away his Mother. Then being alone he conferred with God and himself about *Eternity*, and strictly examined all the course of his life, saying unto himself, What am I? or, What have I been? How hath it been with me heretofore? or, How shall it be with me hereafter, if I lose my part and fellowship in the kingdom of heaven and blessed *Eternity*? There are divers wayes to heaven; Some go one way, some another; It is no matter which way we go, so we come thither. But because all ways are not alike, neither are all natures alike, every man ought to choose that way which is most convenient. There is a short way, and a long; a safe way, and a dangerous: If then I be afraid to go a long and dangerous way, there is a shorter and a safer, which if I shall choose, without all doubt I shall have the Angels for my companions and comforters, and they will

will also rejoyce. Well, *Theodore*, defer a while, but not too long, and do not yield too much. I hope I shal one day grow a strong man, and then I shall be better able to deal with mine enemies, for I shall find those that are strong: But what if they be easie, flattering, fawning, and such as will even weep for me? The truth is, I am most afraid of such. But pluck up a good heart man, and though by nature thou art flexible and easily moved, yet pray unto Christ, and he will make thee strong and immovable. But what if thy mother falls a weeping, beseecheth thee with her tears trickling down her cheeks? What if she hangs about thy neck, and desires thee to spare thy self? What if she shews thee her breasts which gave thee suck? Will not all these move thee? Here remember what
Hierome Saint *Hierome* saith, Notwithstanding all these importunities, run with speed unto the Standard of Christs Cross. It is a virtue and praise-worthy to be cruel in such a case as this. It is the portion and inheritance of thy mother the Church

Church to ſtand under the Croſs of Chriſt: So did *Mary* the mother of Chriſt; & ſo muſt thou, if thou wilt have God thy Father in heaven, & the Church thy mother on earth: And ſo thou wilt do, if thou beeſt a true Son and no baſtard. But muſt I do it now in my youth, in the very flower of mine age? that's hard. So it is indeed to fleſh and blood. But experience teacheth it, that God is not well pleaſed with late ſervice: for late ſervices are ſeldom good. Therefore they do well that begin to ſerve *God* betimes, that ſeek him early, and that remember him in the days of their youth, & learn to ſubmit their tender necks unto the yoke of Chriſt. But I have been brought up tenderly, I have been fed with dainties: & ſhall I now enter upon a ſtrict and rigid courſe of life, and bid adieu to all my pleaſures? Shall I be able to endure it? I hope I ſhall. But, how long? For a year or two? That's not enough: I muſt go further, & continue to the end, even as long as I live. Therefore weigh & conſider the matter well with thy ſelf, before thou reſolveſt;

ſolveſt; and either never begin, or elſe continue to the end. I will by Gods aſſiſtance; for I hope he will not leave me alone to ſtrive with theſe difficulties, which of my ſelf I ſhall not be able to overcome. But it is a hard matter to ſtrive againſt cuſtom. I have hitherto lived like a Noble-man, and a Free man; and ſhall I now live like a poor-man, and a ſlave? or, if I do, how long ſhall I live ſo? If I put on the poor mans perſon, and act in the *Theatre* of this world, when ſhall I put it off? At the end of the laſt Act. And how far is it thither? As long as it is to thy laſt breath. Thy part is not ended till thou art to depart out of this life. If thou once comeſt forth in the poor mans dreſs, there is no putting it off again: Thou muſt not once think of thy ſilks, ſattens, and Velvets, Purple and fine linen thou muſt not wear, untill thou beeſt clothed with the robe of immortality and glory. *Theodore*, what thinkeſt thou? ſhalt thou be able to hold out to the laſt Act? I will ſtrive what I can, and comfort my ſelf by the example of

other

other good *Actors* that have gone before me. And whom ſhould I chooſe rather to follow and imitate than Chriſt the Son of God, who voluntarily became poor, and made himſelf of no reputation, humbling himſelf above meaſure, to do and ſuffer like a ſervant, being Lord of all? And ſhall not I do and ſuffer any thing after his example? Shall not I take up the Croſs and follow him? Am I better than he? Why ſhould I be afraid to follow, when I have ſuch a Leader? For who is it? who bids me follow him? It is the voice of man that I hear; but it is the will of God, whom I ought to obey, becauſe he commands. But this is too high a point of Philoſophy, for a man to forſake his riches, and to embrace poverty. And what wilt thou do, *Theodore*? Reſolve with thy ſelf what to do.

Why do I thus long doubt and diſpute within my ſelf? Why do I waver thus between hope and fear? Have I not the example of my Lord before mine eyes? Did not he ſuffer many things not to be

uttered? Was not he nailed to the Cross, and despitefully used? He forsook his heavenly treasures, and came poor into this world. His *birth life*, and *death* shew it. At his *birth* he wanted a cradle: in his *life* he had not where to hide his head: and at his *death* he had not wherewithal to cover his body. Naked came he into this world, & naked he went out. How was it with him in his *life*? He was fain to flee from one place to another. He was often wearied with travel, scorched with heat, and dry for thirst. He was as indefatigable in doing, as he was patient in suffering, and both in an high degree. Was ever any one so well bent to poverty, so patient in labours, and so gentle and mild when he was reproached? And should I be ashamed of such a Leader? Should I blush to be called one of his followers? Shall not I be content to be such as my Lord and Saviour will have me to be? I am ready for love of him to suffer hunger, thirst, cold, nakedness, poverty, and such like. I am willing for his sake to be bound, burnt, and cut in pieces. These sufferings

are

are but ſhort, they cannot continue long. But the joys or torments of *Eternity* are long indeed: for they ſhall never have end. Therefore farewell all the world, and the things that are in it, I care not for you, I regard you not; Farewell, I ſay. But welcome, *Eternity*, whenſoever thou comeſt: Thou art the onely thing that I ſeek after; my ſoul longeth after thee; there is nothing that I deſire in compariſon of thee.

With the heat of ſuch cogitations his ſoul was ſo ſet on fire, that it was inflamed with the love of *Eternity*, which the bleſſed ſhall enjoy in Heaven. Therefore he reſolved to take leave of his Parents, to forſake his riches, and bid adieu to his delights for ever. He did not reſolve haſtily, but continued in his reſolution conſtantly. He was not ſoon hot, and ſoon cold: He was not altered all on the ſudden: He did not paſs from one extream to another: He did not ſtrive for the higheſt pitch at the firſt, but roſe up by degrees, and became one of *Pachonius* his

Scholars. You have heard the *Prologue*; But there follows no *Tragedy* after it: For, contrary to the law of a *Tragedy*, we have a sorrowful beginning, but a joyful ending. He came forth with a *Lacrymæ*, but went off with a *Plaudite*: At his *Intrat*, there was weeping for grief; but at his *Exit*, there was clapping of hands for joy. Thus have ye heard the life and death of *Theodorus*, whose soul fed as it were upon thoughts of *Eternity*, and was delighted therewith as with marrow and fatness. He was not of the worlds mind, which counteth *Eternity* but a fable; but refused not himself to become a fable and a by-word in the world, being perswaded fully of a blessed *Eternity*, and earnestly desiring and thirsting to have a part in it.

Christian brethren, shall I speak a free word, but a true? or, not I but *Theodorus*; Most men live so, as if there were no such thing as *Eternity*, as if it were but a meer fable and feigned thing. But what do I tell you of *Theodorus*? Will you hear what St. *Peter* saith? *The day*

day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the Earth also and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of men ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness? But where are those men now a-days by whose holy conversation and godliness a man may judg that they belive St. *Peter* that the day of the Lord is coming, and that *Eternity* shall follow after? But if you will not believe Saint *Peter*, hear what Truth it self saith, *Wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.* Certainly men would not go in at the broad gate of destruction, if they did think they should come out no more, if they did once dream of *Eternity*. But, as I said before, most men make *Eternity* but a feigned thing, a witty invention to keep men in awe, and a good honest fable. And yet how many are apt to say, We

2 Pet. 3. 10.

Matth. 7. 13.

believe that there is a bleſſed *Eternity* after this life, we hope to have part in it, we have a deſire and longing after it! But (alas!) how little is their faith! how vain is their hope! how cold is their deſire! Preſent pleaſures, money in the hand, the allurements of the fleſh ſteal away the hearts of many, and by little and litle make the deſire and love of *Eternity* grow quite cold in them, as if they had drowned and buried it in the grave of oblivion. We hear it often read and preached, *Thus ſaith the Lord, This is the commandment of the Lord:* And as often as we hear it, we ſtill neglect it. Say the Lord what he will, command what he will, our old way pleaſeth us beſt, *We will walk after our own devices, and we will every one do the imagination of his evil heart. Therefore thus ſaith the Lord, Ask ye now amongſt the heathen, who hath heard ſuch horrible things?* Had the people which knew no God but known theſe ſecrets of *Eternity*, certainly they never would have contemned and neglected them. *Go to now, O*

Jer. 18. 12, 13.

yee

yee ſons of men, becauſe I have called, and ye refuſed, I have ſtretched out my hands, and no man regarded; I will alſo laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh; when yomr fear cometh as deſolation, and your deſtruction cometh as a whirlwind, when diſtreſs and anguiſh cometh upon you, when Eternity ſhall ſuddenly overtake you. If Death ſeize upon you in this miſerable ſtate and condition, there is then no hope of mercy. The gate is preſently ſhut, there is no opening of it: The ſentence of condemnation is paſt, there is no repealing of it, *Depart ye curſed into everlaſting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels.*

Prov. 1. 24. 26, 27. Matth. 25. 41.

Watch therefore, good Chriſtians, watch, I ſay: The Judg ſtands at the gate. That may happen in a minute that you may be ſorry for for all *Eternity*. *Anthony* the Great, in a certain Sermon which he made to the people, ſpake thus unto them. Dearly beloved brethren, in matters of this life we have a care to make good bargains, we will be ſure to have a peniworth for a peny. I lay

out, for instance, so much money and I have the worth of it in wares; I give so many crowns, and I have so many bushels of wheat; so many pounds, and I have so many quarters of Malt. But we are not so wise in heavenly matters; we will not give things *Temporal* in exchange, for things *Eternal*. *Eternal* life is a thing not worth looking after, we much undervalue it, we will scarce give any thing for it, we will not take any pains or labour to obtain it. And yet what is our labour, suppose the greatest we can undergo? If it be compared unto life *Eternal* the reward of it, it will not amount to so much as one halfpeny in respect and reference to a *Million* of Gold. For what saith the *Psalmist*? *The days of our life are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow.* But suppose a man should live an hundred years, to speak with the most, and all that while serve God zealously and faithfully, were it not time well spent to gain *Eternity*? were not the labour well bestowed

Psal. 90. 10.

beſtowed to purchaſe a Kingdom? I do not mean a Kingdom to continue for an hundred years only, but throughout all ages; not an earthly Kingdom, but the Kingdom of Heaven. Therefore, Chriſtian brethren, be not puffed up with vain-glory, be not ambitious after worldly honour, be not wearied out with well-doing, be not caſt down with afflictions, do not ſink under the burden of the Croſs, but bear it patiently and cheerfully, *rejoycing* with the Apoſtles, *that ye are counted worthy to ſuffer: For I reckon,* ſaith Saint *Paul, that the ſufferings of this preſent time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which ſhall be revealed in us.* Rom. 5. 3. Rom. 8. 18. Let no man when he hath forſaken the world, think that he hath forſaken any great matter. For what is earth in compariſon of heaven? It is but a *Centre* to the *Circle*, a *Minute* to *Eternity*, a *Drop* to the *Sea*, and a *Grain* of duſt to the *Dry land*. What are our riches? Fading and uncertain moveables. We are ſoon taken from them, or they from us. Though with much ado we keep them

them as long as we live, yet whether we will or no, we must part with them when we die: we cannot carry them to our graves. Why do we not then make a vertue of necessity? why do we not willingly part with them whilest they are ours, seeing that shortly we must part with them, whether we will or not, when death attacheth us for a debt due to nature, and then they can be no longer ours? Why do we not lay them out like good Merchants for the *Margarite* or precious pearl of *Eternal* life? Thus sweetly goes on *Athanasius*: But I must leave him, and draw to a conclusion.

Pachonius was wont, whensoever he felt any unlawful thoughts or desires arise in his mind, to drive them away with the remembrance of *Eternity*: and if at any time he perceived them to rebell again, he still repelled them by meditating seriously upon *Eternity*, the *Eternal* punishments of the damned, the torments without end, the fire that never goes out, and the worm that never dieth. And here I will conclude

clude this consideration with the exhortation of the same *Pachomius*; Before all things, saith he, let us every day think upon the last day; Let us in time remember *Eternity*; Let us every minute we have to live, so live, as if we lived in fear of everlasting torments; that so by the mercy God in Jesus Christ we may for ever escape them.

THE

To him be glory both now and for ever Amen 2. Pet 3. 18

Because man shall go to his ETERNALL habitation Eccles Alas how vnlike are the houses of ETERNITIE One of them we must inhabit we must either for ever reioyce in heaven or for ever burne in hell

THE NINTH CONSIDERATION Upon *ETERNITY*.

The first Concluſion.

NO man living is able in word to expreſs, or in thought to conceive the infinite ſpace of *Eternity*. Between a true man and a painted man, true fire and painted fire, there is a great deal of difference; and yet theſe are in ſome kind one like unto another. But between our common fire and the fire of Hell, between the ſorrows of this life and the pains of Hell, there is no compariſon, no proportion at all. For this life, and the ſorrows of this life are meaſured by ſpace of *time*; but the life to come, and the ſorrows thereof cannot be meaſured

sured by any thing but only *Eternity*, which also is without measure. This doth our Saviour most elegantly express in the Gospel of St. *John*, by the parable of the Vine-branch, *If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered, and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.* In these words is *Eternity* briefly and plainly described: for mark the words well; they run not in the *future*, *He shall be cast forth, and shall wither, and men shall gather them, and shall cast them into the fire, and they shall be burned*; I say they run not in the *future*, but all in the *present* tense, *He is cast forth and withered, and men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. They are burned.* This is the state and condition of the damned, *They are burned*, that is, *always burning.* When a thousand years are past and gone, as it was in the beginning, so it is still, *They are burned*: And when a thousand and a thousand more yet are gone, As it was, so it is, *They are burned.* And if after certain millions of years the question be asked,

John 15. 6.

asked, What is now the ſtate and condition of the damned? What do they? What ſuffer they? How fares it with them? There can be no other anſwer made but this, *They are burned,* ſtill burning, *continually, inutterably, Eternally,* from one age to another, even for ever and ever. Upon this place excellently ſaith Saint *Auguſtine,* One of theſe two muſt needs be the condition of the Vine-branch, either it muſt abide in the Vine, or elſe be caſt into the fire; if not in the Vine, then certainly in the fire. But that it may not be caſt into the fire, let it ſtill abide in the Vine. *Auguſt.*

The ſecond Concluſion.

IF thoſe men which do ſtill continue in their ſins, did but know how near they are unto *Eternity,* & everlaſting torments; if they did conſider well with themſelves, how that *God* in a moment, in a breath, in the *twinkling* of an eye (as we ſpeak) may ſuddenly take them away in their ſins, and deliver them up unto death; then ſurely, if they had it, they

they would give all *Spain*, all the treaſures of *Aſia*, all the gold of *India*, yea all the world to obtain but one hour to confeſs their ſins, to repent them of the ſame, and to aſk God pardon and forgiveneſs: They would not, certainly they would not, ſtill hug and embrace their ſins, they would not every day multiply them as they do, they would not lodg them every night in their boſom, and lie ſnorting in them. *For what is a man profited, if he ſhall gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul?* Though thou loſeſt every thing elſe in the world, yet, O man, have a care to keep thy ſoul. It were needleſs here to reckon up a *Catalogue* of the Martyrs of Chriſt in all ages There are whole books of them in great volumes: they are recorded to all poſterity, and their names ſhall be had in everlaſting remembrance. But the greateſt honour that we can do them is to follow their good example, to learn of them Chriſtian ſortitude and magnanimity, to fear God more than man, *God which is able to deſtroy both body and*

Matth. 16. 27.

Matth. 10. 28.

and ſoul in Hell, rather than man which can only kill the body, but is not able to kill the ſoul; to love God more than all the world; to be willing to part with all for Chriſt, to lay down our lives for Chriſt, to loſe all to ſave our ſouls, and gain *Eternity.* I will conclude here with that excellent exhortation of Saint *Auguſtine*; What then ſhall we do, brethren? What? What elſe but whileſt we have time amend our lives, where we have done amiſs do ſo no more; become new men: That what is threatned and ſhall certainly come upon wicked and ungodly men, may not fall upon us; not becauſe we ſhall not be, but becauſe we ſhall not be like unto them. Whatſoever is written in the Scripture, is written for our learning, it is the voice of God. Obſerve and make good uſe of what you read: Whatſoever we ſuffer in this life is but the gentle rod of our moſt merciful Father, who correcteth us here, as his dear children, that we be not tormented with the damned hereafter. Why then do the light afflictions *Auguſt.*

ctions

of this life seem so grievous unto us? Why do we even tremble, and quake for fear, when we do but hear of them? The most grievous sufferings of this life, if we judg aright of them, in comparison of everlasting fire, are very small, yea indeed none at all.

The third Conclusion.

AMongst Christians, God knoweth, there are a great many, that either believe there is neither Heaven nor Hell, or else if they did truly believe it, they would certainly live otherwise than they do. As concerning such men, the question may be very fitly asked, *When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith upon the earth?* Some there are that would fain be thought to be true Believers; They confess it indeed with their mouths, but dissemble with their double hearts; If their words may be believed, they may go for true Believers; but if their lives be examined, they may be thought to be no better than Infidels. They never think upon *Eternity*,

Luke 18. 8.

ternity, or very ſeldom; and when they do, they do but think upon it & there is all; it is gone in a thought they never weigh well with themſelves what it is, they never ſeriouſly meditate upon it, they never rouſe their underſtanding to be intent upon it, they never bend their wills and affections to ſeek after it, they never imprint it in their deep cogitations that ſo they may remember it. They ſcarce begin to think upon it, but their minds are preſently ſome-where elſe, their thoughts go a wandering, their imagination is working upon ſomewhat elſe. And if at any time ſome ſparks of devotion & godly deſires ariſe in their hearts, they are preſently quenched and choaked with cares of this world, with multitude of buſineſs, with *profits* or *pleaſures*, and ſuch like. And thus miſerable men they ſtop their ears, and cloſe their eyes, and without fear or underſtanding they run hoodwinkt in the way that leadeth to *Eternal* death. It is obſerved by the holy Fathers of the Glutton in the Goſpel, that he never lifted up his eyes till he was in torments; All his life

life long they were ſhut againſt the poor and againſt all godlineſs: He opened them not till he was in Hell, when it was too late. And it is no marvel that ſo many men run blind-fold to the houſe of ſlaughter, and *Eternal* ſorrow: For the way is very broad and pleaſant, ſmooth and plain, a man can hardly go out of it, there is no fear of loſing himſelf till he comes to the end thereof. Then he ſhall perceive that all the while he was travelling, he was quite out of the right way: then I ſay, when there is no returning back again. Many would like this way well, if there were no end thereof: For, though it rids merrily, it ends miſerably: and therefore they do wiſely, that leave the great road, and travel on in the rough way; that chooſe rather to go through briers & thorns unto an *Eternal Paradiſe*, than through a pleaſant *Paradiſe* to an *Eternal Priſon*; that reſolve with themſelves to break through all difficulties; counting it better to go on weeping and mourning in the narrow way of ſalvation, rather

ther than laughing and rejoycing in the broad way of deſtruction. Moſt true it is which *Job* ſpeaketh, *As the cloud is conſumed, and vaniſheth away; ſo he that goeth down to the grave, ſhall come up no more: He ſhall return no more to his houſe, neither ſhall his place know him any more.* Job 7.9

The fourth Concluſion.

WHoſoever uſeth to deſcend into a deep and ſerious conſideration of *Eternity*, he will be ſo far from living licentiouſly and wantonly, that you ſhall hardly ever ſee him laughing heartily. It hath been obſerved of as many as have been raiſed from the dead, and returned again unto life, that they were ſcarce ever ſeen to laugh at all. In particular it hath been obſerved of *Lazarus* of *Bethany*, whom Chriſt loved. He and they, as many as have been raiſed from the dead, might truly ſay with the *Preacher*, *I ſaid of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doth it?* Eccleſ. 2. 2. Not without cauſe in this doth *Cyril* of *Alexandria* confeſs himſelf

self to be fearful; For he saith thus, I am afraid of Hell and the punishments thereof, because they have no end; I am afraid of the devouring worm, because it never dieth. *Oh that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!* Deut. 32. 19. Whosoever is not bettered by the consideration of *Eternity*, (I dare boldly say, and think I may say it truly) either he hath no faith at all; or if he hath any faith, he hath no heart at all; or at the best it is but an heart that is dead and without all sense. It was the witty saying of a learned man, That marriage was a short and a sweet song, but that it had a doleful close: So we may most truly say of all the pleasures that we take in sin, that it is a short and a merry song, but it ends in mourning and lamentation; or rather it is a song *short* for *time*, and *sweet* for *tune* as long as it lasteth; for it runs much upon *quavers*, and *semiquavers* of *mirth* and *jubilation*. But the *time* suddenly changeth, and the *tune* is altered; for there follows without any *rest* the *larges* and *longs* of

of *ſorrow* and *lamentation*; which cannot be meaſured by any *time*. For the torments of Hell are *Eternal*. *Oh Eternity, Eternity, Eternity!*

The fifth Concluſion.

WHenſoever we ſpeak of *Eternity*, we ſpeak alwayes with the leaſt, but we can never ſpeak too much of it. Whatſoever is ſaid comes ſhort of it. No words can utter it, no figures can number it, no time can meaſure it. For *Eternity* is of this nature; take from it what you will, it is ſtill the ſame It is neither increaſed by addition, nor diminiſhed by ſubſtraction. Suppoſe there were ſubſtracted from it ſo many years as there are ſtarrs in the firmament, drops in the ſea, ſands on the ſhore, leaves on the trees graſs in the field, motes in the Sun, duſt on the earth: What remains? As much as there was before the *Subſtraction*. Suppoſe there were ſo many years added to it: What then is the *Reſult*? The ſame that it was before the *Addition*.

The *total ſumme* is neither more nor leſs, than what it was, that is, *Eternity.*

As long as God is, ſo long ſhall the damned be tormented. This we have ſhadowed out before by ſome ſimilitudes and reſemblances, unto which we will add one more out of *Bonaventure.* If one of the damned, ſaith he, ſhould weep after this manner, that he ſhould let fall but one tear in an hundred years, and thoſe tears ſhould be kept together ſo many hundred yeares till they would equal the drops of the ſea: Alas! Alas! (Not to ſpeak of the ſea) How many millions of years muſt needs paſſe before they can make one little river! or if they ſhould at length make a whole ſea of water; yet even then it might truly be ſaid, *Now Eternity beginneth.* And if he ſhould weep again after the ſame manner till he made another ſea; yet then alſo it might be ſaid again as truly as before, *Now Eternity beginneth*: and ſo on forwards for ever. Let no man once doubt of the truth hereof; for

for between that which is finite and that which is infinite there is no proportion. But this ſeems wonderful and ſtrange unto us, becauſe our imagination cannot conceive it: It cannot reach unto that which is ſo far remote; It cannot penetrate into that which is infinite, for that is impenetrable. And this is the reaſon that our underſtanding is ſo hardly drawn to the conſideration of *Eternity*; becauſe it bluſheth in a ſort, and is aſhamed, or elſe for indignation cannot endure to tire it ſelf in the ſearch of that which cannot be found out. But let us put away this fooliſh and ſhameful modeſty, and let us force our underſtanding to the due and ſerious contemplation of *Eternity*, and let it be our daily exerciſe to be ſtill meditating upon ſuch ſimilitudes as may in ſome ſort ſhadow it out, and repreſent it unto us: And ſo ſhall we never do amiſs. Say what we can, think what we will, imagine ſo many millions of millions of years as it is poſſible for the mind of man to conceive, we ſhall

ſtill come ſhort of the meaſure and length of *Eternity*: The years of *Eternity* are more, farre more, yea infinitely more. This is certain, and without all controverſie.

The Prophet *Daniel* ſignifieth the incomprehenſible dimenſion and length of *Eternity* in theſe words, *They that be wiſe ſhall ſhine as the brightneſs of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteouſneſs as the ſtarres for ever and ever.* Mark theſe words, *For ever and ever.* As if he ſhould have ſaid, No words are ſufficient to expreſs the nature of *Eternity*. It is, *for ever and ever*: Here is all that I can ſay of it: Though more might be ſaid in reſpect of its own nature, yet I am not able to ſay more. Obſerve his *Auxeſis*, or his *augmentation* of it by *multiplication*; *For ever*, that is, for *Eternity*: but he thinketh that not ſufficient, and therefore he doubles it, *and ever.* And yet in the Latine it is expreſſed more fully, in theſe words, *In perpetuas Æternitates*, *To perpetual Eternities*; Mark here,

Dan. 12. 3.

here, he ſaith not, *In Æternitatem*, *To Eternity* barely in the *Singular number*; but *In Æternitates*, *To Eternities* in the *Plural*, as if one were not enough: neither doth he reſt here indefinitely, ſaying *To Eternities*, nor yet doth he adde any finite term, becauſe none can expreſs it, but an infinite, *Perpetuas*, *Perpetual*; *In perpetuas Æternitates*, *To perpetual* or *Infinite Eternities*. Now if one *Eternity* is without end, what are two? what are ten? what are an hundred? what are infinite? If we ſhould multiply the great year or years a thouſand times, it would not amount to the leaſt fraction of the numberleſs number of *Eternity*. They ſay that the Eighth Cœleſtial *Orb* or *Sphere* is moved wonderful leiſurely beyond all compariſon: For though it be daily wheeled about by the rapid motion of the *Primum mobile*, yet it finiſheth not its own proper circuit but once in thirty ſix thouſand years, and this ſpace of time they call *The great year, or Plato's year*. But compare

this with *Eternity*, and it will appear to be but a moment, but an instant, but a minute, indeed nothing at all. It is a true saying of *Boetius*, that an instant or point of time, and ten thousand years, compared together keep better proportion, than ten thousand years and *Eternity*. But hear what Saint *John* saith, *Little children, it is the last time*, or the *last hour*. And this he said one thousand six hundred years ago. It is most true therefore what Saint *Augustine* saith, Whatsoever hath an end, that thing is but short. *Eternity* is a *Word* consisting but of four syllables, but it is a *thing* without end. Therefore set thy love upon *Eternity*. Let Christ be thy end, and thou shalt reign with Christ without end.

1 *John* 2. 18.

August.

The sixth Conclusion.

IT is not to believed that any man that hath but the least smack of true Religion can be so far carried away by his impotent and unruly passions (if he be not as bad as a beast, ruled meerly

meerly by ſenſe, and ſerving only his ſenſual appetite: For the wicked and ungodly man, even then when he is almoſt ſwallowed up in the deep pit, whereinto his ſins have plunged him headlong, even then, I ſay, doth but laugh at it, regards it not, is not a jot troubled at it: It is not to be believed, I ſay, that any man that hath any Religion at all in him, can be ſo far carried away by his headſtrong and unbridled paſſions, but if he will ſpend a part of an hour every day in meditating upon *Eternity*, yea if he will but once in a week ſeriouſly think upon it, he will mend his manners, he will change the courſe of his life to better, he will certainly become a new man: Of a proud man, he will become humble and lowly; of an angry man, he will become mild and gentle? of an unclean man, he will become chaſte and continent; of a drunken man, he will become ſober and temperate. He will put on, not the outward, but the inward habit of a true reli-

gious and godly man. He will become ſuch a one, not in clothes and outward expreſſion, but in heart and inward affection. Neither will he raſhly and unadviſedly, ſlightly and negligently, upon a ſpurt all at once on the ſudden paſs from one extream to another: (ſuch alterations are not good, neither will they continue long.) But he will again and again weigh the matter well with himſelf, he will conſider well upon it, he will faſten his ſerious thoughts upon it, he will often revolve in mind *Eternity, Eternity, Eternity*, that ſhall never have end, end never, never end; which ſhall laſt throughout innumerable, incomprehenſible, infinite ages. This will he do with conſideration and attention, and often ruminate upon it, as beaſts chew the cud. Meat though never ſo good and wholeſome, if it be not chewed in the teeth, prepared in the mouth, digeſted in the ſtomach, turned into blood, and diſtributed by the veins into all the parts of the body, turns to poyſon rather

rather than to nouriſhment, begets all manner of diſeaſes, is retained perhaps ſometime in the body, but doth more harm than good, were a great deal better out than in. Even ſo the thoughts of Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell are good and wholſome, godly and holy, but none more than the thought of *Eternity*, which may worthily be called the *Quinteſſence*. But as it is with meat, not the taking of it meerly into the mouth, but the good digeſting of it in the ſtomach, the turning of it into good blood in the liver, and the diſtributing of it into all the parts by the veins, nouriſheth the body: So it is with theſe precious thoughts of *Death*, *Judgment*, *Heaven*, *Hell*, and *Eternity*: not the bare thinking upon them, but ſerious thinking upon them with our ſelves, ſetting apart all cares and worldly diſtractions, the pondering of them well in our hearts, and the often ruminating upon them, this is it that feedeth and nouriſheth the ſoul. If this be not done, the reſt is to little purpoſe: without this even the

reading of the holy Scriptures is fruitleſs, the hearing of the word preached is unprofitable. Many hear Sermons often, read the Scripture over and over again, and yet are little bettered by it, becauſe they do not meditate upon what they have both read and heard. When they hear, what comes in at one ear goes out at the other: when they read, the eye is no ſooner off from the book, but what was read is ſoon ſlipt out of memory. Before they can practice what they have heard or read, they have quite forgotten what they ſhould do. Therefore if we will read or hear with profit, we muſt ſpend ſome time in meditating and pondering with our ſelves what we have read and heard. This leſſon we may learn of the bleſſed Virgin the mother of our Lord, *But Mary kept all theſe things, and pondered them in her heart.*

Luke 2. 19.

The

The ſeventh Concluſion.

FEw or none believe, or elſe do not well underſtand and weigh with themſelves theſe words of Chriſt, *Enter ye in at the ſtrait gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to deſtruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Becauſe ſtrait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.* This again our Saviour repeats by the mouth of Saint *Luke*, *Strive to enter in at the ſtrait gate; For many, I ſay unto you, will ſeek to enter in, and ſhall not be able.* Whoſoever laughs at this faith, and therefore will not believe becauſe he doth not ſee; when that ſhall come to paſs which he did not believe, he ſhall bluſh and be confounded, he ſhall be confounded and ſeparated from the bleſſed; he ſhall be ſeparated from the bleſſed, and have his portion with the damned. *Matth.* 7. 13. 14. *Luke* 13. 24. *Auguſt.*

Hieronymus Platus reports of a certain woman, that hearing *Bertoldus*

toldus a powerful man in the Pulpit inveigh very vehemently and bitterly against a sin that she knew her self guilty of, fell down dead in the Church; and after a while by the blessing of God upon the prayers of the Congregation coming again unto her self, related unto them what she had seen in this trance, saying thus, Me thought I stood before Gods Tribunal, and threescore thousand souls more with me, called together from all the parts of the world, to receive their final sentence: And they were all condemned and adjudged to *Eternal* torments, but one'y three. Oh! what a fearful thing was this! I should hardly believe this womans relation, but that I believe Christs asseveration in the Gospel, *Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat*; And again, *Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.* It may seem strange to flesh and blood that God the Father of Mercies should pass the sentence of con-

Matth. 7. 13. 14.

condemnation upon ſo many, I do not ſay threeſcore thouſand, but threeſcore thouſand thouſand? and what man would believe it, were he not perſwaded of the truth thereof, upon the conſideration of the ſovereign and infinite Majeſty of God which is offended; the unutterable malice of ſin which is committed, and many evident teſtimonies of Scripture by which it is plainly proved; *Job* trembles at it, ſaying, *A land of darkneſs, as darkneſs it ſelf, and of the ſhadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkneſs*, or according to the Latin, *where there is no order, and where everlaſting horrour dwelleth.* Saint *Matthew* affirms as much in the words of our Saviour, *Depart from me ye curſed into everlaſting fire.* Let us conſider theſe things well with our ſelves, and whileſt we have time let us waſh away our ſins with the tears of repentance, for fear leſt God ſuddenly ſnatch us away, and give us our portion to drink with hypocrites in the bottomleſs pit of Hell, where there

Job 10. 22.

Matth. 25. 41.

there is nothing but weeping and gnashing of teeth, where the worm never dieth; and the fire never goes out, from whence there is no redemption, no redemption, I say, and again I say, no redemption: No, not any comfort at all, not so much as a little drop of cold water. If the godly themselves, who are in the state of grace and in the favour of God, whose minds and wills be good, if they I say could sufficiently conceive from what grievous torments they shall be delivered at the day of judgment, and into what unutterable and unconceivable joys they shall enter, without doubt they would use no delay, they would not let an hour pass, but out of hand they would take their leave of all Vanities, forsake the world, and leave the dead to look after the dead: But as for themselves, they would be daily and hourly well imployed about their Masters business, alwayes studying to please God, ever lauding and praising him for his goodness and mercy towards them, in blessing them in part here

here in this world, and giving them an assured promise of everlasting blessedness in the world to come, for delivering them from the torments of Hell, and giving them entrance into the joyes of Heaven. It is the saying of Saint *Gregory*, The evils of this present life seem the more hard unto us, the less we think upon the good which shall follow hereafter; And because we consider not the exceeding great rewards which are laid up for us, therefore we count the afflictions of this world grievous to be born: whereas if we did lift up our minds, and raise our thoughts to the contemplation of those things which are *Eternal*, and not subject to anychange; if we would have an eye unto them, and set our hearts upon *them*, we would certainly count the sufferings of this life, and whatsoever hath an end, to be as nothing; and again, *joy in tribulation* is a song in the night: For although we are outwardly afflicted with the sense of sorrows *Temporal*, yet we are inwardly comforted with the hope of joys *Eternal*. *Gregory*

Much

Much after the same manner reasoneth Saint *Augustine*: If thou wouldest but attend, saith he, unto what thou shalt hereafter receive, thou wouldest count all the suffering of this present life to be but light, and altogether unworthy of the glory which shall be revealed. For brethren, (to speak of the worth of things) for *Eternal rest* a man should be content to undergo *Eternal labour*, and for *Eternal joy* willingly suffer *Eternal sorrow*: But if the labour and sorrow were *Eternal*, when should a man come to rest and joy *Eternal*? Therefore upon necessity thy *tribulation* must be but *Temporal*, that so at length thou mayst receive a reward which shall be *Eternal*. For hang up the scales, and put *Eternity* in one, and a thousand years in the other: what do I say, a thousand years, yea ten thousand, yea an hundred thousand, and yet more, a thousand thousand, they are all too light to weigh with *Eternity*; there is no comparison betwixt them. And yet further, to make them more light;

August.

light; As they are but *Temporal*, ſo likewiſe they are but *ſhort*, and of no continuance, they laſt but for a few winter-days, when they are at the ſhorteſt, or rather but for one day, and that a ſhort one; the day of this life which is ſoon paſt, and they are gone. Though a man therefore ſhould ſuffer all his life long even to the laſt breath, though he ſhould ſuffer, I ſay, labours, griefs, ſorrows, impriſonment ſcourge, hunger, thirſt, all his life long, even to the laſt breath, yet his ſufferings are but ſhort, becauſe his life is but ſhort. For *the days of our pilgrimage are* but *few*, though *evil*, as *Jacob* told *Pharaoh*. And *Man that is born of a woman is of few days*; though as *Job* complaineth, *full of trouble*. And *Behold*, ſaith *David*, *thou haſt made my dayes as an hand breadth*, (and that is but a ſhort meaſure, and yet he goeth further) *and mine age is as nothing before thee*. And as our *Life* is *ſhort*, ſo is our *Affliction light*, but it *worketh for us a farre more exceeding and*

Gen. 47. 9. *Job* 14. 1. *Pſal.* 39. 5. 2 *Cor.* 4.

Eternal

Eternal weight of glory, When this *short life* and *light labour* is ended, we shall inherit *everlasting life*, an *Eternal Kingdom*, and felicity without end: We shall be made
Rom. 8. 17. equal to the Angels, *heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ*. Oh! For how little labour, how great a reward! and again, Saint *Augustine* in another place, *The thoughts of God are very deep*. Where is the thought of God? and what is his purpose? He letteth the rains loose for the present, but afterwards he will draw them in. Do not rejoyce and sport thy self, like the fish in the water, which having got the bait in her mouth, playeth up and down, but being struck with the hook in the jaws, may be pulled up at the fishers pleasure. The time which seems long unto thee is indeed but short, very short. For what is the life of man compared with *Eternity*? Wouldest thou be patient and long suffering? Consider Gods *Eternity*: Dost thou onely consider thine own days, which are but few and short, and dost thou think that

that in them all things ſhall be fulfilled? That the wicked ſhould be condemned, and the godly crowned? Wouldeſt thou have all theſe things fulfilled in thy few and ſhort dayes? God ſhall fulfill them in his own time. God is *Eternal.* God is patient and long-ſuffering: And thou ſayeſt, But I cannot be patient and long ſuffering, becauſe I am not *Eternal.* But thou mayeſt be if thou wilt: For do but joyn thy heart to Gods *Eternity*, and thou ſhalt be *Eternal* with him. If thou beeſt a good Chriſtian, and well inſtructed in the fear of the Lord, thou wilt certainly conclude, God hath reſerved all unto his own judgment. The good and godly men are troubled and afflicted: For God chaſtiſeth them as his own Children. But the wicked and ungodly men come into no ſuch trouble and affliction: For God caſteth them off, and condemneth them as aliens. A certain man hath two ſonnes; He chaſtiſeth the one, and letteth the other go without any chaſtiſement: The one, if he goes never

ſo

ſo little awry is preſently buffeted, whipped and ſcourged; the other, let him do never ſo ill, he never hears of it, he is not ſo much as once rebuked for it. What is the reaſon: He that is puniſhed, is the fathers heir; and he that goes unpuniſhed is diſinherited. For what ſhould the father do? He ſees there is no hope of him, and that he is paſt grace, and therefore he lets him alone to do what he liſteth. But yet notwithſtanding, the ſon which is ever and anon puniſhed for the leaſt offence, will be ready to bemoan and deplore his own caſe, and count his brother happy which goeth unpuniſhed. He will, I ſay, unleſs God hath given him a wiſe and underſtanding heart, to know what maketh for his own good. He will be apt to ſay in his heart, My brother followeth all ill courſes, taketh his pleaſure, waſteth his means, doth what ſeemeth good in his own eyes, is ever breaking my fathers commandment, and hath never an ill word for it. But the caſe is otherwiſe with me: If I be but out

of

of ſight never ſo little while, if I go but to the next door, if I do but ſtep aſide, ſtirre but a foot, but an inch beyond my bounds, preſently I am called in queſtion, Sirrah, where have you been? there is no hope of pardon, I am ſure to ſmart for it. This is my caſe. And I ſay, Thou art in a far better caſe than thy brother; and if thou beeſt not a fool, thou wilt think ſo to: For in that thou art corrected, it is a ſign that thou art beſt beloved. If thou thinkeſt onely upon thy preſent ſtate, it cannot but ſeem grievous unto thee; But if thou haſt an eye to the Inheritance which is reſerved for thee, again it cannot but ſeem joyous unto thee. For the aſſurance of thy future reward will quite take away the ſenſe of the preſent ſmart.

Hither may be added out of the ſame holy Father that which followeth, as the ſumme of all that hitherto hath been ſaid. How great and wonderful is the mercy of God! He ſaith not, Labour thou for ten hundred thouſand years together;

gether ; nor yet, one thousand years, nor yet, five hundred years. But what ? Labour whileſt thou liveſt : it is but for a few years ; after that thou ſhalt have reſt, ſuch reſt as ſhall have no end. Conſider this well with thy ſelf, Thou art injoyned to labour but for a few years, and amidſt thy labour art not without ſome joy, not a day paſſeth in which thou mayeſt not receive comfort and conſolation. But rejoice not thou after the manner of the world, but as the Apoſtle exhorteth, *Rejoyce in the Lord always : and again I ſay, Rejoyce :* Rejoice in Chriſt, Rejoice in his word, Rejoice in his law. For it is true which the Apoſtle ſaith, *Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding & Eternal weight of glory.* Conſider what a ſmall price thou art to give, but the huſk of an Acorn, for everlaſting treaſures : The huſk of thy ſhort labour, for reſt *Eternal.* Haſt thou joy for a time ? Do not truſt too much to it. Art thou ſad and ſorrowful for a time ? Do not deſpair of joy and comfort. Neither let

Phil. 4. 4.

2 *Cor.* 4. 17.

let proſperity puffe thee up, nor adverſity caſt thee down. God hath promiſed unto thee *Eternal life*; Therefore contemn *Temporal felicity*. He hath threatned *Eternal fire*; Therefore contemn all *Temporal ſorrows*.

To conclude then with the ſame divine Author, Let us therefore be in love with *Eternal life*; and thereby we ſhall come to know how much we ought to labour for the obtaining of it; For we ſee that thoſe men which are lovers of this preſent life, which is but temporal, and ſhall ſhortly have an end, labour with might and main to preſerve and prolong it as long as they can. And yet they cannot eſcape death; For that at one time or other will ſeize upon them. All that they can hope for, is but to put it off for a little time. When death approacheth, then every one is labouring and ſeeking to hide himſelf, ready to give and part with any thing that he hath to redeem his life. He ſends for the Phyſician, he will be ruled by him in any thing, he will take any thing at his hands,

gether ; nor yet, one thousand years, nor yet, five hundred years. But what ? Labour whilest thou livest : it is but for a few years ; after that thou shalt have rest, such rest as shall have no end. Consider this well with thy self, Thou art injoyned to labour but for a few years, and amidst thy labour art not without some joy, not a day passeth in which thou mayest not receive comfort and consolation. But rejoice not thou after the manner of the world, but as the Apostle exhorteth, *Rejoyce in the Lord always : and again I say, Rejoyce :* Rejoice in Christ, Rejoice in his word, Rejoice in his law. For it is true which the Apostle saith, *Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding & Eternal weight of glory.* Consider what a small price thou art to give, but the husk of an Acorn, for everlasting treasures : The husk of thy short labour, for rest *Eternal.* Hast thou joy for a time ? Do not trust too much to it. Art thou sad and sorrowful for a time ? Do not despair of joy and comfort. Neither

Phil. 4. 4.

2 *Cor.* 4. 17.

let

let prosperity puffe thee up, nor adversity cast thee down. God hath promised unto thee *Eternal life*; Therefore contemn *Temporal felicity*. He hath threatned *Eternal fire*; Therefore contemn all *Temporal sorrows*.

To conclude then with the same divine Author, Let us therefore be in love with *Eternal life*; and thereby we shall come to know how much we ought to labour for the obtaining of it; For we see that those men which are lovers of this present life, which is but temporal, and shall shortly have an end, labour with might and main to preserve and prolong it as long as they can. And yet they cannot escape death; For that at one time or other will seize upon them. All that they can hope for, is but to put it off for a little time. When death approacheth, then every one is labouring and seeking to hide himself, ready to give and part with any thing that he hath to redeem his life. He sends for the Physician, he will be ruled by him in any thing, he will take any thing at his hands,

hand, he will suffer any thing, purging, bleeding, cupping, scarifying, and what not? You see, what charge a man will be at, and what pains he will voluntarily endure, to live here though but for a short time; And yet he will scarce be at any charge, or take any pains, after this life ended to live for ever. Brethren, it should not be so. If there be such labouring and watching, such sending and going, such running and riding, such spending and praying, such doing and suffering, to live here a while longer; What should we not willingly do and suffer to live for ever? And if they be accounted wise, which labour by all means they can to put off death a while longer, being loth to lose a few daves; What fools are they which live so, that finally they lose the day of *Eternity*!

Think upon those things well with your selves, O mortal men, and foresee the day of *Eternity*, whether of joy or of torment, before it cometh. For although all other things pass away, yet *Eternity* still remaineth, and shall never pass away.

CHAP

CHAP. I.

The Puniſhment of Eternal death.

THe *Meſſenians* had a certain priſon or dungeon under earth void of air and light, and full of Helliſh horrour: which as it was a moſt diſmal place, ſo had it alſo a glorious title; for it was called the *Treaſure-houſe*. This priſon or dungeon had no doors at all to it, onely one mouth, at which the priſoners were let down by a rope, and ſo it was ſtopped up again with a great ſtone. Into this *Treaſure-houſe* was *Philopæmen* that great Emperour of *Greece* caſt, and there by poyſon he ended his life; God hath alſo his *Treaſure-houſe* under earth, if I may ſo ſpeak: But, I pray you, what a one is it? It is of moſt wicked and ungodly, deſperate and damned men.

Actiolinus a Tyrant of *Padua*, (as *Jovius* reporteth) had many priſons ſo infamous for all kind of miſeries and torments, that

whosoever were cast thereinto counted their life misery, and their death happiness. Death might come in there without knocking, he was so welcome unto them, and so long look'd for. For this was their hard usage, They were laden with irons, starved with hunger, poison'd with stench, eaten up with vermine, and so in a most miserable manner they lived, and dyed at length a long and a lingering death. There every one was judged most miserable, but he that was dead and could feel no misery. Whilst they lived it was a punishment worse than death to have their habitation amongst the dead. For the dead bodies lay on heaps rotting amongst the living in such manner, that it might be truly said there That the dead killed the living.

But the very worst of these prisons is a *Paradise*, and a most pleasant place, if it be compared with the infernal prison of Hell. Whatsoever misery was suffered in *Actiolinus* his prison, in this regard it

was

was tolerable, becauſe it was of no long continuance, being to laſt no longer than a ſhort life, and quite vaniſhing away at the hour of death. But the Treaſure houſe of the damned, which is Gods priſon, is void of all comfort: The torments thereof are intolerable, becauſe they are *Eternal.* Death cannot enter in there, neither can thoſe that are entred get out again: But they ſhall be tormented for *evermore.* For *evermore*? What a fearful thing is this! They ſhall be tormented for *evermore.* It was a moſt true ſaying of *Caſſiodorus.* As no mortal man can apprehend or underſtand what the *Eternal reward* is, ſo neither can any man conceive or imagine what that *Eternal torment* is.

The *Perſians* had a priſon into which a man might enter eaſily, but being once in, could get out no more; or if he did, yet very hardly. And therefore it was called *Lethe,* or *Oblivion.* It is an eaſie matter to deſcend down into Hell; but to aſcend up again it is altogether

impossible. Was ever any heard to return from Hell? This prison of Hell is not without just cause called *Lethe*, or *Oblivion*. For God is so unmindful of the damned, that he will *never* remember them to have mercy upon them. Hell is called the *Land* of *Oblivion* or *Forgetfulness*, and that for two reasons (as a godly and learned Writer observeth.) First, Because, saith he, they remember God no more for their good, neither have they any memory at all of things past, but such as doth afflict and torment them. All their pomp and glory, pleasures and delights, are quite forgotten, or else not remembred without grief and sorrow. Secondly, To those that are in this horrid Region, and lake of fire, God hath forgotten to be gracious, and merciful, neither will he send his angels at any time to minister unto them the least comfort: If once in, there is no coming out again. For what said *Abraham* unto the rich Glutton frying in Hell; and desiring him to

to ſend *Lazarus* to cool his tongue with a drop of water? *Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, ſo that they which would paſs from hence to you, cannot; neither can they paſs to us, that would come from thence.* Oh gulf full of horrour and deſpair! Oh *Eternity* of torments, the very thought whereof is able to make a ſtout man quake and tremble! The wicked and ungodly men dig their own graves, and dwell therein for evermore: But what manner of graves do they dig? They dig as deep as Hell, where the rich Glutton was buried, from whence *he lifted up his eyes in torments and ſaw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his boſome*, to his greater torment. Oh what a terrible deep is this! Oh what a fearful grave is this! Who lieth here? He that ſuffered *Lazarus* to lie at his gate, having no compaſſion on him. How is it with him now? He lodgeth in flames of fire inſtead of his ſoft bed: he is ſcalded with thirſt, and his ſweet cups are taken

Luke 16. 26.

Luke 16. 23.

from his mouth; his table is removed, and he hath no other food but fire and brimstone; he is not now dancing and exulting for joy, but gnashing his teeth for hellish desperation. They that are shut up in prison here in this world, have *hope* for their comfort; it may be they shall be delivered, and redeemed out of prison: But from Hell there is no deliverance, no redemption, no not so much as any hope at all, but *Eternal* desperation.

It is a short, but a terrible Sermon that God preacheth by the Prophet *Ezekiel* in these words, *Ezek.* 20.47. *Say to the Forrest of the South, Hear the word of the Lord, Behold, I will kindle a fire in thee, and it shall devour every green tree in thee, and every dry tree: The flaming flame shall not be quenched.* How many tall Cedars, how many wicked and ungodly men flourish and wax green in this life for prosperous success in all outward things, and yet are dry and withered for want of virtue! Hear this therefore every green, and

and yet dry and withered tree, *I will kindle a fire, ſaith the Lord, and the flaming flame ſhall not be quenched.* In Hell, whither you make ſuch great haſte, there are no Holy-days, no Feſtivals, no ſet times in which the fire ſhall ceaſe burning. There is *Eternal* grief, *Eternal* death, *Eternal* ſorrow, without the mixture of the leaſt comfort. Night and day there is no reſt, no ſleep at all, but continual watching and waking for grief, and anguiſh, and intolerable torments in everlaſting fire. There ſhall you always have your being, that you may always be tormented: There ſhall you always live, that you may always die. If you will not believe me, believe Saint *Auguſtine*, whoſe words are theſe: *Auguſt.* The ungodly, ſaith he, ſhall live in torments: but they which live in torments ſhall deſire, if it were poſſible, that their life were ended. But death hears them not, there is none to take away their life; Their life ſhall never end, becauſe their torment ſhall never end.

the last as they were at the first. It is now above five thousand years since *Cain* that slew his brother *Abel*, was cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone; and yet the number of the years throughout which still he is to be tormented, is as great still as it was the first day of his torment; and after certain millions of years, the years of his torments for their number shall be nothing diminished: It shall be all one as if he were cast into the fire but this present hour. And though the rich glutton mentioned in the Gospel, be tormented two thousand years together, yet still he doth burn, and shall burn for ever; neither shall he obtain so much as a little drop of water, though he use never so much intreaty, not so much as a little drop of water to cool his inflamed tongue.

These things we often hear of, and when we hear of them, we do but laugh at them. Certainly we count it but a light matter to burn

in

in *Eternal* fire. Here a man might well ask the queſtion, *Where are your tears, O mortal men, ye that are given ſo much to laughing?* This is our condition: A ſmall loſs if it be but a matter of three half pence, will wring great ſtore of tears from us: but as for an infinite and irrecoverable loſs, that we can brook eaſily, we can digeſt that with laughter. When we are cited to appear at the barr of an earthly Judg, then we quake and tremble: but as we are going to Gods Tribunal, (for every day we rid ſome of our way, we walk on, ſtep after ſtep, will we, nill we; and (yet as we are going) we ſport by the way. When we go to ſea, we are afraid of ſhipwrack: But without either fear or wit we lanch into the deep ſea of *Eternity*, and make but a laughing matter of it.

It is the wiſh of Saint *Bernard*, Oh that men were wiſe! that they were wiſe! Oh that they were wiſe! What then, holy *Bernard*? Oh, then would the image of *Eternity*

from his mou h; his table is removed, and he hath no other food but fire and brimſtone; he is not now dancing and exulting for joy, but gnaſhing his teeth for helliſh deſperation. They that are ſhut up in priſon here in this world, have *hope* for their comfort; it may be they ſhall be delivered, and redeemed out of priſon: But from Hell there is no deliverance, no redemption, no not ſo much as any hope at all, but *Eternal* deſperation.

It is a ſhort, but a terrible Sermon that God preacheth by the Prophet *Ezekiel* in theſe words, *Say to the Forreſt of the South, Hear the word of the Lord, Behold, I will kindle a fire in thee, and it ſhall devour every green tree in thee, and every dry tree: The flaming flame ſhall not be quenched.* How many tall Cedars, how many wicked and ungodly men flouriſh and wax green in this life for proſperous ſucceſs in all outward things, and yet are dry and withered for want of virtue! Hear this therefore every green,

Ezek. 20.47.

and

and yet dry and withered tree, *I will kindle a fire, ſaith the Lord, and the flaming flame ſhall not be quenched.* In Hell whither you make ſuch great haſte, there are no Holy-days, no Feſtivals, no ſet times in which the fire ſhall ceaſe burning. There is *Eternal* grief, *Eternal* death, *Eternal* ſorrow, without the mixture of the leaſt comfort. Night and day there is no reſt, no ſleep at all, but continual watching and waking for grief, and anguiſh, and intolerable torments in everlaſting fire. There ſhall you always have your being, that you may always be tormented: There ſhall you always live, that you may always die. If you will not believe me, believe Saint *Auguſtine*, whoſe words are theſe; *Auguſt.* The ungodly, ſaith he, ſhall live in torments: but they which live in torments ſhall deſire, if it were poſſible, that their life were ended. But death hears them not, there is none to take away their life; Their life ſhall never end, becauſe their torment ſhall never end.

But what ſaith the Scripture? The Scripture doth not ſo much as call it life. For life is a name of comfort: but what comfort can there be imagined in tortures and torments, frying and broyling in everlaſting fire? But what doth the Scripture call it? *The ſecond death*, that is, a death which followeth after the firſt and natural death which is common to all men. But how can the ſecond death be called a death, ſeeing that he that hath part therein never dieth? We may better indeed expreſs what it is not, rather than what it is. As it cannot properly be called a death, ſo it may be truly ſaid that it is no life: And as concerning them that have part therein, as they cannot properly be ſaid ever to die, ſo again it may be moſt truly ſaid that they never live. For ſo to live, that a man ſhall always live in ſorrow and torments, is not to live. Therefore that life is no life; But the only life indeed is that life which is bleſſed; and that life onely is bleſſed, which is *Eternal*. Again,

we

we have another place in the ſame Father to this purpoſe; if the ſoul liveth in *Eternal* torments, tormented with the unclean ſpirits, this is rather to be called *Eternal* death, than *Eternal* life. For there is no greater or worſe death, then that death which never dieth. *Auguſt.*

Saint *Gregory* alſo giveth the like teſtimony. In Hell, ſaith he, there ſhall be death without death, end without end, becauſe death ever liveth, and the end ever beginneth: there death ſhall never die. Oh death, how much ſweeter wert thou, if thou wouldſt take away life, and not compell thoſe to live, who would fain die! But ſo it is: the number of the years in Hell are without number. It paſſeth the skill of the beſt *Arithmetician* to find out the number thereof. God himſelf knoweth no end thereof. After a thouſand thouſand millions of years paſt, there are ſtill as many more to come, and when thoſe alſo are paſt, there are yet as many more to come; and ſtill they are as far from

the laſt as they were at the firſt. It is now above five thouſand years ſince *Cain* that ſlew his brother *Abel*, was caſt into the lake that burneth with fire and brimſtone; and yet the number of the years throughout which ſtill he is to be tormented, is as great ſtill as it was the firſt day of his torment; and after certain millions of years, the years of his torments for their number ſhall be nothing diminiſhed: It ſhall be all one as if he were caſt into the fire but this preſent hour. And though the rich glutton mentioned in the Goſpel, be tormented two thouſand years together, yet ſtill he doth burn, and ſhall burn for ever; neither ſhall he obtain ſo much as a little drop of water, though he uſe never ſo much intreaty, not ſo much as a little drop of water to cool his inflamed tongue.

Theſe things we often hear of, and when we hear of them, we do but laugh at them. Certainly we count it but a light matter to burn

in

in *Eternal* fire. Here a man might well ask the queſtion, *Where are your tears, O mortal men, ye that are given ſo much to laughing?* This is our condition: A ſmall loſs if it be but a matter of three half pence, will wring great ſtore of tears from us: but as for an infinite and irrecoverable loſs, that we can brook eaſily, we can digeſt that with laughter. When we are cited to appear at the barr of an earthly Judg, then we quake and tremble: but as we are going to Gods Tribunal, (for every day we rid ſome of our way, we walk on, ſtep after ſtep, will we, nill we; and (yet as we are going) we ſport by the way. When we go to ſea, we are afraid of ſh pwrack: But without either fear or wit we lanch into the deep ſea of *Eternity*, and make but a laughing matter of it.

It is the wiſh of Saint *Bernard*, Oh that men were wiſe! that they were wiſe! Oh that they were wiſe! What then, holy *Bernard*? Oh, then would the image of *Eter-*

nity

nity begin to be reformed in them. Then would they order things present wisely, judg of things past understandingly, and fore-see things to come providently.

Here we have Saint *Pauls* command to the *Ephesians*, and not his wish onely, for his words runne in the *Imperative Mood*, and not in the *Optative*: Brethren, *See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, Redeeming the time, because the dayes are evil.* The great business of our salvation, ought circumspectly, diligently, and carefully to be regarded of us. It is the most foolish thing in the world for a man having but little time allotted him, to spend it prodigally in vain delights, whereas he should like a thrifty Merchant imploy it rather for his best advantage, to purchase a portion in blessed *Eternity*. If we think to gain heaven by sporting, playing, and idling, we are much deceived. To be telling of tales, or giving ear unto them when they are told; to be given to our ease, and spend our

Eph. 5. 15, 16.

our time in idleneſs; to be calling for our cups, and ſit ſo long at them till we cannot ſtand. This is not to redeem the time. But this is truly to redeem the time, To give our ſelves to labour and ſtudy, prayer and meditation; not for a ſpurt and away, but to hold on in this courſe conſtantly unto the end; This, I ſay, is truly to redeem the time. It is the counſel of Saint *Auguſtine*, to ſteal ſome time from our worldly buſineſs. Will any man ſue thee at the Common Law? Be content, ſaith he, to loſe ſomething, that thou mayeſt be at leiſure to ſerve God, and not follow ſuits: for that which thou loſeſt, is the gaining of time. For as thou giveſt thy money and buyeſt bread; ſo be content to loſe thy money, that thou mayeſt buy reſt, and opportunity to ſerve God: for this is indeed truly to redeem the time. *Auguſt.*

So ought we to ſpare for no coſt, but willingly part with any thing to gain an opportunity of doing good

good, seeing that the days are evil. The days of this life are full of sorrows, griefs, dangers, and tentations; which ever and anon take from us the opportunity of doing good; So saith *Anselm.* But if we let slip the opportunity of doing good when it is offered, and let our dayes consume away in meer purposes of amendment of life, without bringing them to good effect: from henceforth it is in vain to look for any opportunity of doing good; we shall not obtain one minute of time; our loss is altogether irrecoverable. Our life, saith *Nazianzen*, is like a *Mart* or a *Fair*: When the day appointed is once over, there is no more buying any commodities. If then we will buy any thing, we must do it quickly, whilest the Fair lasts: We must live godlily, whilest we have time to live: We must serve God, whilest we are strong and able. The *Preacher* often beats upon this, *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.* The *Apostle* often spurs

Anselm.

Nazian.

Eccles. 9. 19.

ſpurs us on to lay hold upon opportunity, and make good uſe of our time. *As therefore we have opportunity, let us do good to all men;* For, *now it is high time to awake out of ſleep* Thou ſleepeſt, ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*, but thy time ſleepeth not, it runneth apace, yea it flyes with wings. Happy he, happy they that think upon theſe things, to do thereafter; that live ſo, as at the point of death they will deſire to have lived; to do ſuch things, as they will rejoyce to have done when they are tranſlated to *Eternity. A light neglect now will prove an Eternal loſs.* Whatſoever we think, ſpeak, or do, once thought, ſpoke, or done, it is *Eternal*, it abideth for ever.

Gal. 6. 10. Rom. 13. 11.

CHAP. II.

The reward of Eternal life.

THe life in heaven is lifeindeed and the moſt perfect and abſolute

lute life of all others, in that it is *animal*, in that it is *humane*, in that it is *angelical*, yea in that it is *divine*. There lives the *Memory*, by the perfect remembrance of all things that are past: There lives the *Understanding*, by the knowledg and vision of God: There lives the *Will*, and enjoyeth all manner of good, without fear of losing it. In like manner liveth there the *Appetite*, both that which is called *Concupiscible*, and that which is called *Irascible*. There live all the *Senses*, and are filled with delights. There is heard no sighing, no lamentation, no grief or sorrow, nor so much as the least sign thereof. There is the most sincere and pure song of joy, without the mixture of the least drop of the gall of bitterness and sorrow. Let the *eyes* be silent, they never saw the like; let the *eares* be silent, they never heard the like; let thy heart be silent, it could never conceive the like to this life. This life includeth within it self all pleasures, riches, honours, and all the delights of all lives,

lives, ſenſes, and faculties. St. *Auguſtine* as it were ſet on fire with the fervent deſire of this life, breaketh forth into theſe words, How great happineſs ſhall be there, where there is the preſence of no evil, and the abſence of no good? where we ſhall be continually praiſing God, who is all in all; *Bleſſed are they that dwell in thy Houſe: they will be ſtill praiſing thee.* All the faculties of our ſouls and members of our bodies being made incorruptible, ſhall be ever ſetting forth the praiſe of God. There ſhall be true glory and praiſe indeed, where neither he that doth give praiſe and glory can be deceived, nor he to whom it is given can be flattered. There ſhall be true honour indeed, which ſhall be denied to none that is worthy, nor beſtowed upon any that is unworthy yea, which none that is unworthy ſhall deſire or ſeek after; where none that is unworthy ſhall be permitted to abide. There he which is the giver of virtue, ſhall be the reward thereof: for he hath promiſed

Auguſt. de Civitate Dei, cap. 30.

Pſal. 84. 4.

sed himself; and what could he promise greater and better than Himself? The Prophet *Jeremy* is witness of this his promise, in these words, *I will be their God, and they shall be my people.* I will be unto them whatsoever with honesty can be desired, I will be unto them life, and health, and food, and plenty, and glory, and honour, and peace, and every good thing: For this is the meaning of these words, *God shall be all in all*; He shall be the end of our desires. And one great good there is to be found in that blessed City of God, which is not elsewhere to be found, and that is this, That no inferiour there shall envy his superiour, but they shall be like members of the natural body compacted together in a friendly and peaceable manner, where the finger desireth not to be the eye, nor the foot the head, but every member is content with his own place. And a little after saith the same Father, There shall we keep an *Eternal Sabbath* of rest, and there shall

Jerem. 31. 33.

ſhall we taſte and ſee how ſweet the Lord is, we ſhall be filled with his goodneſs, when He ſhall be all in all. O God my God! Thou art Love and Charity, Truth and Verity, true *Eternity* and *Eternal* Felicity. *Auguſt. de Civitat. Dei.*

Another ſpeaketh unto this life, by way of *Apoſtrophe*, after this manner, In thee there is no corruption, nor defect, nor old age, nor anger; but perpetual peace, and ſolemn glory, and everlaſting joy, and continual ſolemnity. There is joy and exultation, there is an *Eternal* ſpring. There is always the flower and grace of youth and perfect health. *Auctor. libr. de Spir. & anima.*

Non eſt in te Heri nec Heſternum;
Sed eſt idem Hodiernum:
Tibi ſalus, tibi vita,
Tibi pax eſt infinita:
Tibi Deus omnia. That is,
Yeſterday was with thee never;
But to day is preſent ever:
Thou haſt peace that ever laſteth,
Health and life that never waſteth;
God is all in all.

Glo-

Psal. 87. 3. *Glorious things are spoken of thee, O City of God.* In thee have their habitation all those that rejoyce; in thee there is no fear; in thee no sorrow. All desires are turned to joys. Whatsoever a man can wish for is present with thee: Whatsoever can be desired, is in thee in abundance. *They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the River of thy pleasures. For with thee is the fountain of life; in thy light shall we see light.* when we shall see thee in thy self, and thee in us, and our selves in thee, living in everlasting felicity, and enjoying the beatifical vision of thee for ever.

Psal. 36. 8. 9.

And though this felicity be everlasting; yet a man may obtain it in a short time, and with little labour. *I have compassion on the multitude,* saith our Saviour, *because they have now been with me three dayes, and have nothing to eat.* Sweet Saviour, dost thou count it such a matter for us to abide with thee three dayes, and eat nothing;

Mark 8. 2.

thing ? and why, ſweet Jeſus, doſt thou not rather tell us of the days of *Eternity*, and the everlaſting joys wherewith we ſhall be abundantly ſatisfied in the Kingdom of Heaven ? God taketh notice of the leaſt ſervice that we perform. and it is precious in his ſight: He telleth the very hairs of our heads; and much more then will he tell the drops of blood that are ſpilt for his ſake, and put them up in the bottle of his remembrance.

We may therefore very well cry out with Saint *Hierom*, Oh! How great a bleſſedneſs is this, To receive great things for ſmall, and *Eternal* things for *Temporal*; and further to have the Lord our debtour! But thou wilt be ready to ſay, It goes hard to be in ſufferings every day; and though all other things might eaſily be endured, yet death is terrible. Chriſtian brother, I am aſhamed to hear thee ſay ſo: it is fooliſhly ſpoken, and like a child. Knoweſt thou not thus much? I know that I aſcend *Hierom.*

aſcend to deſcend, flouriſh to wither, am young to grow old, live to die, and die to live bleſſed *Eternally*. *Truſt* therefore *in the Lord for ever; For in the Lord Jehovah is everlaſting ſtrength.*

Iſa. 26 4.

Again, Saint *Auguſtine* comes unto my mind, who upon the words of our Lord ſaith thus, Our Lord and Saviour concluded with theſe words, ſaying, *theſe ſhall go away into everlaſting puniſhment, but the righteous into life Eternal.* It is life *Eternal* that is here promiſed. Becauſe men love to live here upon earth, therefore life is promiſed unto them: And becauſe they are much afraid to die, therefore Death *Eternal* is threatned unto them. What wouldeſt thou have? Life; Well, thou ſhalt have it. What art thou afraid of? Is it Death? Well, thou ſhalt not ſuffer it. But they which ſhall be tormented in Hell-fire, ſhall have a deſire to die; and death ſhall flye from them. *To live long* therefore is no great matter; yea more, *to live always*, is no great matter; but *To live bleſſed*, that is a thing

Matth. 25. 46.

thing to be desired, that is a great matter indeed.

Therefore thou shalt live in Heaven, and shalt never die; There shalt thou live blessed for evermore: for neither shalt thou suffer any evil; neither shalt thou be in fear of suffering it; for there it is impossible to suffer any evil. There shalt thou possess whatsoever thou canst desire; and what thou possessest, thou shalt desire still to possess. Thou canst not be cast out of possession; And this shall satisfie thee. It was there, that *David* did expect to have his thirst quenched, and his hunger satisfied. *In thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are Pleasures for evermore*; And again, *My soul thirsteth after thee*; And yet again, *As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.* This is a new and a strange voice for a King: He hath his table well furnished with all kinds of dishes; and yet as if he were hunger-starved he hopes to be filled

Psal. 16. 11. *Psal.* 141. 6. *Psal.* 17. 15.

led at anothers table; His own bread and his own wine would not serve his turn, to appease his hunger, or to quench his thirst. There was other bread that he had a mind to, and other liquor that he so thirsted after, the bread of heaven, and the water of life. For what is the plenty and abundance of all the Kings of the earth? It is nothing else but meer want. And what is the dainty fare at their great tables? It is but like the beggers pitcher, if it be compared with the fatness of Gods-House, and his Heavenly table. Come eat and drink, and be filled, my beloved, shall the King of Heaven say; this feast o mine shall never be ended; there shall come no sorrow after it; As it is *To day*, so shall it be *For ever* and *ever*. Neither can Saint *Augustine* here contain himself, but he breaks forth again into this Exclamation, Oh life of lives surpassing all life! Oh everlasting life! Oh life blessed for ever! where there is joy without sorrow, rest without labour,

bour, riches without loſs, health without ſickneſs (there is no ſuch matter in this life) abundance without defect, life without death, perpetuity without corruptibility, beatitude without calamity; where all good men are in perfect charity, where all knowledg is in all things, and through all things; where the Majeſty of God is ſeen in preſence, where the mind of the beholders is filled with the bread of life: They always behold Gods preſence, and ſtill they deſire to behold it; they deſire to behold it, and yet without anxiety; they are ſatiſfied with it, and yet without ſatiety.

And that thou maiſt underſtand and know, good Chriſtian brother, that this ſuperexcellent glory, theſe cœleſtial riches, this heavenly kingdom is to be bought, hear what the ſame Saint *Auguſtine* ſaith I I have to ſell, ſaith God, I have to ſell; come and buy it. Lord, what is it that thou haſt to ſell? I have reſt; Come and buy *Eccluſ.* 5. 7.

it. What is the price of it? The price is labour. And how much labour is *Eternal* reſt worth? If thou wilt ſpeak the truth and judg aright, *Eternal* reſt is worth *Eternal* labour. It is true indeed; but do not fear: For God is merciful: For ſhould thy labour be *Eternal*, thou ſhouldeſt never attain to reſt *Eternal*; But that thou mayſt attain at length to reſt *Eternal*, therefore thy labour ſhall not be *Eternal*; not but that it is worth ſo much, but that thou maiſt at length get the poſſeſſion of it. Indeed it is worth the price, though it be labour *Eternal*; But that it may be purchaſed and poſſeſſed, it is neceſſary that the price thereof be but labour Temporal. Therefore Chriſtian brethren, let us rouſe up our ſelves, and ſtir up one another with this exhortation of Saint *Auguſtine*, which here followeth.

Auguſt. Let us ſet before our eyes the life which is *Eternal*, and let us well conſider the nature of it, which we ſhall come the better

to

to underſtand, by removing from it, whatſoever we account troubleſome in this life. For it is eaſier to find what it is not, rather than what it is. And yet it is ſet to ſale. Thou mayſt buy it, if thou wilt. Thou ſhalt not need to be much troubled or turmoyled about it, for the greatneſs of the price. The price is whatſoever thou haſt, and no more. Never examine what thou haſt, but conſider what thou art. It is worth thy buying, though thou giveſt thy ſelf for it. Give thy ſelf, and thou ſhalt have it. What? Art thou to ſell thy ſelf? Art thou to buy thy ſelf? Behold, ſuch as thou art, if thou canſt be content to give thy ſelf, thou ſhalt have it. But thou wilt be ready to ſay it may be, Alack! I am a wicked man; And ſuch a man perhaps will not be received for good payment: If thou beeſt not already good, do but give thy ſelf, and by ſo doing thou ſhalt become good, and go for current. Do but make a faithful promiſe to give thy ſelf; and this ſhall make thee

good: And being made good thou art a price of thy self good enough: And thou shalt have, as I said, not only health, safety, life, and such like as shall have an end; but also thou shalt be freed from many miseries: Thou shalt neither be wearied nor stand in need of rest, thou shalt neither hunger nor thirst, neither increase nor decrease, neither grow young nor wax old, because there is no being born there; For there is full growth and stature, and the entire and perfect number of years. There is no number like unto it: For as it hath no need of being augmented, so is there no fear of being diminished. Behold what excellent things are spoken of it! And yet I cannot come near telling thee what it is, or what good things are treasured up in it: For, it is written, *Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man.* 2 Cor. 2. 9. And how should my mouth be able to utter what the heart of man is not able to conceive?

And because we have gone along through

through Saint *Auguſtines* Books as it were through ſo many pleaſant gardens, and are now brought at length to the Cœleſtial *Paradiſe*, let us ſeal and confirm what hitherto hath been ſpoken, by the teſtimony of the ſame Father. If we were every day, ſaith he, to ſuffer all torments, yea the torments of Hell it ſelf, and that for a long time together, to the end that we might behold Chriſt in his glory, and have communion and fellowſhip with the Saints; were it not worth our pains and ſufferings? who would not ſuffer any ſorrow to be made partaker of ſo much good, and ſo great glory? Let the Devils then lie in wait for me, let them aſſault with temptations; let my body be brought down with faſting, let my fleſh be kept under with preſſure; let me be wearied with labours, let my moiſture be dried up with watching; let one man clamour againſt me, let another diſquiet me, let me be bowed together with cold, let me be ſet on fire

with heat; let my conscience murmur, let my head ake, let my breast be inflamed, let my stomach be troubled with ventosities, let my countenance wax pale and bleak, let me be full of infirmities; let my life consume away with grief, and my years with mourning; let rottenness enter into my bones, and let it spring up like a fountain under my feet; Let all these miseries come upon me, so that I may have rest and consolation in the day of tribulation, and ascend up unto the people of the Lord. For, What shall be the glory of the just, and how great shall the joy of the Saints be, when every face shall shine as the Sun! When the Lord shall begin to reckon up his people in their distinct orders, in his Fathers Kingdom; and when he shall render unto every man according to his works, the rewards which he hath promised, that is, *Heavenly* for *Earthly*, and *Eternal* for *Temporal*.

Think therefore upon the dayes of old, and call to mind the years which

which are yet for to come. Think upon *Eternity*, O man, think upon *Eternity*; Think upon the *Eternity* of Torment, and the *Eternity* of joy, which is to follow after this ſhort life ended, and I dare warrant thee, thou wilt never complain of any Adverſity; thou wilt never let ſlip out of thy mouth ſuch a word as this, *This is too grievous*, or, *This is intolerable*, or, *This is too hard*: Thou wilt, I dare ſay, count all things eaſie and tolerable whatſoever can happen in this life, and thou wilt never be better pleaſed than when thou art moſt afflicted.

It is reported by *John Moſchus* of one *Olympius*, an old man of ſingular patience (who lived cloyſtered up in a Monaſtery near unto *Jordan*) that he had his mind ſo bent and fixt continually upon *Eternity*, that he had ſcarce any ſenſe or feeling at all of any temporal ſorrow or miſery. For, (as he goes on with his ſtory) upon a time, as it hapned, (a certain religious man turned out of his way to viſit him,

and finding him in a dark Cell, a place, as he thought, inhabitable by reason of heat and swarms of gnats and other flies; not without much admiration spake thus unto him, And canst thou, *Olympius*, endure to live in such a close room, so exceeding hot, and so much pressed with gnats, and swarms of flies. But what did *Olympius* answer? And dost thou wonder at this? I tell thee, my Son, all these are but light matters? I count them tolerable, that so I may escape *Eternal* torments, which are intolerable. I can endure to be stung by gnats, that so I may not feel the sting of Conscience, and the gnawing of the worm that never dieth. This heat which thou so complainest of I can suffer easily, when I think upon the *Eternal fire* of Hell, which is unsufferable. These troubles, if I may so call them, are but short, and shall have an end; but the torments in Hell are without end. Whereupon said the other, Certainly, *Olympius*, thou art led by the spirit of wisdom and truth;

truth; ſo wiſely and truly haſt thou anſwered. I would there were more of thy mind, that would think thus ſeriouſly upon theſe things; then certainly there would be more than there are now adays, that would after thy example patiently ſuffer and endure all things.

CHAP. III.

The Concluſion of all.

Zeuxis, the moſt famous for his skill amongſt all the antient Painters that we have heard of, was obſerved to be very ſlow at his work, and to let no piece of his go abroad into the world to be ſeen of men, till he had turned it over and over, this ſide and that ſide, again and again, to ſee if he could ſpy any fault in it: And being upon a time asked the reaſon why he was ſo curious, why ſo long in drawing his lines, and ſo ſlow in the uſe of his pencil, he made

this anſwer, I am long a doing whatſoever I take in hand, becauſe what I paint, I paint for *Eternity*. And thus ſtands the caſe with all, we paint alſo for *Eternity*. Whatſoever we do, it ſo belongs unto *Eternity*, that a man may truly ſay of it thus, I write, I read, I ſing, I pray, I labour, whatſoever I do, whatſoever I ſay, whatſoever I think, all is for *Eternity*. Now if this be the nature of our thoughts, words and deeds, if they ſhall remain *for all Eternity*, we had need have a care what we think, ſpeak or do; it concerns us to look about us, to mind our buſineſs, not to go negligently and ſleepily about our work, nor to let any thing go out of our hands rude and imperfect, but to poliſh and perfect it with all the care, skill, and induſtry that we can uſe. We paint with *Zeuxis for Eternity*. When we have done our works, they are preſently tranſmitted to *Eternity*, to be viewed by a moſt judicious and all ſeeing eye, that no fault can eſcape; and being viewed and cenſured,

ſured, they are to be committed either to be *Eternally* puniſhed, or *Eternally* rewarded. What I have ſaid before, I here ſay again, becauſe it cannot be ſaid too often, though I ſhould ſay it a thouſand times; Whatſoever we think, ſpeak, or do, once thought, ſpake, or done, it is *Eternal*, it abideth for ever.

Will you hear what St. *Gregory* ſaith? In all our actions we muſt uſe great care and circumſpection, we muſt well weigh and conſider with our ſelves, what it is that we take in hand, and to what end we do it, that our minds be not ſet upon any thing that is *Temporal*, but upon thoſe things which are *Eternal*. Therefore in all thy actions labour to be perfect. Pray for *Eternity*, ſtudy for *Eternity*, ſuffer for *Eternity*, contend for *Eternity*, labour for *Eternity*. So live to God, that thou maiſt live with God; ſo live on Earth, that thou maiſt live in Heaven; ſo live for *Eternity*, that thou maiſt live to *Eternity*. *Greg.*

Hear alſo what S. *Bernard* ſaith. Our works do not paſs away aſ- *Bern.*

ſoon

ſoon as they are done (as they may ſeem to do) but as ſeeds ſown in time they riſe up to all *Eternity*. The fooliſh man which hath no underſtanding will wonder to ſee ſuch a plentiful increaſe riſe up of ſuch little ſeeds, be it good or be it evil, according to the nature of the ſeed which is ſown. But he that is wiſe will ponder theſe things, and count no ſin little: For he hath an eye ſtill not to that which is preſent, but to that which is to come; not to that which is ſown, but to that which is reaped; not to that which is done in time, but to that which remains to all *Eternity*.

Oh the dangerous and miſerable madneſs of the ſonnes of *Adam*! God created us unto the poſſeſſion of infinite and *Eternal* goods: And why are we carried then with the whole bent of our affections to thoſe things which are flitting and vaniſhing? God made us heirs of Heaven and *Eternal* poſſeſſions: And why do we ſo miſerably intangle our ſelves in our vanities,

ties and run headlong to deſtruction? Let us be wiſe in time, let us look well to our ſteps, let us make ſpeed on the way of *Eternity*: Let us ſo live that we may live to *Eternity*. The way thither is ſhort and narrow, but the term thereof is very large.

But O miſerable and fooliſh men that we are! We fain would obtain *Eternal* life, but we are loath to tread in the way that leads to it: we fain would be there; but we will not take pains to go thither. Every man deſires to be bleſſed. There is no man, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, of what condition or degree ſoever he be, but hath a deſire after that life which is bleſſed for ever. Therefore that life is the common haven at which all men deſire to arrive; but all men know not how to ſteer their courſe aright. It is a thing which all men without controverſie would fain poſſeſs; but how to compaſs it, what courſe to take, which way to go, that is the point they cannot agree upon. We may ſeek it long

Auguſt.

long enough upon Earth; and it is a Question, whether we shall ever find it or no. Not that I condemn the seeking of it, but the not seeking of it in the right place. One is of opinion that the Soldiers life is most blessed: but another denies that, and says, The life of the Husbandman is most blessed. And again, this another denies, and says that the Lawyers life is most blessed; and he gives his reason for it: For the Lawyer is worshipped by the people, and is much sought unto, he is ever taking of fees and pleading causes.

And again, this another denies, and says, The Judges life is most blessed: For he hath power of hearing causes and deciding them. And yet again, another denies this, and says, The Merchants life is most blessed: For he sees divers Countreys, learns many fashions, gathers together much Wealth. You see, dearly beloved, in so many several kinds of lives there is not any one to be found, that will please

pleaſe all. But the life bleſſed for ever, that is it which pleaſeth all.

Bleſſedneſs therefore is not to be expected here, but is to be ſought for elſwhere, and never to be found out, but by a good and godly death. Ungodly men themſelves deſire to die the death of the godly, but they will not live the life of the godly: For to die well is the way to felicity; but to live well is matter of labour; and yet that is not to be obtained without this. *Eternity* depends upon death: and there is no dying well without living well. Chuſe which thou wilt, life or death. If thou liveſt well, thou canſt not but die well; and it ſhall be well with thee for ever; If thou liveſt not well, thou canſt not hope to die well, but it will be ill with thee for ever.

Not many years ago a man of a good houſe, having more wit in his head, then religion in his heart, being asked what he thought of the ſtrict lives of the religious, and the looſe lives of the licentious, which

which he esteemed best, answered thus, I could wish to live like the licentious, but to die like the religious. Some wit there might be in his answer, but I am sure there was little religion in it. He had spoke like a Christian man, if he had said thus, I desire to live the life of the religious, that my end may be like his. *Balaam* could say, *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.* But he had said a great deal better, if he had said thus, *Let me live the life of the righteous, that I may die the death of the righteous, and that my last end may be like his.* For whosoever liveth the life of the godly, shall be sure to die the death of the godly: And whosoever liveth the life of the ungodly, shall be sure to die the death of the ungodly: once he shall die, but that once shall be always, and that always for ever and ever.

Numb. 23. 10.

A certain Soldier being called in question by *Laniachus* a Centurion, for some misdemeanour

nour or other committed in the camp, earneſtly deſired pardon for that once, and promiſed never to offend in the like kind again: But the Centurion made him this anſwer, *In bello, bone vir, non licebit bis peccare: Ob Sir, know you thus much, There is no offending in War twice.* But in death (alas!) there is no offending once; there is no hope of pardon, Once dead, and always dead. He that dies once ill, is damned for ever. There is no returning again to life, to amend what is done amiſs. There is no appealing from the ſentence of condemnation, if it be once paſſed. As death leaves a man ſo judgment findeth him; and as judgment leaves him, ſo *Eternity* findeth him.

It is the ſaying of *Iphicrates*, That it is a ſhame for an Emperour at any time to ſay with the fool, *Non putâram, I did not think it*: But it is a greater ſhame for a Chriſtian man to ſay, *Non putâram, I did not think* there had been ſuch a difference be-

tween

between a chaſte life, and a voluptuous life, *I did not think* that *Eternity* was to follow after this life, *I did not think* that I ſhould have died ſo ſuddenly. Alas! alas! how ſleepily do we go about the buſineſs of *Eternity!* whereas the nature of this mortal life of ours is ſuch, that we cannot be certain at any time that we ſhall live for any time, no not ſo much as for one minute, when as we know for certain that we muſt depart from hence, and yet are moſt uncertain at what hour we ſhall depart; and when that hour ſhall come, then alſo we ſhall ſeem not ſo much to have lived, as to have poſted unto death in a moment. Here we are but as ſojourners in a ſtrange Land, and not as Citizens in our own Countrey; we are but Tenants at will, and not Free-holders: Will we, nill we, we muſt depart, *For here we have no continuing City, but we ſeek one to come.*

Heb. 13. 14.

Baruch. 3. 16. The holy Prophet *Baruch* asketh this queſtion, *Where are the Princes*

Princes of the Heathen become, and such as ruled the Beasts upon the Earth, that hoarded up silver and gold, and made no end of their getting? Do they retain and keep their Kingdoms and their glory still? Not so; For thus saith the Prophet, answering his own question, *They are vanished, and gone down to the grave, and others are come up in their steads. They are vanished*, saith the Prophet; For they were but sojourners, and no Citizens; *they are gone, and others are come up in their steads:* their Houses are let out to others, and they are cast out themselves, and gone down to the grave. But if the question be asked again, *Where are the Princes of Heaven*, whose dwelling is above the seventh sphere, where are they? It may be answered likewise, that *They are also vanished, and others are come in their steads*; but they are translated to the Kingdom of Heaven, there to abide for ever, without all fear of being dispossessed.

17.

19.

Let

Wisd. 2. 8. *Let us crown our selves with Rose-buds*, sing those men of most loose and deplorable lives. Why with Rose-buds? Because the beauty and smell of them is gone in one day, and they are withered: and such fading crowns do best become those which shall shortly perish. But as for the Blessed, it is not so with them, but they are crowned with jewels and precious stones, whose beauty never fadeth. The woman mentioned in the *Revelation* had *upon her head a crown*, not of Rose-buds of the garden, not of jewels of the sea, but of the *Starres* of Heaven. As then the heavenly orbs are incorruptible, so likewise they that inhabit them are incorruptible, they are not subject to any change, they are immortal. *The Righteous live for evermore.* All worldly things are transitory, but heavenly things are everlasting. Here are we wearied with labour, but there shall we be refreshed with *Eternal* rest. Why do we seek for rest before our labour is ended?

Wisd. 5. 15.

We

We are yet upon the *Stage*; Therefore we muſt act our parts: We have to deal with potent *enemies*; Therefore we muſt be alwayes prepared to fight: We are ſtill in our race; Therefore we muſt *hold out* to the laſt. Let us then ſo *act* our parts, that the *Angels* may rejoyce to be *Spectatours*: let us ſo *fight*, that we may *winne* the *Crown*; let us ſo *run*, that we may *obtain*.

Well ſaith Saint *Gregory*, If we well conſider with our ſelves what and how great things are promiſed unto us in heaven, all things on earth will ſeem vile unto us: For what tongue can ſufficiently expreſs, or what heart conceive, how great the joyes be in that City which is above? Where we ſhall bear a part in the Heavenly *Quire* with Angels evermore lauding and praiſing God; where we ſhall be in Gods preſence, and ſee him face to face; where we ſhall behold light incomprehenſible; where we ſhall be in no fear of death; where we ſhall have *Greg.*

the

the priviledge of heavenly Saints and Citizens, to be for ever incorruptible. Methinks I find my mind inflamed and ſet on fire, whileſt I am ſpeaking of theſe joyes, and methinks it ſhould ſet on fire all that hear it. Methinks it ſhould ſo work upon us all, that even now we ſhould moſt earneſtly and ardently deſire to be there, where we hope to be for ever hereafter. But thus much we muſt know, That there is no coming there without much labour. It is not I, but *Paul* the Preacher that ſaith it, *A man is not crowned, except he ſtrive lawfully.* Let then the greatneſs of the reward encourage us and prick us forward; and let not the labour and pains, the ſhort labour, and the little pains, hinder us or keep us back. We muſt go on, and we muſt go on with perſeverance; we muſt not ſo much conſider the roughneſs of the way, as the bleſſed *Eternity* which is the end thereof. And this the ſame holy Father declares moſt excellently, ſaying, This is a ſpe-

2 *Tim.* 2. 5.

cial

cial badg and cognizance of the elect, that they know how to carry themſelves in the way of this preſent life in ſuch manner, that by the certainty of hope they are aſſured, that they have attained unto a great pitch, inaſmuch as they ſee all tranſitory things far beneath them, and for the love of *Eternity* trample all ſublunary things under their feet. And this is it which the Lord ſpeaketh by the mouth of his holy Prophet, ſaying unto every ſoul that followeth him, *I will lift thee up above the high places of the Earth.* For as for loſſes, reproaches, poverty, diſgrace, and ſuch like, theſe are, as I may ſo call them, the lower places of the earth, which the lovers of this world, as they walk through the plain of the broad way, do not love to come near, but keep off as far as is poſſible. But as for gain and profit, the fawning and flattering of inferiours, abundance of riches, honours, and places of dignity, theſe are the high places of the earth,

earth, which whosoever is worldly minded, and hath setled his affections on things here below, he, I say, esteemeth highly; because to him they seem great: But whosoever is heavenly-minded, and hath setled his affections on things above, he, I say, esteemeth them not; because to him they seem what they are, that is, vile and base. For as it is with a man going up an high mountain, still the higher he goes, the lower he sees the earth beneath him: So it is with him whose conversation is in Heaven; the higher he mounts from the earth with the wings of pious cogitations, the farther he flies from the earth with the wings of his affections. He knows that all the glory of this world is nothing, and therefore his thoughts and affections are altogether upon another world. This is the man that is *lifted up above the high places of the earth.*

You have heard what St. *Gregory* saith; It will not be amiss in the next place to hear likewise what Saint

Saint *Auguſtine* ſaith. What is that? It is a leſſon worth our learning. That which we muſt loſe, ſaith he, *Auguſt.* one time or other upon neceſſity, it is wiſdom to diſtribute abroad in time, that we may purchaſe thereby the reward of *Eternity.* *Moſes* *Deut.* lived long indeed, he lived in 34. 5. health; but at length *he died.* *Methuſelah* lived longer than he; but *Gen.* 5. it follows, *And he died.* This is, or 27. ſhall be every mans Epitaph, *Et mortuus eſt, And he died For we muſt needs die, and are as water ſpilt* 2 *Sam.* *upon the ground.* But the ſoul is 14. 14. immortal, it is *Eternal*, it ſhall live for ever, either in *Eternal glory*, or elſe in *Eternal torments.* Here our lot is caſt, in which *Eternity* we ſhall have part, and there is no revoking it. Oh bleſſed *Eternity*, oh *Eternal* bleſſedneſs! How comes it to paſs that ſeldom or never we think upon thee; or if we do at any time, we do it but upon the by? How comes it to paſs, that we do not labour more for thee, that we do not ſeek for thee, that we are not ſolicitous for thee.

O Lord God, open thou our eyes, that we may see and know what *Eternity* is, both that of glory, and that other of torment, and how infinite both; how blessed the one, and how miserable the other. Thou hast created us unto thee, thou hast created us unto *Eternity*: For thou art *Eternity*. Thou wouldst have us be partakers of thy *Eternity*; Lord, let it be according to thy will. Thou hast said it; Lord, let it be according to thy word. Thou hast promised; Lord, make good thy promise; Make us partakers of thy *Eternity*. Grant that we may spend the short moment of time granted to us here in this life; grant, we beseech thee, that we may spend it in such a religious and godly manner, as men that labour for *Eternity*, contend for *Eternity*, suffer for *Eternity*. To this end cause thy Ministers often to call upon us to think still upon *Eternity*; make us call one upon another in every place to think upon *Eternity*, that so by thy mercy we may reign with thee, O *Eternity*,

nity, and as many as it is poſſible may be kept from periſhing everlaſtingly Hear this ye *Chriſtians* all, hear it ye *Pagans*, hear it ye *Kings* and *Princes*, hear it ye *Germans*, hear it ye *French*, hear it ye *Engliſh*, yea, let all the World hear it. *There can be no ſufficient ſecurity, where there is danger of loſing Eternity.*

O long, Oh profound, Oh bottomleſs, Oh *Eternal Eternity! Bleſſed are they, O Lord, that dwell in thy houſe: they ſhall be ſtill praiſing thee.* They ſhall praiſe thee throughout infinite *myriads* of ages. *Pſal.* 84. 4.

Moſes being near unto his death, commending unto God in his prayers his people *Iſrael*: and bleſſing them, thus took his leave of the tribe of *Aſher*, and ſaid, *Let* Aſher *be bleſſed with Children; let him be acceptable to his brethren, and let him dip his foot in oyl. Thy ſhooes ſhall be iron and braſs; and as thy days, ſo ſhall thy ſtrength be. There is none like unto the God of* Jeſurun, *who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in his excellency on the ſkie.* *Deut.* 33. 24. 25. 26.

The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Thus God ſtretcheth forth the arms of his power throughout heaven infinitely: and by his arms all the world, all time, and all things in the world are directed, guided and governed. So God from the beginning, yea, from the *Eternity* of his predeſtination, hath carried in his breaſt all the godly, and doth protect them daily and hourly, and as it were embraceth them with his arms. Aſcend therefore, O my ſoul, and have no more to do with earth and clay. Stretch forth thy ſelf, and aſcend up unto him that rideth upon the heavens; aſcend up unto thy God, whoſe dwelling is in the higheſt mountains, thoſe mountains of *Eternity*: There ſhalt thou ſit in ſafety, and behold the earth beneath: and ſo ſhalt thou plainly perceive how little and of none eſteem all things are here below, which now either ſolicite thee with love, or terrifie thee with fear; thou ſhalt plainly perceive what a ſmall thing it is, whatſoever

ſoever is *contained* within the *Centre* of the world, that little *globe* or *point* of earth; thou ſhalt plainly perceive *how* that all *things created* are *vain, weak, ſhort, vile*, yea vanity it ſelf, yea rather meer nothing in reſpect of God and of *Eternity*. Therefore ſeek thou after the only true and ſovereign good, and regard not other things. Truſt in God, relie on him, open thy heart wide to entertain him; tread under the feet of thy affections whatſoever is under the Sun and Moon, whatſoever allureth thee with ſmiles, or terrifieth thee with frowns; think upon *Eternity*, and always keep in mind that excellent ſaying of St. *Hierome*, No labour muſt ſeem hard, no time muſt ſeem long, all the while we are ſeeking after *Eternal* glory.

It is reported by Saint *Hierome*, that there was upon a time a certain Camel haunted by an evil ſpirit, which being brought before *Hillarion*, a devout and godly man, began to rage in ſuch a ſtrange and terrible manner, as if it would pre-

ſently have devoured him: But the Holy man nothing afraid, ſpake thus unto the evil ſpirit, Do not think to fright me, thou evil ſpirit, although that thou haſt got a Camel on thy back; it is all one to me whether thou comeſt in a Camels skin, or in a Foxes skin: And preſently the fierce Camel fell down before him, and became very tame and gentle, to the great laughter of all thoſe that ſtood by. Such are all flatteries, fawnings, allurements, and tentations of this world; ſuch are all fears, frowns, frights, and terrors. What doſt thou hope for? What doſt thou fear? What doſt thou love? He that rideth upon the Heavens is thy helper; he ſhall embrace thee with his everlaſting arms. With thoſe arms of his he is able to fetter all thine enemies, whether they fawn or frown upon thee; he is able at a beck to ſqueeze them in pieces like ſo many flies, and break them in pieces like a potters veſſel. Doth the pleaſure then of luſt, or gluttony, or intemperance ſolicite thee?

That

That is nothing: Be not moved at it, pass it by, regard it not; think rather upon the pleasures which are *Eternal*. Art thou terrified with threats, oppressed with sorrows, passed by with contempt, afflicted with sickness, tired out with poverty? All these are a matter of nothing. The more violent these are, the shorter while they will last: Despise them, lift up thine eyes unto the Hills, from whence cometh my help, look up to Heaven, *think upon Eternity, There shall no evil happen unto the just.* Prov. 2: 21.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. Horat. Carm. lib. 3. Od. 3

The just man shall not be afraid.
Though Heaven fall upon his head.

Therefore the just man is never sorrowful: no tribulation doth ever assault him. But are not the tribulations of the just many? Yea, but yet they make nothing of them. That only they count evil, which is *Eternal*, which separateth

a man from God, as sin doth, and *Eternal* death which is the wages of sin. The Preacher of the Gentiles bids us *Look not at the things which are not seen, but at the things which are not seen.* Why so? For, saith he, *The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are Eternal.* The things which are not seen, the things which are *Eternal*, those are the things which are great indeed, whether they be good, or whether they be evil.

2 *Cor.* 4. 8.

But whilest we look only at the things which are seen, and seldom or never at the things which are not seen, what do we make of our selves but great and fooliſh boyes? great, but yet fooliſh; at the best but boys. If the ice fall out of our hands, we presently fall a crying, and yet that is such a thing that we cannot hold long: We are frighted at shadows, and dream of great matters; We spend our selves on such things as not onely shall shortly pass away for certain, but are already passing away: For it is not said, *The figure*, or *the fashion of*

1 *Cor.* 7. 31.

this

this world ſhall paſs away, in the *Future*: But, *The faſhion of this world paſſeth away*, in the *Preſent*. It is paſſing away already. As all the goods which we enjoy here are but tranſitory, ſo all the evils which we ſuffer here are but tranſitory; that cannot continue long. Thoſe things which are not ſeen, and thoſe only have a permanent e they know no end, they have no: term, they are not ſubject to any change, they are firm, they are immoveable, they are *Eternal*. I repeat it again, what I ſaid, a little before, for it deſerves to be repeated a thouſand and a thouſand times; No labour muſt ſeem hard, no time muſt ſeem long, all the while we are ſeeking after *Eternal* glory.

Symphorianus, a Chriſtian young man after that he was almoſt ſcourged to death, as he was dragged to execution at *Auguſtodunum*, met his mother upon the way; But how? Not tearing the hair from her head, or rending her clothes, or laying open her breaſts, or making

king grievous lamentations, as the manner of foolish women is to do: But carrying her self like an Heroical and Christian Lady. For she cried out, and called unto her son, and said, *Son, my son, I say, remember life Eternal, look up to Heaven, lift up thine eyes to him that reigneth there. Life is not taken from thee, but is exchanged for a better.* At which words of his mother, the young man was so exceedingly animated, that he went willingly to execution, and chearfully like a stout champion laid down his head upon the block, and expos'd his throat ro the fatal ax.

Hear this, O Christians all, and remember your selves. This is the case of every man living; We are on our way to death; we go not so fast, it may be, as *Symphorianus* did; but yet we are all going, and we have not far to go. The noble armies of Martyrs which are gone before us, they call unto us from Heaven, and say as the Christian and couragious mother said unto her son, as he was going to execution,

tion, *Remember life Eternal, look up to Heaven, and lift up your eyes to him that reigneth there.* Carry thy ſelf therefore like a *Symphorian*, whoſoever profeſſeſt thy ſelf to be a Chriſtian. Do not hang back, be not loth to go, withdraw not thy neck from the yoke, nor thy ſhoulders from the Croſs; be not afraid to ſuffer for Chriſt, be not afraid to die for Chriſt, be not afraid to eat fire, or to devour the ſword for the name of Chriſt. Here ſhew thy ſelf a man, take good courage, pull up a good heart. And when thou art at any time tempted, when thou art grieved, when thou art made ſorrowful, when thou art vexed, when thou art deſpiſed, when thou art made a laughing ſtock, when thou art diſgraced, when thou art ſpoiled of thy goods, when it is with thee as it was with *Job* upon the dunghill, or, if it can be worſe, then call to mind *Symphorian*, and a thouſand more ſtout Chriſtians ſuch as he was, and learn of them Chriſtian courage and magnanimity, and boldly and freely break forth into

these words, and repeat them often: Whatsoever I suffer here, is but a *Modicum*, it is but short. Farewel then all the world, and all the things that are therein: And welcome to me, thou art welcome ETERNITY.

Of *Eternity* there is
no
F I N I S.

UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
CAMBRIDGE